

# THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY



## European Front

**A**S THE land fronts roll back over the German borders, Allied airmen have erased over half a million square miles of target from their books. The air power thus released now concentrates directly on the shrinking target of Germany's own territory of less than 190,000 square miles.

Allied advances give us the choice of excellent airfields among literally hundreds of former Luftwaffe bases close to the present battle lines. Though most of our heavy bombers continue to base in Britain — where facilities for servicing and distribution are superior to any we have in France — light bombers and fighters are making the most of these newly available flying fields on the Continent.

How much will this air power reduce the German capacity for resistance? In October, approximately 3800 tons of bombs were dropped every twenty-four hours on German targets. This tonnage has been almost doubled in November, despite enormous demands on air power for tactical support of offensives. Raids are now highly selective and far more deadly. Apart from the tactical bombing over the actual fighting fronts, Allied air power is now concentrated on these three objectives: —

1. *Oil plants.* Loss of all outside oil fields leaves the German Army entirely dependent on stockpiles and synthetic oil plants for fuel. The Allies rate these plants a number one priority. Concentrated bombardment has cut output of synthetic oil approximately in half within little more than six weeks.

2. *Steel industries.* Germany's loss of Austrian and Hungarian iron and coal through Russia's victories in the South; the disruption of her coal and iron supply centers in Lorraine, the Saar, and the Ruhr by Allied advances in the West; and the cessation of

the flow of iron ore and machine-tool supplies from Sweden to Germany, automatically make the dwindling German steel industries another prime objective for bombs.

3. *Transport.* Major links in the communications system of the Reich — rail, waterway, and highway — have assumed a new importance for air raiders. By dislocating transport of men, weapons, and war matériel; by tangling the distribution of civilian necessities — especially food; by blocking and hampering the resettlement of refugee multitudes pouring back into Germany from all her borders, bombings will help to cancel Germany's military advantage of interior lines of communication.

Before Germany lost the vast elbowroom which she enjoyed in occupied border nations, Allied air blows at the grand pattern of communications within the Reich could have little sustained effectiveness. That situation is now changed. The whole system is being plastered. It is difficult to move a train by daylight anywhere in Central or Western Germany.

### Can the French make it?

Because of the influence of France, the struggle of the de Gaulle regime to bring order and economic life out of the wreckage is being watched closely by every neighboring state on the Continent. General de Gaulle, his Cabinet, and the National Resistance Council must find solutions for several stubborn problems without delay if civil war is to be avoided.

Because of the dislocation of communications throughout large areas of the nation, the regime at Paris is experiencing difficulty in making its writ run effectively. Lingering pockets of German resistance, unruly bands of youths composed of former members of the underground formations, and, above





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all, the growing opposition of the Communists, who constitute a large and energetic bloc among the Resistance forces, hamper efforts at Paris to re-create public order and build up recognition of the authority of the state.

The French instinct for order is on de Gaulle's side. So is the slowly expanding but inadequately equipped Army. He is obtaining support also from a majority of the delegates in the Resistance Council forces. The head of the Provisional Government has shrewdly chosen to force the issue of authority for the state on the question of the Army. Into its ranks he has ordered all former members of the underground who wish to continue in armed service. The Patriot Militia, which comprises the Communist fighting arm, rejected this challenge early in November. The possibility of compromise is strong; yet this development may have ominous consequences.

Unrest among French patriots flows in part from dissatisfaction with the progress of the "purge" of traitors and collaborators. It is also fed by delay of social reforms. Thousands of German fifth columnists, skillfully disguised in civilian garb, are fostering discontent. Innumerable one-time collaborators with Fascism, highly placed in the social scene, have begun to function once more. Untutored American Army officers are the usual victims of these reactionary purveyors of charm. French patriots of all shades of opinion watch this with growing anger. It impels them to make the "purge trials" a test of the integrity of the de Gaulle government.

The Minister of Justice is attempting to meet this challenge by instituting trial courts. Before mid-December, he promises, more than 340 tribunals will be well on their way through the cases of more than 150,000 persons accused of treason, collaboration, or crimes against the people of France. This pledge has not stilled the storm. Demands grow for the speedy infliction of capital sentences and severe jail terms on the three or four score most notorious of those whom Pertinax has labeled the "gravediggers" of France, beginning with Marshal Pétain and Pierre Laval, and including Etienne Flandin, members of the Vichy regime, highly placed industrialists who backed Fascism, exalted figures in the Army and Navy who aided Pétain, and prominent financiers who served as tools of the Nazi cause.

The struggle for order, the purge of traitors, and the task of industrial reconstruction are tangled in France, as in every other liberated country in Europe today. Restoration of the important mining industry in the Pas de Calais, for instance, had been held up by charges of collaboration laid against scores of mining engineers in that district. Key men needed for the restoration of other industries are in a similar

case. Speedy trials — which undoubtedly will clear the majority of these accused — are thus an urgent economic necessity.

### **The dilemma of French industry**

The industrial disruption of France extends throughout her economic structure. Thanks to four years of German manipulation and looting and a scourge of pre-invasion Allied bombing, railways and docks, port facilities and canals, highways and factories, are a shambles. Dislocation of transport accentuates the shortages of power and raw materials caused by closed mines, blasted power plants, and disorganized agriculture.

The whole industrial organism is out of balance and out of gear. An immediate consequence is that the French government finds itself in control of the whole French economy but without adequate means at its disposal to hasten reconstruction. Mines, factories, transportation, banking, insurance, and the power system are all in state hands — together with the import trade, which scarcely exists, and the export trade, which is at a standstill.

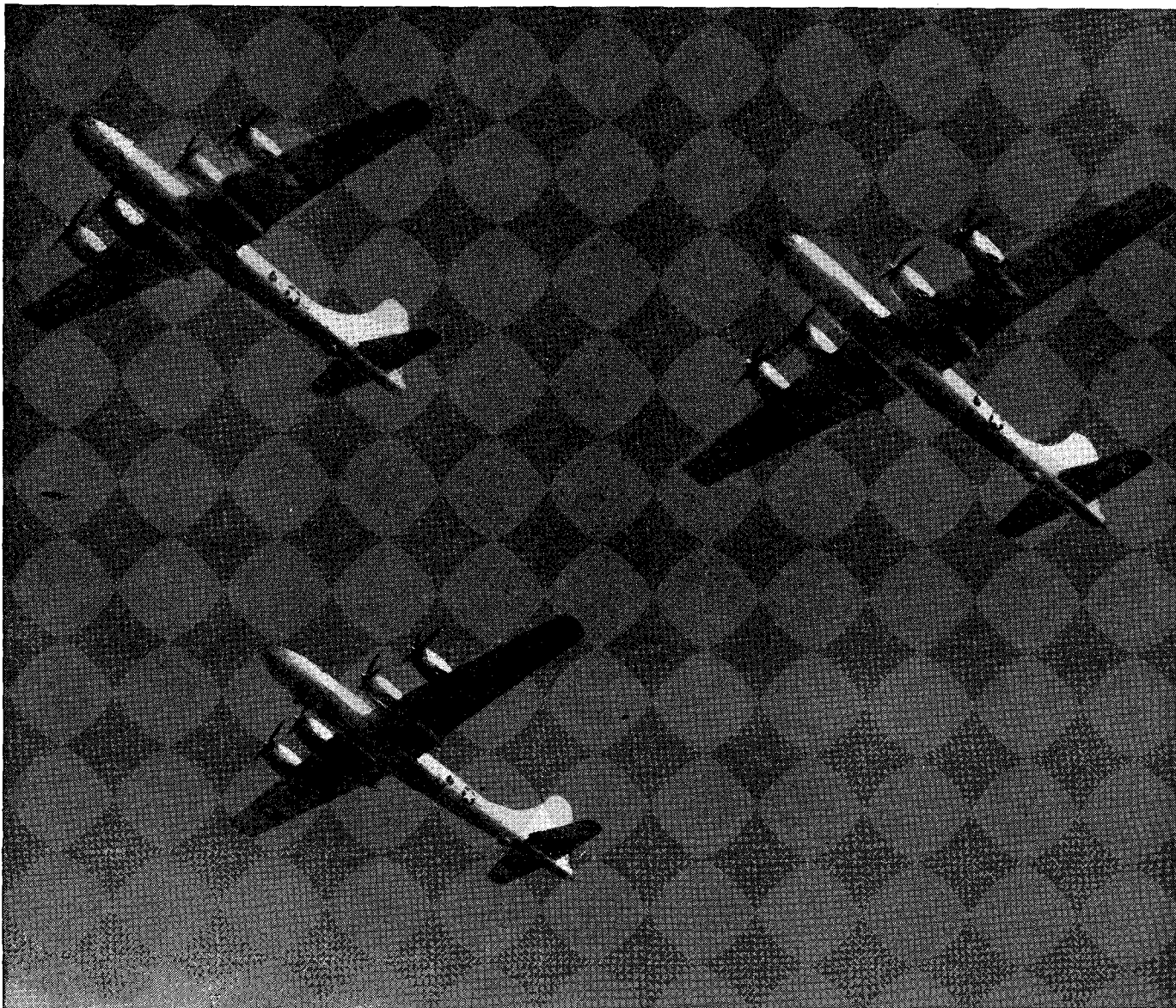
Nationalization of all French industries is not on the program of the de Gaulle government, nor is it sought by the great majority of the patriotic groups. An attempt will be made instead to shift industry generally to a coöperative basis, with the state, the owners, and the workers sharing control and management through carefully democratized mixed committees of organization. Owners and workers under this plan would share also in the profits.

Danger of deep upheaval will persist until the French economy is mended sufficiently to meet the tremendous needs of a restless and impoverished people. Gold reserves held abroad will help. But until the promised elections are held next February and a new Provisional Assembly emerges to provide the basis for the Fourth Republic, the regime at Paris faces squalls if not something worse. Communist pressure for a temporary, one-party dictatorship made up from the Resistance forces, and for postponement of all elections, indicates the gravity of the weeks ahead.

### **Spain seethes**

A by-product of the dislocation of state authority in France is the flurry of guerrilla warfare along the Spanish frontier. The Paris government's decree establishing a closed zone twenty kilometers wide on the French side of the border seeks to prevent development of a situation which might prove highly embarrassing for France.

Neither General de Gaulle nor the groups associated with him have any use for Franco's Spanish tyranny.



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All the Free World has thrilled to the news of Boeing B-29 raids on Japan. They were just the beginning. More Superfortresses are on the way . . . many, many more!

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Plans developed by Boeing now guide the entire over-all production program in dozens of other co-operating plants including those of Bell and Martin, which are also turning out completed Boeing B-29's. This program was patterned after the co-operative plan under which Douglas and Lockheed have built and will continue to build Boeing B-17's.

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# BOEING



French interest does not accommodate itself to Franco's survival. The French are not deluded by the belated claims of the Spanish dictator of non-involvement in the Axis conspiracy which has cost all Europe dearly, or by Franco's professions of open-mindedness toward the victorious forces of democracy. The dossiers are too heavily loaded with evidence against him.

Yet to permit thousands of Spanish Republican refugees in France to precipitate a crisis between the two nations by inaugurating open invasion from French soil, at a time when the French Army is insufficiently armed and French transportation is dislocated, would be to invite an awkward situation. Franco's unease and his renewal of maneuverings toward monarchy forecast his imminent fall.

Real danger arises for Franco not only from the embittered exiles plotting in France but more immediately from groups conspiring against him in Spain. Underground cells are multiplying. Arms are being assembled. Yet it may be doubted that any rising will take place before the final defeat of the Germans. Premature moves suit neither the plans of the exiles assembling in France nor the purposes of their collaborators beyond the Pyrenees.

#### Sweden is worried

Spain's troubles have parallels in other neutral nations at both ends of Europe. In Sweden, where the late summer elections produced a sharp political shift to the left, anxiety grows as Russia's invasion of Norse Lapland speeds ahead. Stockholm does not relish seeing Russia step in as liberator of Norway. She would prefer the British and Americans in that role. Russia as liberator might spread Russian influence entirely around Sweden. And now Germany has shut off all Sweden's trade in the Baltic.

So there is a noticeable growth of concern in Stockholm, and in the Swedish press, over German brutalities in Norway. Some outspoken papers in the Swedish capital go so far as to suggest armed intervention and the rescue of the Norse neighbor. Sweden possesses sufficient power to make short work of the sharply reduced German garrisons in Norway — if she chooses to use it.

But Sweden's Premier Per Albin Hansson and her Foreign Minister show no indication of favoring so adventurous a course. Nor does the Riksdag. This situation will bear watching as the Russians sweep over the top of the world toward Narvik, where the Nazis drive a huge army of labor slaves furiously to the building of defenses.

Apart from the shadow of Russia over Scandinavia, Sweden has another preoccupation growing out of her

neutrality. Despite ever stronger measures against Germany, she remains outside the United Nations and is debarred from sharing in plans they are framing for the peace. At the Dumbarton Oaks Conference her plans for a Scandinavian bloc went by the board. She foresees rocks ahead for her trade position.

#### The Turk and the Black Sea

At the other end of the Continent, the slippery Turk is even less comfortable. Liberation of Greece and the Aegean Isles brings British Mediterranean influence and Russian influence to a juncture — at the Dardanelles. The conference of Prime Minister Churchill and Marshal Stalin at Moscow touched upon "Black Sea questions and Mediterranean questions," according to the report made by Mr. Churchill to the House of Commons — but nowhere did he mention Turkey. What does this mean? Ankara would give much to find out. Does it mean that the control of the Straits is again at issue as Moscow evinces an ever stronger nationalism in policy which is reminiscent of the Russia of the Tsars?

Turkey's troubles, like those of other neutrals, are accentuated by loss of trade with the Germans. The impoverishment of the Balkan States, the indifference of the great Allies to Turkish economic interests, the loss of the bargaining position she held until early this summer, make Turkey's plight substantially worse than that of Spain or Sweden. Russian domination of the Black Sea is an event which must be laid alongside Russia's new position of power in the Baltic, her interest in Rumanian oil, and her reach for the oil of Northern Iran, if the grand design of Stalin's policy is to be understood.

Stalin insists upon friendly neighbors in Europe — with British approval. Extension of this policy to neighboring Persia is producing conniption fits in London and Washington. British and the American nationals already hold oil concessions in Southern Iran. Who gets the oil concessions in Northern Iran? The swift unanimity reached in Washington and London, following Persia's rejection of a bid from Russia for oil concession rights, precipitates what the diplomatists call "an incident." Persia says "no concessions till the war is over." London and Washington applaud.

Now Russia has forced the resignation of the offending Foreign Minister. Does this mean that a tussle is on between the British Empire and Russia for the spoils of the Middle East? That would be an old fight reopened. Half a century of diplomatic skulduggery lies behind this maneuvering. Revived today, the question suggests that Russian policy in the Middle East, as well as in Western Europe and at the Dardanelles, has never changed.



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## *The Pacific War*

**T**HE Navy celebrated Navy Day by telling us that the absolute minimum for the defeat of Japan after Germany falls is from one and a half to two years. Mr. Churchill has suggested about the same length of time. Both statements were made *after* our success against the Japanese Fleet in the "second Battle of the Philippines."

Such warnings are based on the unmanageable facts of geography and resistance, on the requirements of amphibious warfare, and on the amount of preparations needed for successful invasion. They will prove false only if Japan throws away her whole fleet or accepts unconditional surrender — or if Stalin's Anniversary Speech means that Russia will take positive action.

Even if the whole fleet were disposed of, however, we have to remember that it was not German naval power that held up the invasion, except for the submarines. The destruction of the Japanese Navy would merely make the invasion possible; it is the first condition — not the guarantee — of success. Nor can we expect the militarists of Japan, who were foolish enough to plunge their country into world war, and who can hardly expect to survive defeat, to agree to surrender before their homeland is ravaged by bombing and occupied by Allied forces.

We are roughly in the same stage in the Pacific war as we were in the European struggle when the Tunisian campaign was about over. Japan is more vulnerable than is Germany in the degree of her reliance upon sea communications, and therefore suffers comparatively more when robbed of her naval strength. But in Europe we had Great Britain as a fighting and invasion base. We have still to secure and develop a staging area for the final assault upon Japan. On it we shall have to build roads, railways,

docking facilities, factories, warehouses, even living quarters. All the matériel for such an area will have to be transported many thousands of miles. It is not, as Admiral Young pointed out, a pretty picture.

### **How far have we come?**

The amazing thing is that we have come as far as we have in so short a time. The increase of our naval forces is half the story. When France fell, we had 383 combatant ships — 15 battleships, 6 aircraft carriers, 37 cruisers, 225 destroyers, and 100 submarines. Today we have 1155 combatant ships, 45,000 landing craft, 5000 smaller vessels, and 34,000 aircraft. The total of combatant ships includes 23 battleships, 23 large carriers, 65 escort carriers, and twice as many destroyers and submarines as we had in 1940. There are well over three million men in this navy.

This amazing growth has been accompanied by a change in tactics. The Japanese know by heart the rhythm of our attacks — the air bombardments of the objective and all points that could assist it, the barrage from the sea and the establishment of local naval supremacy, the landing by assault troops and the quick follow-through. But there is little they can do about it, for they have not yet devised an answer to swift-moving, carrier-based air attacks. It is strange that the Japanese should have put their faith in "coral aircraft carriers" and land-based planes when they showed us the possibility of carrier-based attacks on the very first day of the Pacific war.

### **The Philippines: an opening wedge**

The landings on the Philippines are the beginning of the hard road ahead but also the finish of long months of careful preparation and bitter fighting. Leading up to this smashing blow at the pivot of Japan's empire were the fighting through the Gilberts and the Mari-



anas, the bombing of Truk, the seizure of Palau and Morotai, the campaigns in New Guinea, the cutting of Japan's communication lines between the Philippines and the home islands, the war of attrition on Japan's shipping, the sea sweeps of the 14th Air Force from China bases, the B-29 raids on Japan proper, the air attacks on the Netherlands Indies.

More secret were the careful nursing of guerrilla units in the Philippine Islands and the coördination of their activities with the landings. The jigsaw puzzle fitted together when Leyte Island was taken after sustained carrier task force attacks from Formosa to within 200 miles of the Japanese homeland. Rarely has a tactical and strategic pattern been so beautifully conceived and executed.

What are the consequences? On the military side, the Japanese must either support or abandon a quarter of a million men in the Philippines. We endanger the shipping lanes along the China coast which tie Japan to her ill-gotten empire. Our carrier-borne planes can even be used to hammer Japan's lines of communication within China itself. Land-based bombers in the Philippines can shuttle to and from bases in China.

We have driven an arrow deep into what Japan has built up with her propaganda as the basic sea area, the waters enclosed by the Philippines, the Netherlands Indies, Malaya, and China. We have increased the isolation of Japan's armies overseas, not only from the homeland but also from each other. To some extent we have neutralized the effects of Japan's recent gains in China.

### **The Philippines: an example for Asia**

The open appeal to Philippine guerrillas and the authenticated stories of their long resistance have bared to the world the meager Japanese success in securing acceptance for the Japanese theory of Asia for the Asiatics. It is clear that they fooled few people indeed, even among the uninformed and illiterate.

Few Americans knew the extent to which contact was maintained between the Philippines and Australia, to say nothing of the United States, during the period of Japanese occupation. We know now of the contribution which American publications and short-wave radio made in keeping the guerrillas informed of what was going on in the rest of the world.

Our reception in the first of the great, heavily populated areas under Japanese occupation is being watched all over the world. For here was the test. Would the American promises of independence still mean something? Did the Filipinos still believe them or had they been seduced by Japanese promises? With keen political sense MacArthur has always in-

sisted on the phrase, "I shall return," and quite rightly he has made much of the fact that this particular promise was kept.

The enormous job of reconstruction, in which we are bound to play a substantial part, will require a sure touch if we are to leave the Filipinos and others convinced that we mean what we say when we recognize the freedom and independence of the Commonwealth of the Philippines.

The Commonwealth government, under the sane leadership of President Osmena, returns to the islands with an accumulated 220 million dollars and with the respect of the Filipino people. But there are questions of foreign investments, of inviting foreign capital, of using foreign technicians, that will require high statesmanship if they are to be settled in the best interests of the Philippines.

Some provision has been made for these matters by the establishment of the Filipino Rehabilitation Commission by the same Congress which promised early independence after liberation. The Commission, composed of American Senators, Representatives, and Presidential appointees, as well as Filipinos, is set up to study problems relating to post-war trade, economics, and rehabilitation. While its powers are limited to investigation and recommendation, it will undoubtedly set the tone of Filipino-American relations on the economic, social, and political planes.

Suppose the Filipinos wish to change the social system which separated so many poor from so few rich, or suppose they want to follow new leaders unknown in Washington? Do we support the landlords and the present incumbents? Suppose the Osmena government decides to develop the resources of these rich islands through state-owned enterprises, which will make life hard for foreign private enterprise?

The Filipinos feel that we were responsible for their defense in 1939 and let them down; to return is the least we can do. The application of American money and brains to reconstruct what has been destroyed is taken almost for granted. If we can reconstruct and at the same time really allow the Filipinos to handle their own affairs, we shall have lived up to our highest ideals. It will be difficult.

### **Stilwell's recall**

The recall of General Stilwell brought to public attention a situation which had been slowly revealing itself for some time. It is a situation much more important than all the petty charges and mutual recriminations which are part of it, for this is a great experiment which must not be allowed to fail. Our relations with China are part of our distinctive foreign policy. They set the political climate for a large part of Asia.

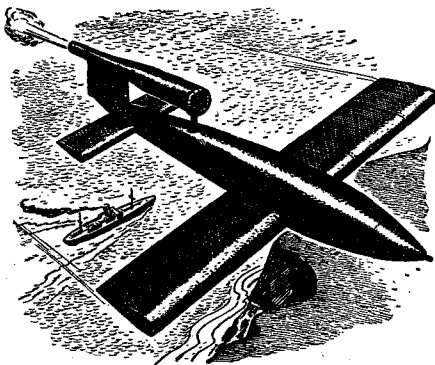
General Electric answers your questions about

# JET PROPULSION



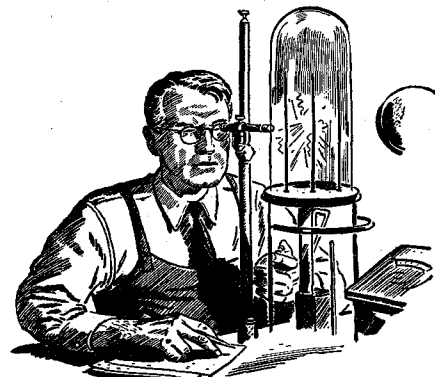
**Q: Is it like a rocket?**

A: No. A rocket carries not only its fuel, but also the oxygen needed to burn it. A jet-propelled plane carries fuel for its G-E engine, but takes oxygen from the air as it travels through it. Thus, a rocket might travel to the moon. But a jet-propelled plane could never go beyond the earth's atmosphere.



**Q: Is it like the German robot bomb?**

A: A little. The robot bomb uses a crude form of jet propulsion. But it hardly compares with a power plant that can drive a combat plane. The G-E jet propulsion engine is the power plant for very fast, very high flying jet-propelled fighter planes. Pilots find these new planes easy to handle.



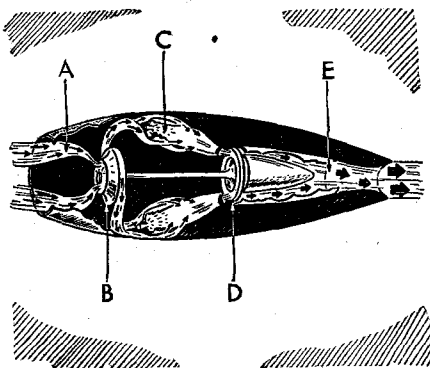
**Q: What was G.E.'s part?**

A: General Electric engineers developed the jet propulsion engine from an original design by Group Captain Frank Whittle of the R. A. F. General Electric was chosen to design and build this new engine by the Army Air Forces because of G.E.'s long experience with steam turbines and turbosuperchargers.



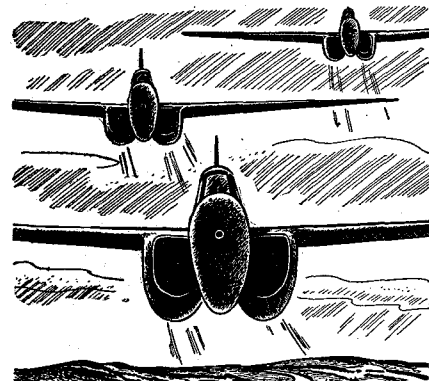
**Q: What makes the jet plane go?**

A: The same kind of force that makes a toy balloon scurry when it slips from your fingers. The same kind of force that makes a gun kick against your shoulder. The same kind of force that makes a rotary lawn sprinkler turn. In fact, you probably see forms of jet propulsion around you every day.



**Q: How does the engine work?**

A: Air flows from "A" through the compressor "B" into combustion chamber "C," where it is heated and expanded by burning fuel. Part of this hot gas turns turbine "D," which operates the compressor "B." From here the gas rushes through nozzle "E." The jet from this nozzle drives the plane forward.



**Q: What does the jet plane look like?**

A: At first glance it looks much like any other plane. But a closer look will show you that the propellers are missing and that there is no sign of conventional engines. The sketch shows the P-59A, built for the Army Air Forces by Bell Aircraft. This plane is powered by two General Electric jet propulsion engines.

The G-E jet propulsion engine is one of hundreds of products made by G.E. for the aviation industry. It is another example of how G-E science and engineering work to supply America's needs—in war and peace. General Electric Company, Schenectady, N.Y.

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The background to Chinese-American difficulties is simple. It lies in the contrast between China's high international position, for which we are largely responsible, and her weak domestic situation. The international success came to those groups in China which least understood its significance and its responsibilities — the military, the right wing of the Kuomintang. Those Chinese who were modern-trained and internationally-minded, and who treasured most this newly arrived recognition, no longer wield much power in domestic politics. Those who rule, therefore, are bound up with the oldest part of Chinese life, with its economy and politics.

The necessities of war threw the American Army into broad contact with the Chinese; and even if the Army did not usurp the policy-making functions of the State Department, by its physical presence in China it was bound to be a political influence. No one dislikes politics more than General Stilwell; no American in China was a greater political influence. There was no way of avoiding this situation.

General Stilwell failed to establish successful coöperation between American and Chinese armies, except for the Chinese troops trained in India, because the basic conditions for such coöperation lay outside the military sphere. It was important, but not decisive, that the two armies contrasted violently in terms of training and equipment. More important is the fact that political power in China depends on armies, a point the Communists very well understand.

### **The cautious Generalissimo**

After the Central Armies had wasted the flower of their German-trained divisions on the enemy, all the Generalissimo had left were armies of low caliber which the Japanese could tear to pieces. He has been cautious in the use of his forces therefore, knowing that his ultimate domestic power rests upon his military strength.

Chiang had to watch not only the Communists, who were building up their armies, but also other sections of Free China. The Generalissimo has behaved like the shrewd politician that he is, within the limits of his understanding of the Chinese and the international situation. That understanding is limited by the social background he represents and his narrow soldier's view of authoritarian political organization.

From our point of view the obstacles to coöperation were rooted in the collapse of the Chinese administrative system, the reluctance to give our Army the lead in training Chinese armies and directing their war strategy, and in what we considered a lukewarm attitude towards the prosecution of the war. These are not obstacles that an American soldier is trained or expected to overcome: they are political and eco-

nomie questions. There is no solution to them short of a national political revival in China.

### **Revolution deferred**

The dilemma lies in the fact that we cannot get the best out of China as an ally or as a base if national revival means internal disturbance, and we are unlikely to see the Nationalist Revolution revived without such disturbance. We have taken the line that civil war in China is against the interest of the Allies and must be prevented. But those who insist on this policy must know that China pays a heavy price for it. The growth of a strong Communist army uncontrolled by Chungking not only lowers the prestige of Chungking abroad, but also lowers it at home within the territories of Free China.

Certainly the Communists have done an excellent job of organizing their area and of operating behind the Japanese lines. They have built up production both of food and of manufactured goods by encouraging coöperatives. They have raised the level of political consciousness of their people and vastly increased their military power.

The assumption that the Communists would come to terms if we put enough pressure on Chungking, as we apparently have tried to do, is hardly reasonable. Why should the Communists come to terms with Chungking when they have a friendly power behind them, and stand guaranteed that they will not be attacked? Having nothing to fear, they naturally raise their terms at every meeting. Knowing that Americans wish to believe that they are democratic and admirers of capitalism, they even persuade us that they want to develop private enterprise and free capitalism in Communist China.

### **Can China be industrialized?**

The facts are that if China wishes to industrialize herself within the next fifty years, she can no more wait for this to come about by the private accumulation of capital than could the Russians in the 1920's. Rapid industrialization comes only through state control and state initiative. Under these conditions, Turkey is a more likely model than America.

The future of the Communists in China obviously bears on our relations with the Soviet Union. No one knows whether or not the Soviet Union will have a vigorous Far Eastern policy. But one possibility is that the Chinese Communists will move up to Manchuria and occupy it. There are very few Russians now in Yennan. But Russian assistance, which went to Chungking when the chief concern of the Soviets was to keep Japan busy, has been replaced by open criticism. And unless the miracle of Chungking-Communist fusion occurs very soon, the hope of unity in China is poor indeed.

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in prosperity at home—such trade will serve in a practical way to cement  
our friendly relations with the nations of the world.”

*John W. Davis*



# THE ATLANTIC REPORT

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## *Latin America*

THE by-laws of the Pan American Union make no provision for suspending a member government for political misconduct. Therefore, the Argentine government, though diplomatically unrecognized by sixteen of twenty American republics and openly charged with Fascism in domestic politics and unfriendliness to the United Nations war effort, has a foothold in inter-American affairs through its privileges as fellow clubman.

Just eleven days before our Presidential election, Argentina filed a proposal with the Union's Governing Board that a conference of the American foreign ministers be called "to consider the situation existing between the Argentine Republic and the other American nations."

But there was a joker in the proposal: Argentina informed the Governing Board — the Latin American ambassadors in Washington, presided over by Secretary of State Hull — that the "internal measures" of the Buenos Aires government would not be subject to international negotiations. This meant that the main causes for complaint against Argentina's Fascism and her favors to the Axis could not be discussed at the conference.

The proposal was adroitly timed. The Argentines knew that the Roosevelt administration's hands were partially tied and that its influence among the other American republics was weakened by election uncertainties. It was practically certain, then, that when the Pan American Union's Governing Board held its regular meeting on November 1 — six days before the election — the United States would have to allow the conference proposal to be sent on its way to the other republics for reference, advice, and quite possibly consent. And this, as it turned out, was exactly what happened.

But the hitherto inept Farrell regime in Argentina showed signs of gambling for even higher stakes. In a way, its action was a huge election-wager on Governor Thomas E. Dewey. Shrewd diplomatic advisers had finally funneled it into the heads of the bungling generals in charge of Argentine foreign policy that, in dealing with "the situation existing between the Argentine Republic and the other American nations," Mr. Dewey, as President, might come to bat with two strikes against him.

Instead of having behind him the prestige and the confidence which the Roosevelt administration has won throughout the Hemisphere by its eleven-year sponsorship of the Good Neighbor policy, a Dewey administration would have to build its prestige from the ground up. At the same time it would have to overcome the continent-wide distrust of Latin Americans generally for Republican regimes because of the imperialistic record of past Republican Presidents. In the second place, the notion had filtered into Buenos Aires that after the Dewey administration's uphill campaign struggle to prove its competence in foreign affairs, one of its first needs would be an outstanding action on the external front which could be represented as a diplomatic victory.

### **Argentina lost her bet**

As things turned out on November 7, of course, Argentina lost her election bet. But her proposal still remains a considerable headache for the Roosevelt administration. The post-election situation shows one main improvement: even if the conference takes place with the Argentine question as the lead item on the agenda, a Roosevelt-appointed United States delegation should have a better chance to win Latin American support for its point of view than a delegation named by an expiring regime or by Mr. Dewey. Argentina set up a game, however, in which

it was impossible for Washington to win a grand slam, or for her own government to lose everything.

### **Ambassador Espil's fine Italian hand**

Washington's information sources give most of the credit for the new Buenos Aires strategy to Felipe Espil, Argentine Ambassador to the United States from 1931 until his recall shortly after the Farrell regime took control in the revolution of June, 1943. Although Espil was recalled because of his moderate pro-American sympathies, he has since worked himself back into official confidence to the point of having been appointed Ambassador to Brazil. But because of the present diplomatic non-recognition status between Brazil and Argentina, he has been unable to take up his residence in Rio de Janeiro.

Espil therefore has exceptional motives for trying to promote himself into the place of the Farrell regime's top diplomatic expert — where diplomatic expertness is exceptionally needed. Washington, consequently, has expected that from now on the case for a settlement with Argentina will be pressed with much more energy and finesse than formerly. But it has little reason to hope that, in Espil's present situation as a kind of hostage instructor in diplomacy to the military clique, his pro-American background can produce any serious concessions in Buenos Aires, either to American attitudes or to the United Nations' war necessities.

### **A double-barreled dilemma**

Obviously, when it came to handling the Argentine conference proposal at the Pan American Union's Governing Board meeting on November 1, the State Department was working against an almost solid phalanx of embarrassments. The suggestion could not be tabled or pigeonholed. The four republics which have recognized the Argentine regime — Chile, Bolivia, Paraguay, and Ecuador — were known to favor it.

Colombia and Venezuela added to the difficulties by coming through with further indorsements. Brazil and Peru were giving signs of being restive under the non-recognition status. With or without the election pending, the United States could hardly risk a show-down on an issue that might heighten the tensions over the Argentine question in South America.

There was, in fact, only one fortunate circumstance in the situation. A few days before the Argentine proposal was issued, Under Secretary of State Stettinius had announced at a press conference that some consideration was being given to the possibility of holding an inter-American conference to discuss plans for the world peace organization. This meeting would precede a general meeting of the United Nations to be held later in the winter to act on the

recommendations of the Dumbarton Oaks Conference.

Under Secretary Stettinius pulled this proposal out of the hat the day after the Pan American Union had put it up to the republics to decide whether they wanted to settle the Argentine question in open meeting. At another press conference he announced that the question of a world peace organization would be discussed at an informal gathering of American ambassadors on November 9 — in the steadier atmosphere following the election.

Plainly, besides playing for time, United States policy was working toward a situation in which other questions besides the political respectability of Argentina can find a place on the agenda of the next inter-American conference.

But the main danger can hardly be avoided by changing a few diplomatic emphases. Regardless of political administrations in the United States, and better than at any time since the Generals' junta captured her, Argentina is in a position to force a choice upon the other American republics between accepting her regime and wrecking the Hemisphere front as a force for united political action.

### **Revolution on the prowl**

The Argentine issue so much overshadows the inter-American scene for the time being that most other developments below the Rio Grande seem relatively parochial by comparison. Nevertheless, in some of the smaller countries, bitter and bloody fighting is going on. The outcome may have a good deal to do with determining the type of post-war problems which will have to be dealt with in Washington's field of influence in this hemisphere.

There has been a recent revolutionary cycle in Central America, for instance, which points these particular questions up. Between mid-spring and mid-summer, both Guatemala and El Salvador had revolutions, and Honduras and Nicaragua have hovered on the brink of revolutions against their current dictators ever since. The smarter malcontents have gathered courage from these omens, with the result that the forecasts predict the most exciting winter in the Caribbean since the Hoover depression became all-American.

Meanwhile, similar clouds began rising on the Venezuelan horizon, where President Isaías Medina Angarita has been forced to choose between Army and Labor support in the 1945 presidential election. Labor apparently has won the toss. But it should be mentioned, in considering the peace of the continent for the next few months, that the Army has yet to be heard from.



# THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY



## Washington

**E**LECTION post-mortems are still preoccupying the Capital. It was not astonishing that Mr. Roosevelt was re-elected (which was expected in Washington), but it is astonishing that both houses of Congress are Democratic. Administration and legislature are again in the hands of the same party. That does not necessarily mean, of course, that Mr. Roosevelt will be in control. The new Congress without a doubt will show more or less the same independence as its predecessors.

In foreign policy Mr. Roosevelt in his fourth term will be dealing with Democratic committee chairmen. Another helpful factor is the casualty list of Republican die-hards. Gerald P. Nye will no longer figure in the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. Another lame duck is Hamilton Fish, ranking Republican member of the House Rules Committee. That the country has turned its back on isolationism is further emphasized by the way the McCormick nominees went down to defeat in Illinois. Mr. Roosevelt's victory is a clear mandate to pursue a policy of world collaboration.

### Polls apart

Most of the polls fared unhappily. The Roper-Fortune survey correctly forecast the re-election of President Roosevelt; furthermore, its predictions were far more explicit than those of rival estimators, who served up a good deal of equivocation. Insisting to the last that the contest would be phenomenally close, they took refuge in long lists of "doubtful" states. Their errors in this category showed a strange consistency in behalf of Governor Dewey.

For example, President Roosevelt carried every "pivotal" state listed in the Gallup Poll as favoring his chances. Yet of the nine doubtful states which Gallup found to be favoring Governor Dewey,

President Roosevelt won Illinois, Minnesota, Missouri, New Jersey, New Mexico, and New York. Why was the error entirely in connection with favorable forecasts for Dewey? Why were there no erroneously favorable forecasts for Roosevelt? The six states involved in this particular error represented the not inconsiderable total of 121 electoral votes.

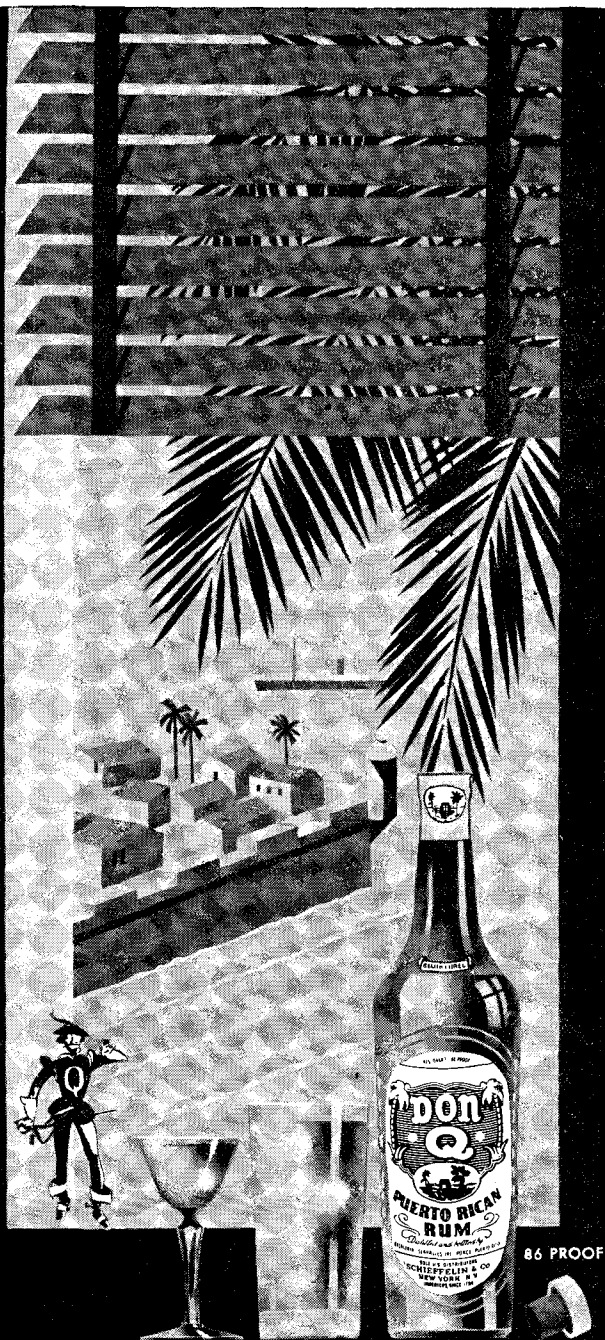
### What the foreigners felt

The host of foreigners in Washington, whose lips were sealed while the campaign was raging, are now able to speak out. One finds them envious of a country which can afford the democratic luxury of a general election. All of them feel that the American appeal to the ballot stands out like a beacon in demonstrating the survival of the democratic process.

The slings and arrows which have fallen on foreigners in this contest have left little mark. Perhaps the Russians were more irked than any others. They are extremely touchy from long residence in the international doghouse. They resented Governor Dewey's display of the Red bogey in his campaign. The inept intervention of Mr. Dewey in behalf of the Poles, while the Polish-Russian negotiations were under way, brought out of Moscow some hot newspaper comments. Nor were the Poles in Washington grateful for his intervention. It was a dubious maneuver to battle for the foreign minority vote by espousing the nationalist concerns of fatherlands abroad.

### The push of the PAC

The charge that there was coercion of CIO members to vote for Roosevelt is indignantly repudiated by Sidney Hillman. He has appealed personally to newspapermen in the Capital to report any cases of coercion for investigation.



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## WASHINGTON (continued)

The PAC seems to have been operating within the law, though as much is not being said of the CIO. A test case is now before the Senate Campaign Committee to determine whether the Ohio State CIO Council violated the Corrupt Practices Act by issuing a pamphlet attacking Senator Taft and urging election of his opponent. Unions may not make contributions to political organizations. Can they spend money directly to influence the outcome of the election? This is the question at issue. It affects the PAC in so far as the CIO contributed money to it.

The vastly increased political activity of labor unions has brought up discussion about two needs: financial accountability from labor union officials and a revision of the Corrupt Practices Act.

## How to administer Germany

The dispatch with which the men in the armed services will be brought home from Europe depends as much upon the method of administering a defeated Germany as upon the fighting. No work in the Capital is more important than the job of figuring out the way to administer Germany. No work gets less publicity. One hears of secret and confidential memoranda floating from agency to agency, but there have been no leaks.

Leon Henderson has been mentioned for the economic controllership under Judge Patterson in our zone of occupation. Judging from the manuals prepared in advance, the assignment will be Herculean. It appears that German practices are eschewed, though Germany has much to teach other countries in economic management.

For instance, there has been no inflation in Germany. If inflation can be avoided during the change-over, the chance of a successful military administration will be much improved. However, an invasion currency appears to be envisaged. It is said that the rate will be a fourth or a fifth of the old official rate. It is obvious therefore that, in undervaluing the invasion mark, we shall be following a technique invented by the Germans. The result will be that our soldiers will have plenty of marks to spend in Germany for a short supply of goods and services. Prices, in consequence, might skyrocket; in other words, GI Joe might bring inflation to Germany.

The same result attended the introduction into Italy of an undervalued invasion lira. In the Philippines a plan for taking in an undervalued invasion peso had to be discarded when the rate was found to be a violation of the Philippine constitution. It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that our currency policies would impede a wise as well as stern administration of Germany.

The economic policy for liberation and occupation is being prepared by the Foreign Economic Administration. But currency matters are the responsibility of the Treasury. It is the Treasury that has this zeal for undervaluation. But the pundits in Mr. Morgen-





LET'S GET OUR TEETH IN IT!

**N**O MATTER how hard it is for us to buy more War Bonds, we can never approach the sacrifice which this fighting American is making for us.

When we realize the hardships our

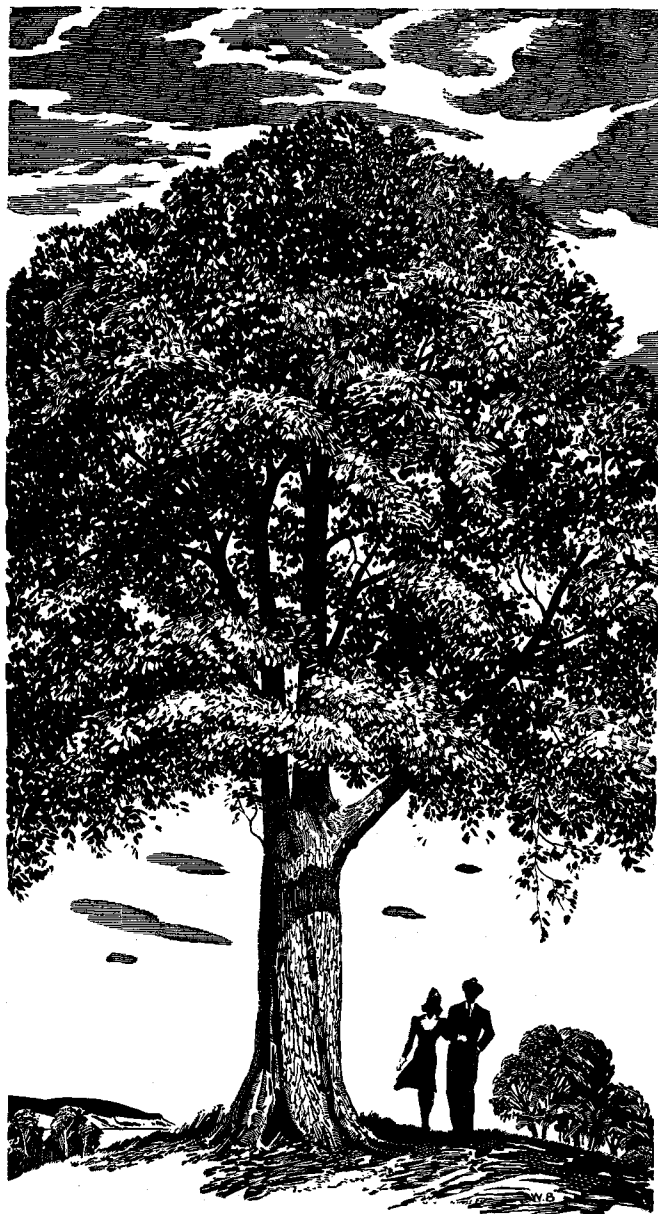
sons and brothers are going through, we know that buying Bonds is not a *sacrifice*. Americans need *no* urging. This is only a reminder to buy more Bonds during the Sixth War Loan.



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Trees, like other living things, need skillful care. Right now your fine trees are probably suffering from wartime neglect. And, right now, two-thirds of our specially trained Davey Tree Surgeons are in the armed forces, all over the world. But their letters tell us that they are eager to be back at the work they love. When peace comes, they will be ready to serve you with new zest.

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1923

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## WASHINGTON (continued)

thau's office were not able to sell undervaluation to the French. General de Gaulle insisted on having a say on the value of the invasion franc. And he and his advisers demanded overvaluation as a safeguard against inflation.

It is hard on our soldiers to be given overvalued francs. But the greater good is served by this curb on spending. For it means the conservation of French goods and services for the French in a manner which will most smoothly promote internal recovery and rehabilitation. The same policy ought to be followed in Germany. Inflation is an expression of chaos, and there is no point in bringing about chaos needlessly. For we shall have to retrieve it, and this will prolong occupation.

### The Russians stay home

Somewhat obscured by the campaign was the convention of the International Air Conference at Chicago. Why Russia did not appear is still a mystery: informed opinion leans to the belief that Stalin withdrew the Russians as a means of forcing recognition of the U.S.S.R. by Switzerland and the laggard Latin American countries.

At any rate, the abstention of Russia merely underlines something that everybody knew — Russia will not allow any intrusion through her air space. Not being an international air transporter, she is not interested in others' air space, so that she sees no reason to throw hers open. Our transport planes will doubtless get rights to land and discharge passengers at the Russian frontier, but not in Moscow. That right will be negotiated bilaterally. There is no reason to suppose, either, that Russia will balk at the international code set up by the Chicago Conference, especially since the tribunal which will administer the code has the minimum of authority with respect to economic regulation.

### THE MOOD OF THE CAPITAL

The mood of the capital is that President Roosevelt now owes it to himself and his record, let alone to the country, to overhaul his administration. He came through the campaign well. But he has in his Cabinet aged and ailing men who are spending more and more of their time safeguarding their health. Administration has suffered from it. The backing and filling in the State Department over Latin America can be related in part to the state of Secretary Hull's health. Doubtless the President, now that he has not reelection to think about, would be willing to let Secretary Jones go. But Secretary Stimson will undoubtedly remain at the post in which he has acquitted himself so magnificently.

The feeling is that Mr. Roosevelt has everything to gain and nothing to lose by importing new vigor into his administration — and not by introducing Democrats into it, but by bringing in enough Republicans to make it truly bipartisan.





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# ATLANTIC *Repartee*

## LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

### CITATION

● Each year the School of Journalism of the University of Missouri has recognized, with medals and citations, outstanding services and accomplishments on the part of institutions and individuals in the field of journalism. This year the scope of these awards was enlarged to include magazines. The *Atlantic* is proud and grateful to have been the recipient of the first such citation, which is reproduced here for our readers:—

#### TO THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

##### IN RECOGNITION OF:

*Its stimulating influence upon our national thought and ideals over a period of nearly eighty-seven years;*

*A total contribution to American literature which is matched by that of no other periodical;*

*Its success in bringing literature and journalism together in a happy union; and*

*Its example of good taste without affectation, discrimination without wrangling, and eminence without pomposity throughout more than a thousand monthly numbers.*

**Thomas Mann**

Sir:

I too was really shocked when you published Dr. Thomas Mann's "What is German?" (May *Atlantic*) and I was glad to read Professor Peyre's letter (*Atlantic Repartee*, July). In the October issue Dr. Mann's article, "In My Defense," seems to me to justify that letter completely. Dr. Mann unconsciously and innocently camouflages his true position through the enormity of his failure to assess in true moral terms his own early position. Hence he employs the ancient common-law device of "confession and avoidance," thus damning himself utterly and placing himself in the same category as his fellow Germans.

That Professor Peyre was proceeding perhaps by a sort of intuition does not change the facts. What puts Dr. Mann out of court is his failure to be shocked by and ashamed of his early position, in which was involved the whole problem of international morals. It is hard if not impossible for us to see the incredible wickedness of modern Germany. Nothing in history has prepared us for it.

Some brilliant work has been done by men in Holland recently. I am just finishing an extraordinary thesis novel by Albert Maltz, called *The Cross and the Arrow*, which is a serious attempt to get at the heart of the problem. The author gives an illuminating illustration. A returning young soldier brings his mother presents of perfume and clothing. He does not tell her that these were filched from the bedroom of a Frenchwoman whom the soldiers first raped. Later in the day this youngster tells the story of how he acquired the finery to the man his mother is soon to marry. This man is horrified and shaken because the young soldier feels no shame at what he has done.

In this new article or essay in the October *Atlantic* Dr. Mann appears to be just as blind to his own moral lack. This last summer Professors Haines and Hoffman published a history of the last thirty years in which they ascribed most of our failures and mistakes to a gradual decadence in the moral field. That is determinism, if you like, but the book is nonetheless useful. It has for some time seemed to me that the position well put by H. M. Tomlinson in this same number of the magazine is the only possible one. Between Germany and the Allies there can be no point of apperception. This, I fear, is what Dr. Mann fails to see.

E. RUSSELL BOURNE  
*Sheffield, Mass.*

Sir:

Admirers of Thomas Mann will be pained at the incoherent twistings and turnings, the tergiversations in his efforts to explain away his championship of





BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

## Good soldiers clean their plates!

For G.I.'s or generals, the rule is the same, "Eat all you take on your plate." And here's a true story to prove it:

Not long ago, General Eisenhower found himself facing a huge mountain of pork, potatoes and spinach. A cafeteria serving woman, awed by his four stars, had given him double helpings! So the Supreme Commander of the Allied Invasion Forces, remembering his own rule, gallantly ate it all.

This simple rule has helped the army save enormous amounts of food. *Can civilians do any less?*

The next few months will be the testing time. Food production has held up well — thanks to the fine job done all

along the line from plow to plate. But because our armies and allies overseas must have *more* food, *less* will be left for us at home. There'll be *enough*. No one need go hungry. But there won't be any to *waste*!

We know something about food, here at National Dairy. We've been working for years with nature's most nearly perfect food — milk. We've made many nutritious products from it for war purposes and our laboratories will have interesting new developments for peace.

Meantime, we'd like to pledge with all America, "to be good food soldiers — to put on our plates only as much as we can eat and eat it *all*!"

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**Phoenix Arizona**  
In the Valley of the Sun

the German position in 1914, with which Professor Peyre charges him.

After lashing about with clumsy sarcasms and immaterial philosophizing for half his piece, he finally manages, with many churlish ifs and buts, to plead something like guilty.

As an example of how a literary gentleman should not answer a documented criticism, this is a museum piece—and another proof that Germans will be Germans.

ALLEN W. JACKSON  
Lincoln, Mass.

Sir:

I have heard so many people say what Thomas Mann says in your October magazine: "It does not appear, unfortunately, that the end of the present struggle would mean . . . the end of the era of wars and revolutions in which we now stand." I wonder why he believes that? The others always say something like this: "There have always been wars; therefore there will always be wars."

MRS. O. H. NICKERSON, JR.  
Painesville, Ohio

Sir:

May I congratulate you and Dr. Mann on his magnificent essay in the October, 1944, issue. It was, to me, a fine and memorable work.

PRIVATE HORACE SCHWARTZ  
Walker Army Air Field  
Victoria, Kan.

Sir:

Mr. Thomas Mann's brief article, "In My Defense," is highly welcome and will rank among his most moving pronouncements. I am very happy to have been instrumental in eliciting from Mr. Mann this full statement of his present position to the problem of Germany and such a clear repudiation of the views he had entertained during the First World War.

I regret, however, that Mr. Mann should have answered with bitter and at times ponderous irony the humble questions which I had asked, as one among other readers of his political articles. Many indeed are the admirers of Mr. Mann, as I can testify from many letters received, who had heard of his earlier and rabid *Gedanken im Kriege*. They were deeply disturbed, especially after quotations from that essay had been made in the *Supplement* of the *London Times* and Mr. Mann had not thought fit to disown them publicly.

Those readers will now be relieved. For it was disquieting to admit that the great German writer was guilty of a discreet sin of omission when he consistently neglected to allude to his earlier "errors," either in his *Three Essays* (in which the reader was not told that the article on Frederick II, translated there, had originally appeared with two other articles deeply tinged with pan-Germanist and anti-democratic views) or in his *Order of the Day* (1942), in which a long "Foreword" and a substantial list of "Thomas Mann's Principal Works" carefully left out the essays in question.

I, for one (I may be permitted the use of the first



# *Atlantic Repartee*

person, since Mr. Mann condescended to personal remarks), had long been familiar with Mr. Mann's bellicose essays of 1914 as well as with his *Betrachtungen* of 1918 — the latter an indispensable key to the understanding of Mr. Mann's works. I was fully aware of the heavy sacrifices which Mr. Mann had made subsequently to the cause of anti-Nazism and of Freedom, the heaviest of all being probably the sharp decline in the quality of his purely literary works written since he left Germany. I was above all grieved, as were many admirers of the better aspects of German culture, to find that Mr. Thomas Mann, like many other and lesser German writers; artists, and scholars, had remained so long "politically immature" and had been carried away in his early forties by those irrational and evil forces which he has since passionately and eloquently condemned.

HENRI PEYRE  
New Haven, Conn.

## Soldier's Letters

Sir:

I am sending the following letter to the parents of Lieutenant Cord Meyer: —

Today my October issue of the *Atlantic Monthly* was forwarded to me from Ann Arbor, Michigan, and I have just finished your son's letters ("On the Beaches: The Pacific") published therein. Please believe this stranger when I say I write this letter in all sincerity because I feel I want to. I think that they are the most terribly beautiful letters that I've come across since this awful war — terrible inasmuch as the contents must of necessity deal with trying and horrible experiences; beautiful because the letters really are — their thoughts, the manner of writing, the personality behind them.

I suppose to you it will sound rather odd when I say that I am of the same blood and ancestry as those against whom your son fought. Though I am an American, my parents are Japanese. Does it sound very repulsive and horrifying to you that I should be writing of your son? If so, I am very sorry you feel thus and hope that some day you may be able to feel differently.

However you feel, I hope that you will be glad when I say that it is people like Lieutenant Meyer who have restored my personal faith in the real America and the real Americans. You must, of course, know that we were forced to leave our homes on the West Coast. At that time, I felt that even if our parents had to be removed, our country would never ask the citizens to leave. When we had to, it was of course quite bewildering and, frankly, a rude shock. The various newspapers are prone to dramatize and elaborate bad news — particularly on the "Jap" issue — and it was a very bitter experience. However, true friends were many, and I came through my initial emotional upheaval with a firmer

faith in America. I know now that the real people of this country are not the rancorous arouseurs of hate and the political demagogues, but the good people who accept a person on his worth. I'm not as vulnerable as I was, because I firmly believe that this sick world is going to need the true America and because I know that the real Americans are going to be there in that need.

These are terrible times, as you must know much better than I, for I'm from a family of girls and have no brothers serving who must needs experience ordeals like those your son and the millions of others fighting have gone through. I can only imagine what it must be like and how you must feel. I am very glad that Lieutenant Meyer is safe and soon to return — not only happy for you, but glad because we are going to need men like him to rebuild the world; men with intelligence, foresight, and ability; men with hearts, honest minds, and a will.

I realize I haven't expressed myself well, but there is really little need to do so as all I feel is indicated in your boy's letter. I hope that soon you will be welcoming the glad day when he returns home to you.

A — M —  
(An American of Japanese Ancestry)  
New York City

Sir:

I like the *Atlantic*. I wish it were possible for you to take the letters by Lieutenant Cord Meyer and have every newspaper in the United States print them in large letters on its front page.

ANNA PAGENKOPF  
Hastings, Neb.

## Surplus in Hotels

Sir:

As a hotel operator, I was deeply interested — and concerned — by Sumner H. Slichter's recent article, "Jobs after the War," in the October *Atlantic Monthly*.

In his article he stated that "nearly every large city in the United States will need at least one new good hotel."

Naturally, there are cities in need of another hotel. The extreme shifts of population, because of wartime needs, have led to serious hotel-room shortages in certain areas. The end of the war in Europe may not end all such shortages, and erection of new hotels may be a necessary part of any plan calculated to ease a particular problem. There can be no logical objections to the construction of hotels under such circumstances.

Our industry is concerned, however, with the possibility of unsound construction — construction that often will be conceived by a smart promoter and fostered by citizens whose business judgment may be clouded by an emotional wave of questionable civic pride.

What will happen to the hotel industry if "nearly every large city in the United States" builds "at least one new good hotel" within a few years after the

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fall of Germany? The answer may be found in financial records. In the gloomy thirties, 85 per cent of the nation's hotels had to be taken over by insurance companies, banks, receivers, and bondholders' committees because of overbuilding during the prosperous twenties. This ill-advised hotel construction had not only provided a vast excess of rooms but plunged the industry into chaos and wiped out the fortunes of many investors.

FRANK L. ANDREWS  
*American Hotel Association  
New York City*

**I Personally —**

Sir:

Baser English (August *Atlantic*, page 107) is all right, and I admit it is away ahead of Basic English, but it has too many words. To speak Baser English, you have to learn 85 words — too many. While we are in this business of what Michelangelo would call getting rid of the superfluous, why not do a thorough job of it? Boiling the 85 words of Baser English down to 8.5 words (that .5 is for the fellow who is forever butting in when you want to go on talking with a "Please let me have half a word"), we have 1 word for 10, and so Basest is 10 times better.

The *Atlantic* is either very modest or has a bad memory. The fact is that it anticipated Messrs. Ogden and Richards by a decade or so in their proposal to get down to the brass tacks of the English language. Indeed, I have often wondered if they didn't take their clue from it. In an article back in July, 1918, entitled "Should Language Be Abolished?" the *Atlantic* went the whole hog, so to speak (if I may soil a page of it with one of the basest expressions with which I am acquainted), by suggesting that we might with advantage cut our vocabulary down 100 per cent. The essay admitted, to be sure, that this total elimination of verblage is an ideal that cannot be realized at once, but might be in the future. If so, we should be stepping in the right direction.

HAROLD GODDARD  
*Swarthmore College  
Swarthmore, Penn.*

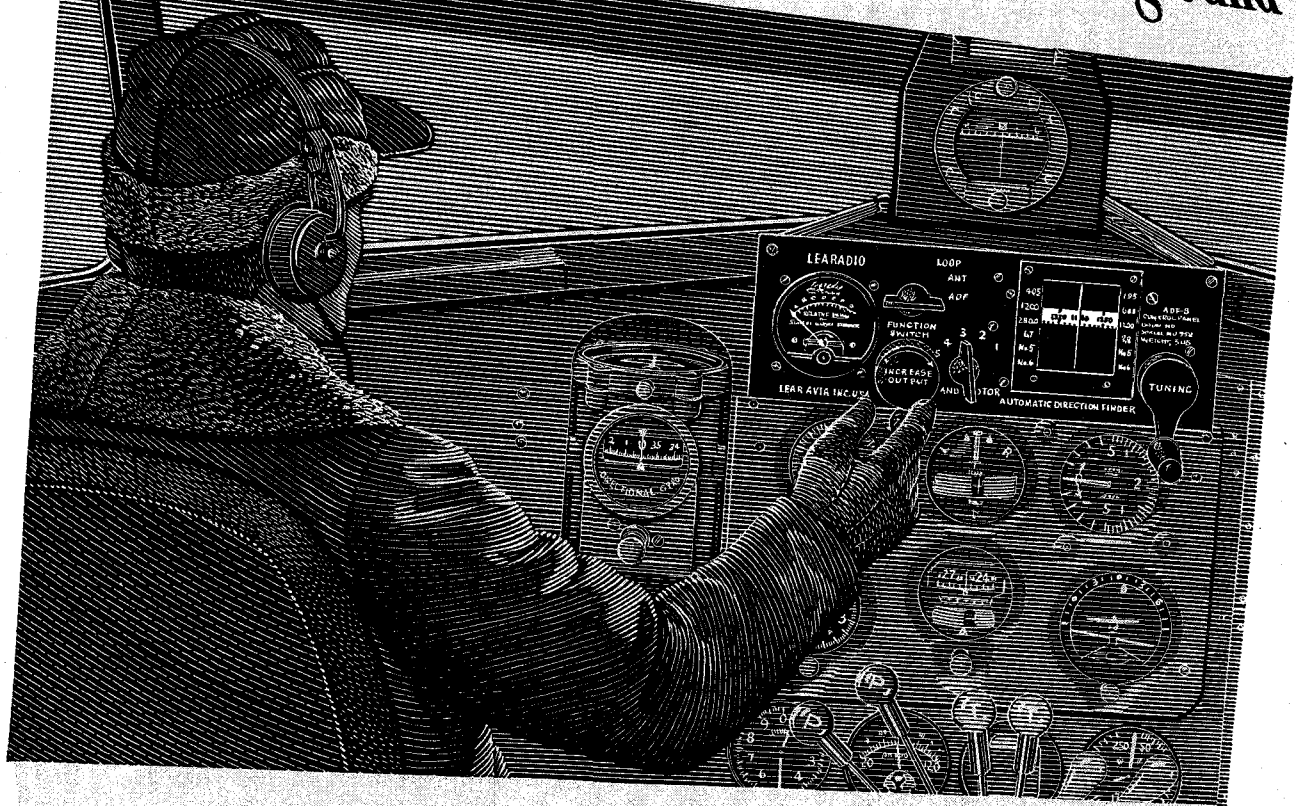
Sir:

Mark Twain being on the screen and air, in the *Atlantic* since June, and warm in our memories, perhaps one of your readers may remember, in some more interesting detail than I, his speech at the Jamestown Exposition in Virginia in 1907. There, for the benefit of landlubbers, the old river-pilot brushed away our muddled ideas as to what the displacement of a vessel is.

It was at the time President Theodore Roosevelt was starting our puny sixteen-battleship fleet on its trip round the world. I do not recall all the crude and incorrect concepts of displacement which the speaker recounted to our great amusement. One, he said, — my memory may be faulty, — was that it is the number of cubic feet of sea water at temperature 32° Fahrenheit which a becalmed vessel would hold just before it sank below the surface of the sea on a June day at the equator. Another, the displacement of a vessel is that part of the ship which, un-



# Two miles up - with an ear to the ground



Keeping posted high in the air is one secret of successful flying. The ground keeps track of the plane. The plane knows the weather, the course, and what it's like at the field.

Lear was among the very first to make aircraft radios — had gained an enviable reputation for fine radio and navigation instruments long before the war — was ready when war needs demanded greater and greater technical development.

Some of these developments can't even be mentioned now. They're too secret. Some are in the field of electric aircraft controls. Some will have no use outside of war.

But there are others that hold vast promise for everyone when peace returns.

With its war job done, Lear will turn its discoveries, its developments, the resources of its laboratories and plants toward adding new comforts, new conveniences, new pleasures to the lives of America's families.

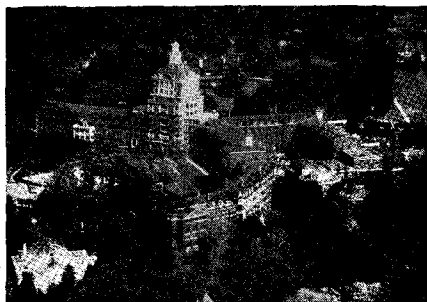
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*Homestead*  
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loaded but equipped and manned with a complement of full crew, protrudes above the water line at either high or low tide in the Bay of Fundy. There were others galore and graphic.

These ideas, said Mark Twain, though widely held, were all wrong, and he proceeded to give us the scientific definition. The displacement of a boat — steam, sail, or row — is that number of gallons of water, sea or fresh, which against the tide, but on a calm day, a vessel will push before it in one hour's steaming, sailing, or rowing.

Perhaps this speech was printed, but I have never seen it.

A. VEBE SHAW  
New York City

Sir:

The series of letters and memoirs concerning Mark Twain, Business Man, recalls a random notation I read some years ago, written by Mark Twain on one of his calling cards. Since the observation ties in ideologically with the correspondence you are publishing, I thought you might be interested in it.

I am not a Mark Twain specialist, so I am not able to tell whether this fragment has ever been published before. At any rate, here it is, and you may wish to pass it on to Mr. Webster: —

"Prosperity is hard to take — another man's, I mean!" — MARK TWAIN

C. WESLEY BIRD  
Fresno, Cal.

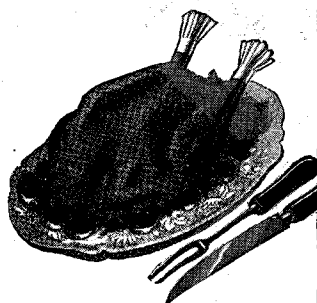
Sir:

I read with perturbation Allan Michie's article, "Policing Germany by Air" (August *Atlantic*). Here, with thousands of the world's youth crippled or dead, with suffering and misery beyond human comprehension, with destruction and desolation and despair that decades will not efface, Mr. Michie comes forward with a mild, almost apologetic, plan for policing Germany.

Can you conceive, with our boys still dying, a plan so mildly effective? Can you, with the wholesale slaughter of innocent people still going on, comprehend so juvenile a treatment as he suggests? Can you, in all reasonable homage to the many who have paid the full price, tolerate the schoolboy punishment he promotes? The idea of warning such a race that if they don't desist from making some potential war-time weapon, they will be bombed! The idea of dropping leaflets warning those in the environs! The very idea of, in the final analysis and after due notification, taking pains to bomb *only* that portion of the plant producing the objectionable item!

There is only one way to rid the world of German paranoia. Only one way that is effective tomorrow — and fifty years from tomorrow! All the proposals of re-education, rehabilitation, segregation, are foolish wishful thinking! When Germany is brought to her knees and the last tired and worn-out soldier boy is laid in foreign soil, make this announcement. Make this announcement to the German people — all of them — that Allied secret agents will live among them. That for decades — not years — they will be policed from the air and spied upon from the ground! That, no matter the years between, the

**Turkey ...**



**and Holly ...**



**and  
Christmas Seals**



**THEY** only come once a year — turkey and holly, carols and cranberry sauce!

And only once a year do you get a letter enclosing the seals that save life — Christmas Seals.

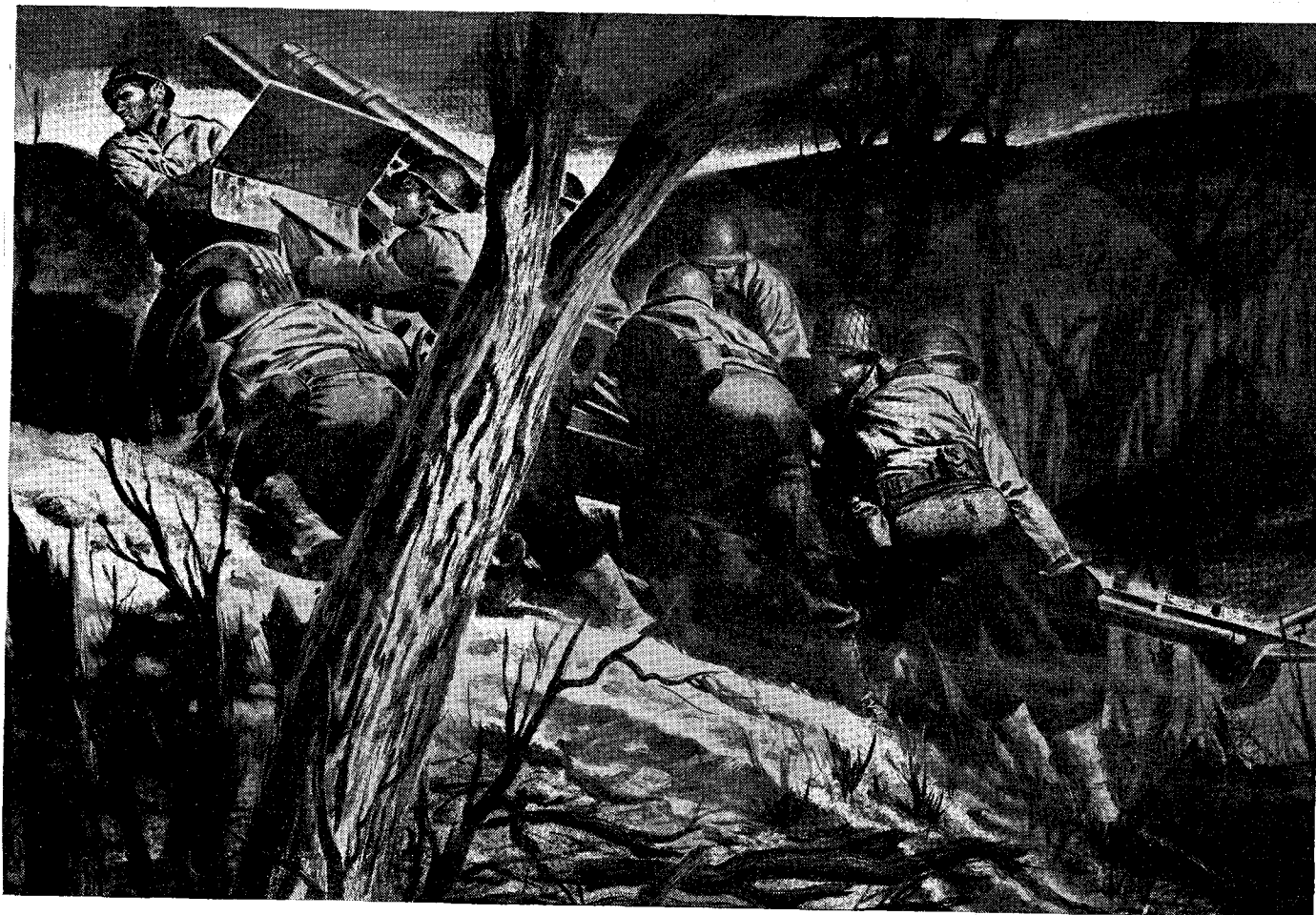
Answer the letter! Christmas Seals make possible the year-round fight against Tuberculosis and are your gift to all humanity.

What better way to remember His birthday?

**BUY CHRISTMAS SEALS!**

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## Then it's hi! hi! hee! in the Field Artillery!

 **Few of the combat** successes of United States Army ground forces in this war would have been possible without the tremendous supporting fire power of our Field Artillery.

Using new guns, new types of shells, newly developed techniques, it can pour out massed fire at a speed, intensity, and accuracy unheard of in the last war. And this has contributed mightily to the rout of the Axis.

But even the world's finest guns could scarcely speak with such devastating authority except for the sure skill and courage under fire of our American Artillerymen.

**For artillery fighting** is a highly technical—and dangerous—business.

 As the big guns move into position, up into the Infantry front lines go the forward observers. They spot enemy targets, call for fire missions, and adjust fire—and are themselves fair targets for the enemy.

**Up go the "grasshoppers"**—the flying

observation posts which brazenly seek out enemy installations, and radio their information to the ground. Through enemy bullets and shell fragments move the wire parties, to repair the network of telephone lines through which the fires of many guns may be co-ordinated.

Meanwhile husky gun crews work with speed and precision to keep shells screaming toward the enemy on a split-second schedule. And men of the service batteries toil and sweat—servicing motor equipment, and supplying the shells.



**That the Field Artillery** was ready with highly efficient weapons when war came, and that it has developed even better ones since, is a tribute to the foresight of our artillerists who have been constantly planning and experimenting to insure that our guns will be superior to those of the enemy.

 Changes also were made in the organization of the Field Artillery, the better to perform the artillery's twin missions: to support the Infantry, Cavalry, and Armored Forces...

to give depth to the battlefields.

**The results are evident** on every battle front. Today, American Artillerymen smash in seconds targets that once took minutes, even hours. They achieve simultaneous massed fire of many battalions that amazes old timers—and confounds the enemy.

Not only every Artilleryman but every American may take pride in the fact that one of the great jobs in this war is being done by the Field Artillery.

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**STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP,  
MANAGEMENT, ETC., REQUIRED  
BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF  
MARCH 3, 1933**

*of ATLANTIC MONTHLY  
published Monthly at Concord, N. H.  
for October 1st, 1944*

*State of Massachusetts, County of Suffolk, ss. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Donald B. Snyder, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of the Atlantic Monthly, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933 embodied in Section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:*

*1. That the names and addresses of the publisher and editor are:*

*Publisher, Donald B. Snyder, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.*

*Editor, Edward A. Weeks, Jr., 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.*

*2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)*

*The Atlantic Monthly Company  
8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass.*

*Barbara D. Danielson  
314 Dartmouth St., Boston, Mass.*

*Trade Winds, Ltd. . . . 68 William St., New York City  
Estate of Arthur Kudner  
630 Fifth Avenue, New York City*

*Edward A. Weeks, Jr. . . 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass.*

*Donald B. Snyder. . . . 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass.*

*Arthur Pound  
330 State Education Bldg., Albany, N. Y.  
Teresa S. Fitzpatrick. . . 100 Chestnut St., Boston, Mass.*

*3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.*

*4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.*

**DONALD B. SNYDER**  
(Signature of publisher)

*Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of September 1944.*

[SEAL] **Erwin C. Thiessen, Notary Public**  
(My commission expires February 2, 1950.)

first German making one instrument of war, one smallest item capable of dealing death, shall bring immediate unforewarned destruction upon a thousand German men, women, and children! That death shall rain from the sky with a viciousness that will only parallel the brutalities they have themselves committed.

Do you want peace? Do you want our boys to grow up in a world without sporadic German attempts at domination? Do you feel, as I do, that the glory of dying for your country is but a temporal thing — while the heartbreak at home is permanent? Will you refuse to forget that many thousands died agonizing deaths because, in our unbalanced softness, we let Germany build again?

Far better a thousand German men, women, and children die in enforcing peace than a hundred thousand of our own boys regaining it.

**CALVIN W. WALKER**  
Belmont, Mass.

Sir:

I want you to pass this letter on to Jessamyn West so that she will know how much I enjoyed her two stories about Farmer Birdwell. I am listening for more hoofbeats down the pike.

The humor in those stories, the character delineation — but then, you people were smart enough to buy them, so you know what was there.

Well, more of Farmer Birdwell and Parson Godley say I. Those stories deserve rereading to be thoroughly appreciated. I have recommended them to relatives and friends all over the country — from New York State to Wyoming.

**MRS. C. N. COOK**  
Concordia, Kan.

**"LAND BELOW THE WIND"**

● *Atlantic readers will be glad to know that further reassuring word has been received from Agnes Keith, whose serial "Land Below the Wind" appeared in our October-December, 1939, issues. From the Japanese Prison Camp in Borneo, almost exactly a year after the dates which they bear, two postal cards came from Mrs. Keith to her mother and brother in California. Her mother-in-law in Victoria, British Columbia, received news at about the same time from Harry Keith, from whose postals the information is gleaned: "I see Agnes and George sometimes."*

The messages from his wife were as follows: —

**DEAREST MOTHER AND BROTHER:**

We are all three well. I am working. George is my great joy. We long for the end of all this. Dearest love all.

**AGNES KEITH**

October 3, 1943

**DEAREST MOTHER AND BROTHER:**

We are all three well. We long for peace. Have received no letters. Write through Red Cross. Notify Victoria. I am working. Dearest love all.

**AGNES KEITH**

December 25, 1943



# THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

VOLUME 174  NUMBER 6

DECEMBER, 1944

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87th YEAR OF CONTINUOUS PUBLICATION

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## PARIS ALIVE

*The Republic of Silence*

by JEAN-PAUL SARTRE

NEVER were we freer than under the German occupation. We had lost all our rights, and first of all our right to speak. They insulted us to our faces every day — and we had to hold our tongues. They deported us *en masse* — as workers, as Jews, as political prisoners. Everywhere, — upon the walls, in the press, on the screen, — we found that filthy and insipid image of ourselves which the oppressor wished to present to us. And because of all this, we were free.

The more the Nazi venom crept into our thoughts the more each precise thought became a conquest. The more the omnipotent police tried to enforce our silence, the more each of our words became a precious declaration of principle. The more we were pursued, the more each one of our gestures took on the nature of an engagement. The frequently atrocious circumstances of our struggle made us at the same time live — without any deceit, nakedly, in this torn and untenable situation which one calls the state of man (*la condition humaine*). Exile, captivity, above all, death, which one easily shies from during happier times, were then our perpetual worry, and we were to learn that they were not avoidable accidents, not even constant or objective

threats, but that we must discover in them our lot, our fate, the deepest source of our being.

Every moment we lived in the fullest sense of that trite tag, "Man is mortal," and the choice that each one made of his life and of himself was authentic; for the more it was made in the presence of death, the more it could always be explained in the formula of "Rather Death Than. . . ." And I do not speak here of our elite who were the true Resisters, but of all Frenchmen who, at every hour of the day or night, during four years, have said NO.

Indeed the cruelty of the enemy pushed us to the extremes of this state, in forcing us to ask those questions one neglected in time of peace — all those of us (and what Frenchman was not at one time or another in this position?) who, knowing something important to the Resistance, have asked ourselves in anguish, "If they torture me, can I hold on?" Thus indeed was the question of liberty brought to the very edge of the profoundest comprehension that man can have of himself.

For the secret of a man is not in his Oedipus or inferiority complex; it is in his power to resist suffering up to the point of death. To those who led clandestine lives, the conditions of their fight brought a new experience. They did not fight in the daylight, like soldiers; in every circumstance they were alone; they were pursued and arrested in their solitude. And it was in their loneliness, in their

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JEAN-PAUL SARTRE is a French dramatist and poet who distinguished himself as one of the military leaders of the FFI through the long years of German domination. His eloquent statement has been translated by Lincoln Kirstein.

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completest nakedness, that they resisted torture, alone and stripped before their well-shaved, well-fed, and well-dressed executioners, who mocked their pitiful flesh and whose complacent consciences and incredible social power gave every evidence of their being in the right.

Alone. Without the help of a friendly hand or any encouragement whatsoever. However, in the very depths of this solitude, there were the others, all the others, all the comrades of Resistance, whom they were defending. One single word would provoke ten or a hundred new arrests. This total responsibility in total solitude — was not this the final revelation of our liberty?

This nakedness, this loneliness, this enormous risk, was the same for all — for the officers and for the men, for those who carried messages of whose contents they were ignorant as for those who decided some unique policy for the entire Resistance movement. Imprisonment. Deportation. Death. There is no army in the world where one might find an equality of risks for the private and for the commander-in-chief. And that is why the Resistance was a true democracy; for the soldier, as for his superior, the same danger, the same loneliness, the same responsibility, the same absolute freedom within the discipline.

Thus, in blood and shadows, a Republic erected itself, the strongest of republics. Each of its citizens knew what he owed to every other, and that each could count on that alone. Each of them understood, in the completest loneliness, his historic role and responsibility. Each of them set himself freely, irremediably, against the oppressors. And in his freedom in choosing himself, he chose the freedom of all.

This republic, without institutions, army, or police, made every Frenchman affirm and maintain it, against Nazism, at every moment. No one here failed it, and at present we are on the verge of another republic. But can we not hope that this new republic of the bright day which is now coming will preserve in its sunlight the austere virtues of the republic of silence and the night?

## GOING IN WITH LECLERC

by EMLÉN ETTING

AUGUST 23, 1944. — Am writing you this from the front seat of our truck, on the way to Paris. We are in a long convoy of General Leclerc's Division, to which our recording unit is now attached. The sun is shining, and aside from all the dust, it is not unpleasant. We are taking all day,

advancing in fits and starts, to cover ground one might normally traverse in a few hours.

Yesterday we were sent on a mission to Chambois, where the pocket of fleeing Germans was closed by the Canadian and American troops. We turned off the main road at Bourg St. Léonard. On either side were fields bordered with shrubs or poplars. It was a lovely day, with puffy clouds in the sky.

But the road soon became cluttered with shattered vehicles of all kinds. There were overturned carts, demolished trucks with camouflage branches sticking out of them at crazy angles, burned-out tanks. The roadsides were strewn with debris of all kinds: boxes, sheets, blankets, papers, helmets, clothing, unexploded shells. The ditches were full of corpses, and in the fields you could see German soldiers with arms bent and fingers frozen in some final gesture, flat on the grass like statues hurled to the ground. Bloated cattle studded the landscape with legs sticking out. The stench was horrible and there was no escaping it. When we got there, the town of Chambois was still smoldering.

The road was crowded with gigantic tanks. American soldiers stood around them in groups, discussing tactics. The main street was full of trucks and ambulances. A building taken over by an Army hospital unit exuded the smell of medications. They were carrying in some wounded on a stretcher, from a German jeep with an identifying flag strapped to it. Prowling soldiers carrying their guns circulated cautiously. There were no tapes yet to designate areas cleared of mines. Our dead had been removed, but German victims lay about, their faces mostly covered with a helmet or a cloth.

I walked past the façades of these little French dwellings, and through the blasted doors and windows saw amazing sights. There would be a still life of a dinner table, all set with plates, glasses, a bottle of wine, half a loaf of bread — even a vase of flowers in the center. This was heavily powdered by falling plaster. An alarm clock on the sideboard still ticked. A chair was overturned, but otherwise little seemed disturbed.

Through other windows I saw one scene after another that reminded me of waxworks exhibits — Madame Tussaud's, the Musée Grévin in Paris —

---

An American artist who studied in Paris in the days of peace, EMLÉN ETTING was sent to London by the OWI as French announcer and script writer for ABSIE (the American Broadcasting Station in Europe). In July his office sent him into the Psychological Warfare Division attached to General Patton's 3rd Army. In this capacity he was radio commentator for the BBC and ABSIE, and recorded interviews in newly liberated towns through Normandy and Brittany. Subsequently he was attached to the 2nd French Armored Division, and with it he entered Paris on liberation day. This account is extracted from letters written to his wife.



and odd displays in fairs at home. Dead Germans lay in all manner of awkward positions, stiffened as death had struck them. Some stared up at me from the floor, their hands clutching a broken rifle. The fingers of others were loosely closed like those of a sleeping baby. Their disheveled hair was gray with dust; their flesh was a pale-green tinge and they seemed unreal, shrunk by death into something inhuman, poor effigies of what real soldiers are like. Several rooms had men tumbled over one another, clothing torn off them, displaying wounds or roasted flesh. Dressers had the drawers yanked out, frocks and women's underwear hanging from the brims, and the rest of the contents strewn wildly all over the room.

One house had a dead horse in the parlor, its eyes burst from the sockets and maggots seething all over the head and out of the gory nostrils. Farther along, a cow's legs descended through the ceiling of a room. Curtains and rafters hung disconsolate into the street. Bottles and bedding had been hoarded, then violently cast aside as though by a tornado.

We ate K rations by our truck, parked at the juncture of three roads. A torn French flag hung from the public school building. A dead Nazi lay a couple of yards from us, a dirty wrinkled hand protruding from the mass of greenish uniform. Shortly some Yanks chewing gum appeared and lifted the corpse onto a stretcher. There remained only a helmet and a dark pool of blood. Al Leach, who cuts our records, looked a bit pale and didn't finish his tin of cheese.

A German jeep looking very much like an overturned beetle drove past with five wounded prisoners aboard and a Red Cross flag thrown over an officer on a stretcher. They were unshaven and expressionless. Smoke rose from a building the front of which had caved in, exposing walls with photographs of saints and colored postcards.

The fields outside town were violent scenes of carnage and frustration. The Germans in trying to make a break-through had assembled masses of tanks and army vehicles of all kinds, including stolen carts, horses, and bicycles. Charred bodies of men escaping from tanks stood like ebony carvings in active poses. Dead men and animals were strewn about everywhere, in orchards, down sloping fields. Two live horses in the midst of all these rotting carcasses stood side by side, motionless, their eyes staring at the ground, lost.

There was a row of peasants and soldiers, their feet all sticking out like those of marionettes. They looked like discarded dolls. Between them and a slit trench lay a GI. When he lifted his arm I realized he had only been sleeping.

Treasures of loot had been gouged out of trucks and tanks and fell away from them in cascades of linen, clothing, and crazy assortments of objects. Over the grass and mud lay brassières, silverware, letters, cartridges, knives and forks, toothbrushes, spools of thread, clocks, washbasins, army equipment of all kinds, bottles, photographs. It was like a nightmare, or some surrealist painting that could be looked at with morbid curiosity and forgotten. I could not help wondering how it would be to return to your ruined house and find each room harboring dead soldiers and exuding a smell that must linger in one's nostrils for an endless time.

Our men were quiet in the streets. Some were so exhausted they lay on the ground and slept. A few peasants were walking back with belongings done up in a towel or an apron. A woman with haggard eyes asked us where she could find some bread. We gave her a couple of our ration boxes. She thanked us and went on, dazed, uncertain of what might come next. Suddenly a duck waddled down from a side street, beak high, looking proudly from left to right. It was almost as though Donald Duck with his clothes off were coming toward us to make some protest. A few minutes later I saw him being carried off unceremoniously under the arm of a French boy who saw his next meal and grabbed it.

In pursuit of material for recordings we returned toward Bourg St. Léonard. There in a butcher shop we interviewed a doctor who had done some splendid work with our medical units. The butcher's apron he wore was covered with blood.

RAMBOUILLET. *August 24.* — I began this in a dusty convoy, to continue now in a field with the rain pouring down steadily upon us. I am now attached to the French Armored Division. The soldiers are dressed in American uniforms but they wear flag-red overseas caps which give them a jaunty touch. Once when we stopped in a wide plain of wheatfields, Helen Kirkpatrick tripped in getting out of a German jeep she was riding in with Lieutenant John Reinhardt and turned her ankle. She was awfully plucky about it. It's tough for a woman alone among so many men. I thought of you all the time as I watched her beige beret in the car ahead. We still wear our steel salad bowls.

Evening came upon us and we ate our dinner from tins without stopping. Rain began to fall. Roy, our driver, had lost the crosspieces that held up the cover to our truck, so we rode on with the water pouring over us. Soon all we could see was the tiny red light of the car ahead. Driving was difficult and of course we had to progress very slowly. We began to think we should go on like this all night. My

raincoat had been stolen in one of our camp moves, so I sat in a puddle and soaked up the rain like a bundle of blotting paper.

It was after ten when we made another long pause. Roy turned off the motor; and over the rumble of the unseen trucks, we could hear the sound of water running. Someone came along with a flashlight. Orders were to turn into a field. We had no idea where we were or what we were going to do.

At last most of the convoy was apparently collected in this enormous field. We were in three columns. No further orders came, but we figured this would be where we would remain for the rest of the night and we made some attempts at sleeping. I ended up under the tarpaulin cover in a wet uniform, my head resting on top of the recording generator, which reeked of gasoline.

This morning when I emerged I nearly stepped down onto the face of a lieutenant from the car behind us. He had lain down in a mud furrow between our vehicles. He was covered with a blanket, and a little mongrel he had picked up on the road lay curled up beside him. His face glistened with rain.

At nine we started to move, but when we got out on the road again the order came only to drive into an apple orchard and "make ourselves at home." Everyone was terribly restless at being so near Paris and having to wait. I walked to the highway, where a steady stream of trucks and tanks was moving up. Thumbing a ride on a jeep, I rode into Rambouillet, getting off at the Hôtel du Grand Veneur. All kinds of journalists, photographers, and radiomen I had run into at various places in the Normandy and Brittany campaigns turned up here, collected in one seething spot. The air was electric with excitement and impatience.

In the afternoon we drove through Limours, arriving finally at Longjumeau. Outside the *mairie*, people stood in groups. Emissaries dashed in and out. FFI soldiers hurried about. Flags flew. Great expectancy in the hearts of everyone.

Outside town, up a hill we were ordered to halt, but off in the distance we caught our first glimpse of the Eiffel Tower! A great elation came over us, and the name Paris in our talk made our hearts beat faster.

There was great activity on the hill. Along both sides of the road that pointed straight to Paris, tanks were digging in for battle. Branches were torn from the trees for camouflage. Guns were turned and aimed toward the north. From time to time we could hear the rumble of bombardments somewhere to the west. The French faces were gay

under the red overseas caps and ready with smiles. The long-awaited day was near. Very soon now the heart of France would beat again.

It was an interminable night, and the light of dawn found an army of unshaven men at their posts. A heavy mist held everything in a mysterious hush. The highway began to throb with vehicles. A double line formed, with certain cars sneaking up ahead whenever they saw a break. General Leclerc suddenly appeared out of the fog, sitting straight in his open jeep, looking intent and handsome, and he flashed past toward the head of the column. We all began to advance. It was still hazy when we came into the town of Antony. People were coming up out of shelters, their bedclothes showing under coats or wrappers. The gray morning heightened the atmosphere of mystery and suspense that surrounded us. People standing among the remnants of recent tank battles were not sure whether to cheer or hide. Ambulances were stationed at several intersections, and every now and then one would hurry back toward Longjumeau.

Blue signs with bold white letters read: Paris 6 kilometers, then 5, 4, 3. The mist evaporated and with it the doubts in the minds of the people along our path. Waving arms were accompanied by shouts of joy. It was the Porte d'Orléans — we were in Paris!

It all came back to me now with a pang, the look of those buildings when I had passed them setting out to drive to the Riviera. But now one could only see the crowds. General Leclerc in his jeep loomed just ahead, and disappeared in the surf of gesticulating arms. For a moment it made me think of the opening of the Red Sea. Every time we were forced to stop, the people would swarm wildly over us throwing flowers, fighting to embrace us, shaking our hands with tears in their eyes and calling, "*Merci!*" Children were thrust up at us as though to be blessed; women grabbed violently to embrace us. One pale man took my hand and held it against his heart. And always the expression that rang the loudest and clearest in our ears was "Thank you — *Merci!*"

Our triumphal procession went round the Lion de Belfort and then seemed to split up. There were breathless warnings of places where the Germans were expected to give battle. But we went on like a tidal wave, down the Boulevard du Montparnasse, past the Dôme and the Rotonde, past the station, over torn-up streets with barricades, and on toward the Seine.

As we approached the Invalides there was the deafening explosion of a gun, repeated again and again with furious insistence. The crowd scattered,



the tanks rolled into positions right and left. Soon the streets were almost deserted, while the sporadic firing of guns and rifles went on.

We followed some tanks down to the Esplanade des Invalides and saw the battle of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Flaming bottles came hurtling out of the windows. Smoke rose into the blue sky. Tanks whirled and shook. The foliage of the trees shuddered. Ambulances painted white and resembling ice-cream wagons dashed past. A man would stand on the running board brandishing a large Red Cross flag. Stretcher bearers ran into the fray with never a hesitation. They were a truly admirable spectacle — those men and women who went to get the wounded.

Now these stones that had been strewn with petals glistened with spilled blood. Wounded soldiers were led away, others carried by on stretchers. Two stretcher bearers came running with one soldier. His arm dangled wildly as they fled breathless down the pavement past us. His uniform was soaked with blood. In his agony his jaw opened and closed spasmodically. As he passed I could just hear the hopeless call: "Maman! Maman! Maman!"

It was terrible to think of those boys who had fought so long and so far, since the days of the African Campaign, having to be killed on the great day when Paris was at last to be liberated. And one thought then of our boys from Arkansas, Texas, New Jersey, and Maine who had left their homes and their girls to fight this war on foreign soil, thousands of miles from their native land. How many of them had been killed or wounded under the tender sky of France for a war they didn't want, but to preserve freedom for the people of this earth! Our armies were not going to enter the capital of Europe on this historic day. They were going on with the horrible job of war, fighting on for the day when they too could return to their cities and those that belonged to them.

Groups of prisoners were led our way by FFI men. They had hunted, mean faces. There was the look of the tracked beast about them. One woman, when she saw a particularly brutish specimen who had small, vicious eyes, shot forward and struck him across the face with her bag. She hit him with such violence that he staggered back a few steps. His cheek swelled immediately and flushed while the rest of his countenance paled. He walked on, dazed and breathless. The others hardly looked. Their collars were open, their nostrils pinched. Capa, the photographer, ran up alongside of them and I guess he got about as pretty a picture of human beasts as one could see.

There was a lull in the fighting. An English officer

who had come up with us from Normandy turned up in great agitation. "Get into my jeep and we'll see what excitement we can find." A French girl wearing an FFI armband and a poilu helmet rushed past leading four men in shirtsleeves. They carried bloody hand grenades taken from the wounded. Somehow even in the midst of all this we realized we were hungry, but our rations like our cigarettes had been given away long ago.

We drove back toward the Montparnasse Station and tried to approach the river down the Rue de Rennes, which was apparently clear. In the meantime I saw the sign of a little restaurant on a side street and we steered toward it. A crowd collected at once. The *patron* said he had no food but, getting quickly over his surprise at being accosted by American soldiers, begged us to come in.

From this moment on, the little restaurant was a madhouse of clamoring women, men, and children. The proprietor's wife offered wine and potted meat she said they had saved for such an occasion. Everyone was singing the *Marseillaise*, *Madelon*, *Tipperary*. We rose and did the best we could with the *Star Spangled Banner*, sitting down amid wild cheers and waving arms and hands. The proprietor then announced there was something very special for us Americans out in the street, and would we please come take a look.

Outside was a spectacle that gave a vivid idea of what the French revolutionary times must have been like. On the back of an open car, seated high on the folded top, was a woman with her hair shaved off. A swastika was painted on her skull with black paint and she wore around her neck the sign, "Je suis collaboratrice." The crowd seethed around her, jeering and making threats. She sat motionless in the center of this tumult, looking straight ahead. There was dignity in her bearing, but one could almost hear her beating heart.

The people turned to see if we approved. We were so stunned by the rapid succession of events that all we could do was gape. My companions were momentarily out of sight. My vision was crowded with jeering faces and clamoring limbs. The woman flashed a glance in our direction but didn't see us. There was nothing we could say. It was not a moment for histrionics, shameful as the hysteria was. This was part of the tidal wave of war. It swept everything along with it, and there was no holding back until the fatal mass had lost its force.

Paris never seemed more beautiful as we came to the Seine and darted across, wondering every moment if we should be machine-gunned or blown to junk by a shell. Here were the serene expanses of the

Tuilleries on either side, and the buildings of the Louvre. The statues still stood in arrested grandeur on their pedestals of stone. Joan of Arc on her steed in a fresh coat of gilt thrust her sword to the sun as though she had been a live model from the equestrian groups in the circus. She seemed to breathe, and one expected her to move like the flags and pennants that waved in the air around us.

Then there was the Opera with its statues raising their green bronze arms to the sky. Remains of tanks, like the shells of broiled lobsters after a picnic, cluttered the foreground. We turned down the boulevards under the chestnut trees and came to the Scribe Hotel, designated headquarters for the American Press and PWD.

Few of our gang had as yet crossed the river, and the lobby was empty and dark, for there was no electricity. An excited porter showed us our rooms and we tossed our bed rolls and duffel bags to the carpeted floor. I glanced with delight at the bed and hurried out, for we had an outlined schedule for the afternoon.

The underground radio station called the Poste de Radiodiffusion de la Nation Française was in an old house behind a court. The place seethed with excitement. Gendarmes stood at the door. Every room was full of activity. Typewriters, turntables, even lights — everything was going full blast. Making arrangements for the short-wave broadcasting of the records, I went into the studio to speak the live call to the BBC and ABSIE. On the way out someone said the director of the station, Mr. Schaeffer, wanted to see me. He had hardly had any sleep for a week and was lying down in a darkened room in the front part of a building. He was so exhausted he talked like someone in a dream, but he greeted me warmly and asked me to come back and have dinner with him, when he would feel more rested.

Darkness fell. The English and American outfits had recording trucks in the street. With ours I made transcriptions of people's voices and the singing of the *Marseillaise* and *Tipperary*. People came and spoke their hearts to the microphone, then disappeared in the tumult. Nobody knew anything about the censors. Larry Lesueur and I spoke over short wave. We had no idea if our messages would be picked up, but at least we were trying to do the jobs we had come for.

Suddenly it was midnight. I had had no dinner. To my surprise, I learned Mr. Schaeffer was expecting me still and that he had not originally planned to have it any sooner. About ten men and women who worked at the station convened in an upstairs salon with an elaborate crystal chandelier, gilt furniture, and endless objets d'art. It all made me think

of Marcel Proust somehow. We talked excitedly of everything from the amazing days of Paris's liberation to the latest work of poets and painters. Paris had starved and bled, but even without electricity it still was the Ville Lumière and the cultural center of the world.

## THE AMERICANS ARRIVE

by LT. COL. CHARLES R. CODMAN

AUGUST 27, 1944. — What a day! Had hoped to ride in with Leclerc but that didn't work out, so next day I asked the boss if Bunny [Lt. Col. Bernard Carter] and I couldn't take a jeep and run up to see, among other things, whether his office was running. The boss looked surprised and said, "Sure, why not? Only don't get yourselves shot — and come back." Well, it was all perfectly simple and, like all events to which you've looked forward with a terrific yearning, perfectly natural.

After breakfast I went over to Bunny's tent and said, "Get your gun. We're going up to see whether they are still cashing checks at your bank." His face was a study. Armed with a paper, we mounted Bunny's jeep and set off down that long, straight road. A lovely sunny day, hot, with a slight haze. Funny vehicles on the otherwise empty road, carts, old omnibuses; household furniture, with refugees sitting on top — like 1940, only this time going the right way.

Banlieue. A sergent de ville in cape and full regalia plants himself in the middle of the road and waves us down. We stop. "Vous allez en ville?" he asks. "Yes." "Can you emmenez me?" "Montez, montez." We bounce along, his cape flying in the breeze. "What have you been doing?" we ask. "Hiding out en civil," he says, "mais aujourd'hui je reprends mon service." Cobblestones. Closed-down cafés. People in the streets. Lots of waving.

Porte X. We're in. Everything quiet, no traffic, a few cyclistes, a good many pedestrians. We stop to ask about bridges and things. A little crowd collects. Handshaking, kissing, and so on. You can imagine. "Ça fait plaisir," the sergent said. On down the Boulevard Raspail. God, it's so natural you can't believe it. Rue du Bac. Over the river — and there we are in the most beautiful Place in the world. A little débraillée, a little nicked here and

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A Bostonian who won his wings as a day bombardment pilot in the First World War and who has been serving as General Patton's aide since April, 1943, LT. COL. CHARLES R. CODMAN has been decorated with the Bronze Star. He writes as one who has known Paris in many vicissitudes and always with affection. We are happy to reproduce these passages from his letters to his wife.



there, but *so* beautiful, so unchanged. Rue de Rivoli. Some barricades and burned tanks. Rue de Castiglione. An interesting sight du côté de chez Swann — le pharmacien, you remember. The bank and of course good old Edouard & Butler.

You can picture Bunny's reception at the bank. A lot of telephoning. "Est-ce que le Baron Hottinguer est là?" "Monsieur le Baron est mort dans son lit, il y a un ans." "Ah, pardon! Je regrette."

Lunch time, so Bunny and I stroll across to that cozy little corner in the Ritz. What a place! I don't believe the Boches' sheets have been washed yet. Nevertheless all is normal — the concierge is telephoning the Bristol to see if they can accommodate some clients; an old dowager is asking for deux places at the Marigny.

Off again. We find our jeep and driver the center of an enthusiastic crowd and it takes quite a while to extricate him and it and ourselves. Over to see Leclerc's boys. God, what a party they had coming in! We were just leaving when I happened to ask them who their air liaison officer was, and where — I'd heard a rumor; un colonel tel et tel. Ah, oui. En effet, le Lieutenant Colonel Rod Tower. Coup de telephone. "C'est le Colonel Tower à l'appareil? Ne quittez pas. On vous parle." Me: "Allo, ici le Colonel Carter et le Colonel Codman de la classe '15 de l'université d'Harvard." You could hear the thud as he fell off his chair. "For God's sake, where are *you*?" "Bon, chez Claridge dans un quart d'heure."

A suite at Claridge's. Champagne. Rod giving an account of coming in with Leclerc's boys. He *was* along. He and André de Limur and Ernest Hemingway. Rod at his best, imitating Leclerc's boys: the welcoming French populo, Boche tanks, machine guns, sound effects, everything. Held up by fire at the Porte X. Bullets whizzing. Hemingway: "Nothing compared to Spain, just a bunch of crap. Come on, let's go." In the centre. The crowd goes wild. Champagne on every street corner. Then put-put-put-put — machine-gun fire. Into a doorway with your glass and drinking companion. Put-put stops. Out again. More clinking of glasses and on to another quartier.

Rod is now bathing and Bunny telephoning. I go out on the balcony. Almost across from where we watched the procession for the Roi d'Angleterre — remember? What a city! You just can't faze it. No traffic to speak of except a few cyclists, but both trottoirs crowded with promeneurs, strolling. Most of the men without hats, most of the girls in short cotton print dresses, and much prettier than I remember them — I suppose they don't eat so much. An old dame with red hair encouraging her

Pekingese. No success. Try another tree. So calm, so salubrious — and yet one shot from a roof-top will start the ball rolling again. I suddenly see something — Paris is Clarence Day's "Cat World."

Time to go up to the d'Harambures' — prearranged by Bunny. Out to the jeep. It's *gone*! A passant: "Ah oui, en effet, il y a eu un petit accident dans la rue à côté; les FFI ont emprunté votre jeep pour remorquer une de leur voitures." In the side street, we find our jeep being hitched up to an enormous van bristling with armed FFI's. Big crowd, a lot of argument. Someone brings champagne and we talk them out of their project.

"After all," we argue, "we've *got* to have our jeep to go and take N——." That wins.

Then, up the avenue. We make the driver take it slow. The driver's name is Shoulder. It's his first trip to Paris, and he's fascinated — as well he may be. He'll never see it just like that again. No one will. What a hand! All the way up, Bunny and I *and* Shoulder are obliged to stop and take bows. In the arch, the biggest tricolor you've ever seen fills the whole space.

Avenue Victor-Hugo — quieter here. Fewer people. Might be 1939 or 1929. The d'Harambures. They all rush out into the street. Bunny gets an ovation. In. More champagne. Clicquot this time.

Time to go. We must be out of the city before dark. They all come out into the street. To hell with the snipers. Shoulder, as always, surrounded by an admiring crowd. The prettiest girl, literally, that I've ever seen is attaching a tiny American flag to his windshield. She is half sitting on the longitudinal bar of her bicycle. And now she produces an equally tiny French flag and crosses it over the other. Very unregulation.

And then through those serene quartiers to Bunny's apartment. The old concierge and two friends and a policeman were having a "petit verre." It was a lovely meeting, well beyond my powers of description. "Monsieur Carter, Monsieur Carter" — and they kept touching him to make sure he was real. One more call. His father's house. Very much the same scene, only soon the husband of the concierge said, "Et comment va Monsieur votre père?" and Bunny had to tell them.

And now the shadows lengthen and the evening comes. Past the Grand Palais. Over the bridge. You know what the river looks like at that hour and the quartiers beyond, and how one hates to leave. Just as we hated to leave on June 6, 1940. Just as one always hates to leave. I suppose I'll be back from time to time, but I'm not much interested in that. Not until the real time when you and I come back together.

# PACIFICATION FOR PEACE

by WALTER LIPPMANN

THE task of the Dumbarton Oaks Conference was to draft proposals by which the present grand alliance of the United Nations can be transformed into a universal society of nations. The deliberations led to the conclusion that this will require not one international organization but three international organizations — the first embryonic, and the other two provisional.

The first is the General Assembly, which is vested with the right and duty of forming and establishing *de jure* institutions and agencies designed to promote progress and peace through law among all the nations.

The second, not named in the Dumbarton draft or discussed at the Conference, but definitely provided for, is the organization of victors for the specific purpose of enforcing the terms imposed upon our present enemies — principally, of course, Germany and Japan.

The third is the Security Council, which is not intended to concern itself with the enemy states but with the prevention of war. I venture to believe that its present structure and power are provisional and peculiar because of the fact that the world is still divided into victors, vanquished, and neutrals. Therefore, though there will always be need of a Security Council, the present form of it is destined to be provisional.

These three organizations are all of them the creation of the wartime coalition of the United Nations. They are related in the sense that the proposed structure of the peace is a tripod which could not stand if one of its legs were missing. The General Assembly, which must include all "peace-loving" states, including the honest neutrals as well as na-

tions not actually at war with our enemies, could not enforce the demilitarization of the enemy states. The victors who must enforce the surrender terms do not include all the nations which must participate in a general international society. Finally, during the period which we may call the *Era of Pacification*, extraordinary precautions must be taken to make sure that the international society which will be forming through the General Assembly is not disrupted by threats of war. This is the function of the Security Council in its present form.

## 1

NO ONE can now foresee, and the Conference made no attempt to predict, what the Security Council will become if the transitional period, the Era of Pacification, ends in a generally accepted, and therefore an enduring, settlement. Nor can anyone now foresee what use the General Assembly will make of its opportunity — whether it will create boldly and wisely the organs of a better international life, or whether it will sink to sterile debate and small maneuvering.

What we can say is that the future belongs to the General Assembly if the national states and the people rise to the opportunity: it is the constituent assembly to which are entrusted the best hopes of mankind. It will play a role in the establishment of the court or courts of international justice. It can develop, by debate which would be quasi-legislative in character, resolutions that lay down the principles of international conduct. It is to be the parent of many and guardian of all of the international organizations devoted to the general welfare of the nations. It is to elect a committee of eighteen of its members which, under the title of the Economic and Social Council, is to be in effect a responsible cabinet for initiating and carrying out international agreements to "facilitate solutions of international

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Can the careful planning at Dumbarton Oaks succeed where the League of Nations failed? Delegates of the United Nations will soon assemble to discuss in detail the machinery for enforcing the peace. Before that portentous meeting it is opportune for our readers to consider this clear and authoritative analysis by WALTER LIPPMANN.



economic, social and other humanitarian problems, and to promote respect for human rights and fundamental freedoms."

That the General Assembly is not designed to be, as some have hastily called it, a mere debating society is shown by the agreement on voting in the Assembly. "Important decisions," which are defined as "including recommendations with respect to the maintenance of peace and security; election of [the six non-permanent] members of the Security Council; election of members of the Economic and Social Council; admission of members, suspension of the rights and privileges of members, and expulsion of members; and budgetary questions, should be made by a two-thirds majority of those present and voting." It is then provided that "on other questions, including the determination of additional categories of questions to be decided by a two-thirds majority, the decision of the General Assembly shall be made by a simple majority vote."

The accusation has been made, for example by Miss Dorothy Thompson, that the Dumbarton proposals are "an intolerable travesty on the ideals for which we are fighting," and the gravamen of this charge is that five great powers have special authority in the Security Council for the prevention of war. We must examine this special authority. But before we do that, let us fix in our minds the facts about the General Assembly of all the peace-loving nations. Let us note the wide scope and variety of the matters which are in its jurisdiction — all forms of international collaboration, all questions of human rights, the critical problem of admitting and expelling states from the international community, and the power to make recommendations, which is the power to appeal to the conscience and public opinion of the world, "with respect to the maintenance of peace and security." The General Assembly has the right to create organs dealing with any other matters — for example, with the whole complex problem of the international future of colonies and dependent peoples.

Within the General Assembly the great powers as such have no special rights, though of course great powers will in the nature of things generally exercise more influence not only because they are greater in the military sense but also because of their greater numbers, their geographic extension, their resources, and because of the influence they exercise among their smaller neighbors. In the General Assembly all nations are juridically equals: any one of them, or even a state which has not joined the organization, "may bring any dispute or situation" to the attention of the General Assembly, and also of the Security Council. Thus while the great powers have

special authority, which we shall be examining later, to refuse to take action in the Security Council, no state in the world can be denied a hearing. Moreover, the General Assembly will elect six rotating members out of the eleven members of the Security Council; and therefore, in the Security Council, nothing can be discussed or decided which the General Assembly is ignorant of. Finally, the General Assembly has the right to receive, and therefore to demand, "annual and special reports from the Security Council." It can debate these reports, and therefore it can hold the Security Council morally accountable for its acts of commission and omission.

When we survey the potentialities of the General Assembly, we must agree that they are very great. Except as to the enforcement of peace in what I have ventured to call the Era of Pacification, the power of the General Assembly is not limited by any special authority of the great powers. The power of the General Assembly is limited only by the capacity of its members to agree, on important matters by two-thirds majority and on others by a simple majority, and by their conceptions, which are subject to modification and growth, of what is a domestic and what is an international matter.

## 2

ONLY when we have appreciated the fact that the General Assembly is the embryo of the permanent international society can we appraise correctly the structure, the powers, the functions, and the unresolved problems of the Security Council. For the Council is what it is because a permanent international society does not yet exist, and must still be formed, and cannot be completed until the distinction between victors, enemies, and neutrals has been liquidated.

The recognition of the fact that after a great war there must needs be an era of pacification, and therefore special and provisional arrangements, is the fundamental difference between the Wilsonian conception of 1919 and the Dumbarton conception of 1944. An understanding of this difference is of crucial importance. For the Dumbarton proposals rest on a fundamental decision to avoid the cardinal errors which, in the judgment of most expert and responsible students, gave the League of Nations a bad start.

President Wilson began by insisting that the wartime coalition, known then as the Allied and Associated Powers, be dissolved into the new international organization. He insisted that the en-

forcement of the treaties imposed on Germany and other enemy states be amalgamated with the Covenant of the League. Thus the power to enforce the enemy treaties was subordinated to the power of the League. Thus the weakness of the League became the weakness of the enforcement of the treaty, and the League which proposed to be a universal society became contaminated with the consequences of the terms imposed, but ineffectively enforced, on Germany and other enemy states.

President Wilson need not have made the decision to amalgamate the Covenant and the treaties. On November 29, after the armistice of November, 1918, and before the President's departure for Paris in December, M. Clemenceau instructed the French Ambassador in Washington to deliver a memorandum which stated:—

It seems that the labors of the Congress [i.e. the Peace Conference] should be divided into two main series: the settlement of the war properly so-called, and the organization of the Society of Nations. The examination of the second question no doubt calls for the settlement of the first. Furthermore, the settlement of the concrete questions should not be confounded with the enforcement of the stipulations of general public laws. *Besides, that distinction is made necessary by the fact that the enemy has no right to discuss the terms that will be imposed upon him by the victors, and that the neutrals will only be called in exceptional cases to attend the sessions when the belligerents will fix the peace terms while all the peoples, whether belligerents, neutrals, or enemies, will be called to discuss and take part in the principle of the Society of Nations.* (Italics mine.)

In 1919 this French proposal—to separate the German treaty from the Covenant—was rejected by President Wilson. In 1944, except that no one anticipates that there will soon be a German or a Japanese government with which any principles of public law can be discussed, the same stone which the builders of 1919 refused is become the headstone of the corner. This time the wartime coalition—called the United Nations—is not to be dissolved at the armistice but is to be preserved by enlarging it, transforming it, and adapting it to the era of pacification and beyond that to the era of an enduring peace.

The wartime coalition of the United Nations operates now under the Declaration by United Nations (January 1, 1942), the Moscow, Cairo, and Teheran declarations and agreements, and a complex network of emergency contracts and measures, such as the Combined Boards, the Lend-Lease protocols, the Pan-American resolutions, and many others. Though many of these compacts open vistas into the future, they are designed for the

effective waging of a coalition war. When organized hostilities cease in Europe and Asia, there will still be an overriding need to keep the United Nations united for the purpose of pacification and of establishing a settled peace. Our need then is to agree on the legal instruments by which the nations now allied in war can best remain united after the armistice.

X

3

WE HAVE already seen that the Dumbarton Oaks Conference agreed on the draft proposal of a charter for two distinct, though related, international organizations: the General Assembly, which is also to participate in establishing the judicial branch of the world society, and the Security Council. We have seen that the Conference contemplated other compacts besides those outlined in its draft proposals. There will be the treaty which deals with Germany, the treaty which deals with Japan, and no doubt other treaties which deal with their satellites. These treaties will be the business not of the general world organization, nor even of all the nations which have declared war on Germany or Japan: they will be the special business of those powers which have played a substantial part in the military action or are directly involved in the enforcement of the special regime under which the enemy nations must live until they are accepted again as equals among "peace-loving states."

For this reason the German surrender treaty will not be enforced, let us say, by China. For China, having no direct interest in Europe, and unable to exert force in Europe, could exercise no responsibility. On the other hand, not only France but also Belgium, the Netherlands, Luxembourg, Poland, Czechoslovakia, and no doubt also Norway and Denmark, have a right in and are needed for the administration of the German control. In Asia, on the contrary, some of these European nations have no interest and can discharge no responsibility. But China has a vital interest in the control of Japan, and so in different proportions have other nations which are present in the Pacific.

The administration of these treaties will, therefore, be vested in the nations which can and must administer them if they are to be administered successfully. They are by no means all the nations that will be represented in the General Assembly, nor are they as respects Japan the identical nations as respects Germany. This fundamental decision means that special groupings of specially interested states will be charged with the pacification of Germany and of Japan. They will all be members of



the General Assembly. But their rights and powers will not rest upon the Dumbarton Charter but upon conventions and treaties dealing specifically with the enemy states.

It is evident that these special regimes are provisional: unless at some time, and in fact within this generation, Germany for certain, and if possible Japan, can be restored to equality, we shall have failed again, as we did from 1919 to the rise of Hitler, to pacify the world which is now divided in war. The Dumbarton Charter proposals suppose a successful pacification of our present enemies, and therefore they leave open the door to a happier future. They contemplate that as occupation of enemy territory approaches its end, and the special controls can be relaxed, the special regimes for enemy states *may* be, though there is no stipulation that they must be, liquidated into the general world organization. This would be the preliminary to the restoration of equality and of reconciliation. It would mark the end of the Era of Pacification and the inauguration of peace.

When we have appreciated this fundamental conception of the post-war world, we are in a position to understand why in the Security Council the five major powers are to be granted special authority. The Security Council, I must repeat, as such is not intended to concern itself with the enemy states. Its function in the Era of Pacification is to prevent irreconcilable armed conflict among the United Nations. Its special features, namely the peculiar authority of the great powers in certain questions, arise from the need to prevent an alignment on issues which could disrupt the enforcing and pacifying powers. For unless there is assured peace among the victors while the enemy states are on probation, and while the permanent international society is being developed through the General Assembly, and while judicial procedures are being established by the international court of justice, then all our hopes must fail and all our sacrifices be in vain.

In the minds of the governments that participated at Dumbarton Oaks it has been deemed of overriding importance that, after hostilities, the world be assured at least one generation of complete security from the danger of war. Without that the world will not be pacified, will not be rehabilitated and restored, will not be able to undertake any of the necessary, any of the possible, constructive works of peace. For this guaranty of security some price must be paid: the price asked by the Dumbarton Conference is that when the smaller nations of the world assemble to consider the draft, they recognize the special character of the Era of Pacification and as-

sume the good faith of Great Britain, the Soviet Union, France, China, and the United States, and grant them for the time being, at least, a special position because they have responsibility that they alone can now discharge.

Is it too great a price? That is the question which many earnest men and women, including Miss Dorothy Thompson, are asking themselves. I think it is not too great a price. For if the great powers are faithful to their trust, the world will enter into a period of true peace. And if they are unfaithful to their trust, what legal formulae can be invented that would avert the tragic consequences?

#### 4

It is in the Security Council, not in the General Assembly, that the Dumbarton draft gives a special position to five powers. In the first place, they are to be permanent members whereas the other six members of the Council are to be elected for two-year terms, and are not to be eligible immediately for re-election. This is a special privilege. But there appears to be no objection to it since it is self-evident that in a council concerned with the prevention of war the leading powers capable of waging war must always be present. A council which was concerned, let us say, with wheat would be ineffective unless all important wheat-growing countries participated in its decisions. For the same reason a council concerned with the prevention of war must have permanently present the states which are leading military powers both in the Western and the Eastern world — namely Great Britain, the Soviet Union, and the United States; it must have present the leading military power of Europe (after the reduction of Germany), namely France, and the leading military power of Eastern Asia (after the reduction of Japan), namely China.

So indispensable are these five powers to an international organization today, and in the future which we can now foresee, that the organization cannot come into existence without their unanimous agreement. The American Constitution went into effect when nine out of thirteen states had ratified it. The Charter, which would be based on the Dumbarton Oaks proposals, could not go into effect unless all of the five had agreed to it. The agreement of many other states is necessary to make the organization workable. But no one of the five, who are to be permanent members, can refuse if the organization is to have any reasonable prospect of success.

We see, therefore, that the rule of unanimity

among the five great powers is at this time inherent in the project of any organization to enforce the peace. The principal questions which the Conference did not resolve, and has left to negotiation and to public debate, turn on how far the rule of unanimity among the five — admittedly necessary to found the organization — is to be applied after it has been founded. There were differences of view among the delegations at Dumbarton Oaks, and within some of the delegations. All were agreed that for certain decisions it was necessary to have the rule of unanimity, which gives each of the great powers a veto. It was as to how far the rule should be extended to other decisions in the Security Council that no agreement was reached.

Yet all are sure to agree that the Council should not be able to call upon any one of the five to employ its military forces without its consent. Without this provision the Charter could not be ratified in the United States, nor as a matter of fact in any other country which could be called upon to send its soldiers into armed conflict. Even if the unthinkable happened, and the Council were given the right to decide the use of force by majority vote, nothing but confusion would come of it. Russians would not fight if the Soviet government had voted against their fighting, nor British soldiers if the British government had voted against it, nor Americans if the United States government had voted against it.

This would, in fact, hold for all other powers. No vote of the Security Council could compel Canadian, Australian, Belgian, Dutch, Brazilian, Mexican troops to fight if their own government were opposed to their fighting. The only real difference between the big powers and the smaller is, in this matter, that peace can be enforced without the assistance of all the smaller powers whereas it cannot be enforced without the consent of all, or without the active participation of practically all, the five great powers. I say "practically all" because China's consent is morally necessary in Europe, if the action is to be that of a world organization, but her material participation is not necessary.

This is the natural basis and the moral justification for recognizing formally a distinction between the great military powers and the others. The distinction does not contravene the principle of the juridical equality of all sovereign states any more than, let us say, progressive income taxation based on ability to pay, or selective service based on ability to fight, contravenes the principle of the equal rights of persons. In their ability to wage war and their ability to enforce peace, the great military

powers are not in fact equal with all other states, and a rule which recognizes their greater responsibility, and is designed to permit them to discharge it, cannot fairly be opposed on moral grounds by those who favor an organization to enforce peace.

## 5

As a matter of fact few have objected to giving the five permanent powers the right of veto in the use of their own military forces. Moreover, there will, I think, be no disagreement that in disputes among smaller nations the use of force by the five military powers should be only by their unanimous consent. Here the rule of unanimity, though formally a special privilege of the great powers, is obviously a very substantial guaranty that the smaller powers will not have force used against them in an arbitrary or dictatorial manner. Substantial difference of opinion exists only as to what the Charter shall say about measures of enforcement in a dispute between a smaller power and one of the five great powers.

This is the knottiest problem which the Conference did not settle and it has been opened to public discussion in the hope that it will somehow be resolved. (I am writing early in November, and it is possible that before these lines are published some agreed solution may have been arrived at. I must beg the reader to make the proper allowances.) At the close of the Conference two apparently irreconcilable views of this problem had been brought forward. One, which was argued by the British and the Chinese delegations, and supported, though it had not been proposed, by the American, was that as a matter of principle no state, great or small, should have the right to veto a decision of the Council if it was a party to the dispute. The other, which was argued by the Soviet delegation, and is not in principle different from the position taken in repeated votes by the United States Senate ever since the League of Nations debate, was that the Soviet Union could not subscribe to a Charter which envisaged the right of the nations of the world to wage war against it.

The moral argument was between those who held that there is no justice if a party at interest is the judge of its own cause, or can veto the execution of a judgment against itself, and, on the other hand, those who contended, as the Russians did, that unless the new organization is based on mutual trust among the principal guardians of the peace, it has no effective moral bond to make it work. The question was: Shall the Charter assume that



bad faith among the guardians of the peace is possible, and prepare for it, or shall it assume that their good faith is indispensable if the peace is to be maintained by force?

In examining this issue we must bear in mind that the enforcement of peace against a great power is a total war. It differs not in degree but in kind from the enforcement of peace among smaller military nations. For when a great power, itself one of the policemen, has to be coerced, the police force is split in two and arrayed against itself. It is only when the policemen act together that enforcement is not the equivalent of a great world war, but is a police function requiring only the show, and in rare cases the use, of limited military forces.

The draft proposals do not contemplate military provisions for the conduct of a great total war. They contemplate the negotiation of conventions by which the members make certain limited forces available, not their whole unlimited fighting power. Such forces, which are the only ones that are to be obligated, would be useless against a great power: they would be worse than sending a boy on a man's errand, in that to send limited forces against a great power is to invite a bloody disaster. No responsible person proposes that the whole force of the United States, or of any other state, be obligated; and as an inevitable consequence, enforcement against a great military power cannot be contemplated. That it is not contemplated is confirmed by the fact that the Security Council is to have a Military Staff Committee which is responsible "for the strategic direction of any armed forces placed at the disposal of the Security Council." It is evident that such a Military Staff Committee could not make strategic plans for war *among the members of the Committee*.

The fact, therefore, that the coercion of a great power is not a police function, but war, is the determining reason why the Security Council cannot assume the possibility of, or make provision for, the need to coerce any of the five victorious great powers. A provision of that sort would either raise expectations sure to be disappointed, or it would invite the use of the instrumentalities of the Charter to mobilize for another World War. It would be unwise to make such a provision, and if this makes it appear that the Charter does not button up every conceivable contingency, let us remember that our own Constitution could not provide for the contingency of a war among groups of states.

The Conference did not actually decide that a great power shall not be coerced by the international organization. It left the issue open and unsettled; but whatever formula may be agreed to, we shall do well to recognize that no formula can in fact

provide for the coercion of Great Britain, the Soviet Union, or the United States.

There is no doubt that this appears to give the great powers a special privilege and a special immunity. All will agree that even the appearance of inequality is disagreeable. The question is whether an apparent equality, supposing agreement could be had on it, would not be insincere and therefore just as disagreeable. Only those who are prepared to demonstrate that the new organization would, could, and should be able to wage a great war among the nations now fighting as allies can really contend that the special position of the great powers is, in the future we can now foresee, intolerable.

In the argument over this issue the question arose as to whether a great power could not only veto the coercion of itself but could also veto the examination of disputes in which it was a party and the use of the machinery of peaceable settlement. On this question it may be said, I believe, that if it is wholly impracticable to provide for the coercion of a great power, it is equally impracticable to provide for the stifling of discussion of disputes involving a great power. The Charter could never give any power the right to censor the diplomatic discussion of the nations of the world, nor if such a right were granted, could it be made effective. If a dispute arises which touches the moral conscience of the world, and the vital interests of member states, the very attempt to veto the discussion would place the great power in the wrong. Moreover, whatever the Charter said about the right of veto in the Security Council, nothing could or would stop the peoples of the world in the General Assembly and through normal diplomatic channels from dealing with the question.

The conclusion to which a realistic appraisal of the facts leads us is, therefore, that peace cannot be enforced against a great power but that no great power can be not accountable to the Society of Nations. This conclusion is consistent with the basic premise that the peace of the world in the coming age must rest on the assumption that the great powers can be trusted, and that the evidence of their good faith is that they entertain no international purposes which may not be examined by their associates.

## 6

THIS is, of course, my own conclusion: it remains to be seen how this complex issue will be resolved. Whatever the formula which resolves it, in substance there will be no coercion of a great power and there will be opportunity for the discussion of

all disputes. As we ponder this problem in the United States we should, I think, bear in mind that the position of the Soviet Union today is identical in principle with that taken for nearly twenty-five years by the majority of the Senate of the United States. If we are now prepared to waive any part of our own right to interpose a veto when we are a party to a dispute, it is only fair to note — and this is the heart and substance of the whole matter — that we can do this with the comfortable knowledge that we can always count on Great Britain, or France, or China, and probably on all three, to stand by us. We cannot be isolated in the councils of the great powers, and neither can Great Britain or France. We must, therefore, as a matter of equity, which looks beneath the forms of equality, understand the feelings of the Soviet Union, which has been isolated in the past and is not yet free of suspicion about the future.

Moreover, on the main question, which is whether the Charter shall contemplate the coercion of a great power, we must ask ourselves whether we really wish to be placed in the position where under the Charter we might have to wage war against a great power or default on our pledges. That is the issue which could confront us if we insisted on abolishing the right to veto enforcement when a great power is party to a dispute. If the Soviet

Union, for example, were the party to the dispute and could not interpose a veto, then we could face the awful dilemma of war with the Soviet Union or the dishonoring of our obligations.

This dilemma cannot arise if the great powers retain this veto. For then the issue in the Council cannot be the issue of war among the great powers; the issue can only be the enforcement of peace among states that can be policed without precipitating a great war. Once enforcement is reduced to a police function, because it cannot involve the use of large military forces, there is no longer a difficult constitutional question whether the President, through his delegate in the Council, may enforce peace. The precedents are extensive and conclusive that he may. Only against a great power would enforcement become in the real sense of the word a war.

Therefore, the rule of unanimity among the great powers as to the use of force, which means their right to veto a United Nations war against themselves, eliminates the question of whether the American delegate may vote for war without a vote of Congress. For under the rule of unanimity he would never be asked and would never be able to vote for a war: he could vote only for police operations requiring a small contribution of the standing forces of the United States to a combined action.



## THE BEACON

by ELFORD CAUGHEY

BURN there, lone candle, on the window sill,  
 Burn there against the fierceness of the night,  
 That they immersed in darkness on the hill,  
 Like divers in a glassy element,  
 May go less fearful for one ray of light.  
 Night-weary now, alone and deeply spent,  
 With candlelight I tempt the house to sleep,  
 Yet will myself rest upright in my chair —  
 Waking and watchful will this vigil keep.  
 For should winds snuff the candle burning there,  
 And no light on the unlatched door be shed,  
 The mind itself must in the darkness make  
 A beacon flare until the night be dead;  
 Until the lost return — or morning break.



## THE SIMPLE ART OF MURDER

by RAYMOND CHANDLER

### 1

THE detective story, even in its most conventional form, is difficult to write well. Good specimens of the art are much rarer than good serious novels. Second-rate items outlast most of the high-velocity fiction, and a great many that should never have been born simply refuse to die at all. They are as durable as the statues in public parks and just about as dull.

This fact is annoying to people of what is called discernment. They do not like it that penetrating and important works of fiction of a few years back stand on their special shelf in the library marked "Best-sellers of Yesteryear" or something, and nobody goes near them but an occasional short-sighted customer who bends down, peers briefly, and hurries away; while at the same time old ladies jostle each other at the mystery shelf to grab off some item of the same vintage with such a title as *The Triple Petunia Murder Case* or *Inspector Pinchbottle to the Rescue*. They do not like it at all that "really important books" (and some of them are too, in a way) get the frosty mitt at the reprint counter while *Death Wears Yellow Garters* is put out in editions of fifty or one hundred thousand copies on the newsstands of the country, and is obviously not there just to say good-bye.

To tell you the truth, I do not like it very much myself. In my less stilted moments I too write detective stories, and all this immortality makes just a little too much competition. Even Einstein couldn't get very far if three hundred treatises of the higher physics were published every year, and several thousand others in some form or other were

hanging around in excellent condition, and being read too.

Hemingway says somewhere that the good writer competes only with the dead. The good detective story writer (there must after all be a few) competes not only with all the unburied dead but with all the hosts of the living as well. And on almost equal terms; for it is one of the qualities of this kind of writing that the thing that makes people read it never goes out of style. The hero's tie may be a little out of the mode and the good gray inspector may arrive in a dogcart instead of a streamlined sedan with siren screaming, but what he does when he gets there is the same old futzing around with timetables and bits of charred paper and who trampled the jolly old flowering arbutus under the library window.

I have, however, a less sordid interest in the matter. It seems to me that production of detective stories on so large a scale, and by writers whose immediate reward is small and whose meed of critical praise is almost nil, would not be possible at all if the job took any talent. In that sense the raised eyebrow of the critic and the shoddy merchandising of the publisher are perfectly logical. The average detective story is probably no worse than the average novel, but you never see the average novel. It doesn't get published. The average—or only slightly above average—detective story does. Not only is it published but it is sold in small quantities to rental libraries and it is read. There are even a few optimists who buy it at the full retail price of two dollars, because it looks so fresh and new and there is a picture of a corpse on the cover.

And the strange thing is that this average, more than middling dull piece of utterly unreal and mechanical fiction is really not very different from what are called the masterpieces of the art. It drags on a little more slowly, the dialogue is a

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To the writing of his detective stories RAYMOND CHANDLER brings the broad experience and the skepticism of a newspaper reporter. A master of dialogue, he has created in his character, Philip Marlowe, a professional detective as knowledgeable as sin and as likable as Robin Hood. Mr. Chandler's novels, *The Big Sleep*, *Farewell, My Lovely*, *The High Window*, *The Lady in the Lake*, have established him on the top rung of mystery fiction.

shade grayer, the cardboard out of which the characters are cut is a shade thinner, and the cheating is a little more obvious. But it is the same kind of book. Whereas the good novel is not at all the same kind of book as the bad novel. It is about entirely different things. But the good detective story and the bad detective story are about exactly the same things, and they are about them in very much the same way.

I suppose the principal dilemma of the traditional or classic or straight deductive or logic and deduction novel of detection is that for any approach to perfection it demands a combination of qualities not found in the same mind. The coolheaded constructionist does not also come across with lively characters, sharp dialogue, a sense of pace, and an acute use of observed detail. The grim logician has as much atmosphere as a drawing board. The scientific sleuth has a nice new shiny laboratory, but I'm sorry I can't remember the face. The fellow who can write you a vivid and colorful prose simply will not be bothered with the coolie labor of breaking down unbreakable alibis.

The master of rare knowledge is living psychologically in the age of the hoop skirt. If you know all you should know about ceramics and Egyptian needlework, you don't know anything at all about the police. If you know that platinum won't melt under about 3000° F. by itself, but will melt at the glance of a pair of deep blue eyes if you put it near a bar of lead, then you don't know how men make love in the twentieth century. And if you know enough about the elegant *flânerie* of the pre-war French Riviera to lay your story in that locale, you don't know that a couple of capsules of barbituric acid small enough to be swallowed will not only not kill a man — they will not even put him to sleep if he fights against them. And so on and so on.

## 2

EVERY detective story writer makes mistakes, of course, and none will ever know so much as he should. Conan Doyle made mistakes which completely invalidated some of his stories, but he was a pioneer, and Sherlock Holmes after all is mostly an attitude and a few dozen lines of unforgettable dialogue. It is the ladies and gentlemen of what Mr. Howard Haycraft (in his book *Murder for Pleasure*) calls the Golden Age of detective fiction that really get me down. This age is not remote. For Mr. Haycraft's purpose it starts after the First World War and lasts up to about 1930. For all

practical purposes it is still here. Two thirds or three quarters of all the detective stories published still adhere to the formula the giants of this era created, perfected, polished, and sold to the world as problems in logic and deduction.

These are stern words, but be not alarmed. They are only words. Let us glance at one of the glories of the literature, an acknowledged masterpiece of the art of fooling the reader without cheating him. It is called *The Red House Mystery*, was written by A. A. Milne, and has been named by Alexander Woolcott (rather a fast man with a superlative) "one of the three best mystery stories of all time." Words of that size are not spoken lightly. The book was published in 1922 but is timeless, and might as easily have been published in July, 1939, or, with a few slight changes, last week. It ran thirteen editions and seems to have been in print, in the original format, for about sixteen years. That happens to few books of any kind. It is an agreeable book, light, amusing in the *Punch* style, written with a deceptive smoothness that is not so easy as it looks.

It concerns Mark Ablett's impersonation of his brother Robert, as a hoax on his friends. Mark is the owner of the Red House, a typical laburnum and lodge gate English country house. He has a secretary who encourages him and abets him in this impersonation, and who is going to murder him if he pulls it off. Nobody around the Red House has ever seen Robert, fifteen years absent in Australia and known by repute as a no-good. A letter is talked about (but never seen) announcing Robert's arrival, and Mark hints it will not be a pleasant occasion. One afternoon, then, the supposed Robert arrives, identifies himself to a couple of servants, is shown into the study. Mark goes in after him (according to testimony at the inquest). Robert is then found dead on the floor with a bullet hole in his face, and of course Mark has vanished into thin air. Arrive the police, who suspect Mark must be the murderer, remove the debris, and proceed with the investigation — and in due course, with the inquest.

Milne is aware of one very difficult hurdle and tries as well as he can to get over it. Since the secretary is going to murder Mark, once Mark has established himself as Robert, the impersonation has to continue on and fool the police. Since, also, everybody around the Red House knows Mark intimately, disguise is necessary. This is achieved by shaving off Mark's beard, roughening his hands ("not the hands of a manicured gentleman" — testimony), and having him use a gruff voice and rough manner.



But this is not enough. The cops are going to have the body and the clothes on it and whatever is in the pockets. Therefore none of this must suggest Mark. Milne therefore works like a switch engine to put over the motivation that Mark is such a thoroughly conceited performer that he dresses the part down to the socks and underwear (from all of which the secretary has removed the maker's labels), like a ham blacking himself all over to play Othello. If the reader will buy this (and the sales record shows he must have), Milne figures he is solid. Yet, however light in texture the story may be, it is offered as a problem of logic and deduction.

If it is not that, it is nothing at all. There is nothing else for it to be. If the situation is false, you cannot even accept it as a light novel, for there is no story for the light novel to be about. If the problem does not contain the elements of truth and plausibility, it is no problem; if the logic is a chimera, there is nothing to deduce. If the impersonation is impossible once the reader is told the conditions it must fulfill, then the whole thing is a fraud. Not a deliberate fraud, because Milne would not have written the story if he had known what he was up against. He is up against a number of deadly things, none of which he even considers. Nor, apparently, does the casual reader, who wants to like the story — hence takes it at its face value. But the reader is not called upon to know the facts of life when the author does not. The author is the expert in the case.

Here is what he ignores: —

1. The coroner holds formal jury inquest on a body for which no competent legal identification is offered. A coroner, usually in a big city, will sometimes hold inquest on a body that *cannot* be identified, if the record of such an inquest has or may have a value (fire, disaster, evidence of murder). No such reason exists here, and there is no one to identify the body. Witnesses said the man said he was Robert Ablett. This is mere presumption, and has weight only if nothing conflicts with it. Identification is a condition precedent to an inquest. It is a matter of law. Even in death a man has a right to his own identity. The coroner will, wherever humanly possible, enforce that right. To neglect it would be a violation of his office.

2. Since Mark Ablett, missing and suspected of the murder, cannot defend himself, all evidence of his movements before and after the murder is vital (as also whether he has money to run away on); yet all such evidence is given by the man closest to the murder and is without corroboration. It is automatically suspect until proved true.

3. The police find by direct investigation that Robert Ablett was not well thought of in his native village. Somebody there must have known him. No such person was brought to the inquest. Why? (The story couldn't stand it.)

4. The police know there is an element of threat in Robert's supposed visit, and that it is connected with the murder must be obvious to them. Yet they make no attempt to check Robert in Australia, or find out what character he had there, or what associates, or even if he actually came to England, and with whom. (If they had, they would have found out he had been dead three years.)

5. The police surgeon examines a body with a recently shaved beard (exposing unweathered skin) and artificially roughened hands, but it is the body of a wealthy, soft-living man, long resident in a cool climate. Robert was a rough individual and had lived fifteen years in Australia. That is the surgeon's information. It is impossible he would have noticed nothing to conflict with it.

6. The clothes are nameless, empty, and have had the labels removed. Yet the man wearing them asserted an identity. The presumption that he was not what he said he was is overpowering. Yet nothing whatsoever is done about it.

7. A man is missing, a well-known local man, and a body in the morgue closely resembles him. It is unbelievable that the police should not eliminate the chance that the missing man *is* the dead man. Nothing would be easier than to prove it. Not even to think of this is incredible.

The detective in the case is an insouciant amateur named Anthony Gillingham, a nice lad with a cheery eye, a nice little flat in town, and that airy manner. He is not making any money on the assignment, but is always available when the local gendarmerie loses its notebook. The English police endure him with their customary stoicism, but I shudder to think what the boys down at the Homicide Bureau in my city would do to him.

### 3

THERE are even less plausible examples of the art than this. In *Trent's Last Case* (often called "the perfect detective story") you have to accept the premise that a giant of international finance, whose lightest frown makes Wall Street quiver like a chihuahua, will plot his own death so as to hang his secretary, and that the secretary when pinched will maintain an aristocratic silence — the old Etonian in him, maybe. I have known relatively few international financiers, but I rather think the

author of this novel has (if possible) known fewer.

There is another one, by Freeman Wills Crofts (the soundest builder of them all when he doesn't get too fancy), wherein a murderer, by the aid of make-up, split-second timing, and some very sweet evasive action, impersonates the man he has just killed and thereby gets him alive and distant from the place of the crime. There is one by Dorothy Sayers in which a man is murdered alone at night in his house by a mechanically released weight which works because he always turns the radio on at just such a moment, always stands in just such a position in front of it, and always bends over just so far. A couple of inches either way and the customers would get a rain check. This is what is vulgarly known as having God sit in your lap; a murderer who needs that much help from Providence must be in the wrong business.

And there is a scheme of Agatha Christie's featuring M. Hercule Poirot, that ingenious Belgian who talks in a literal translation of schoolboy French. By duly messing around with his "little gray cells" M. Poirot decides that since nobody on a certain through sleeper could have done the murder alone, everybody did it together, breaking the process down into a series of simple operations. This is the type that is guaranteed to knock the keenest mind for a loop. Only a halfwit could guess it.

There are much better ones by these same writers and others. There may be one somewhere that would really stand up under close scrutiny. It would be fun to read it, even if I did have to go back to page 47 and refresh my memory about exactly what time the second gardener potted the prize-winning tea-rose begonia. There is nothing new about these stories and nothing old. The ones I mentioned are all English because the authorities, such as they are, seem to feel that the English writers have an edge and that the Americans, even the creator of Philo Vance, only make the Junior Varsity.

This, the classic detective story, has learned nothing and forgotten nothing. It is the story you will find almost any week in the big shiny magazines, handsomely illustrated, and paying due deference to virginal love and the right kind of luxury goods. Perhaps the tempo is a wee bit faster and the dialogue a little more pert. There are more frozen daiquiris and stingers and fewer glasses of crusty old port, more clothes by *Vogue* and decors by *House Beautiful*, more chic, but not more truth. We spend more time in Miami hotels and Cape Cod summer colonies and go not so often down by the old gray sundial in the Elizabethan garden.

But fundamentally it is the same careful grouping of suspects, the same utterly incomprehensible trick of how somebody stabbed Mrs. Pottington Postlethwaite III with the solid platinum poignard just as she flatted on the top note of the "Bell Song" from *Lakmé* in the presence of fifteen ill-assorted guests; the same ingénue in fur-trimmed pajamas screaming in the night to make the company pop in and out of doors and ball up the timetable; the same moody silence next day as they sit around sipping Singapore slings and sneering at each other, while the flatfeet crawl to and fro under the Persian rugs, with their derby hats on.

Personally I like the English style better. It is not quite so brittle and the people as a rule just wear clothes and drink drinks. There is more sense of background, as if Cheesecake Manor really existed all around and not just in the part the camera sees; there are more long walks over the downs and the characters don't all try to behave as if they had just been tested by MGM. The English may not always be the best writers in the world, but they are incomparably the best dull writers.

#### 4

**B**UT there is a very simple statement to be made about all these stories: they do not really come off intellectually as problems, and they do not come off artistically as fiction. They are too contrived, and too little aware of what goes on in the world. They try to be honest, but honesty is an art. The poor writer is dishonest without knowing it, and the fairly good one can be dishonest because he doesn't know what to be honest about. He thinks a complicated murder scheme which baffled the lazy reader, who won't be bothered itemizing the details, will also baffle the police, whose business is with details.

The boys with their feet on the desks know that the easiest murder case in the world to break is the one somebody tried to get cute with; the one that really bothers them is the murder somebody thought of only two minutes before he pulled it off. But if the writers of this fiction — much loved and much admired as I know it is — wrote about the kind of murders that happen, they would also have to write about the authentic flavor of life as it is lived. And since they cannot do that, they pretend that what they do is what should be done. Which is begging the question — and the best of them know it.

In her introduction to the first *Omnibus of Crime*, Dorothy Sayers wrote: "It [the detective story] does not, and by hypothesis never can, attain the



loftiest level of literary achievement." And the reason, as she suggested somewhere else, is that it is a "literature of escape" and not "a literature of expression." I do not know what the loftiest level of literary achievement is: neither did Aeschylus or Shakespeare; neither does Miss Sayers. Other things being equal, which they never are, a more powerful theme will provoke a more powerful performance. Yet some very dull books have been written about God, and some very fine ones about how to make a living and stay fairly honest. It is always a matter of who writes the stuff, and what he has in him to write it with.

As for "literature of expression" and "literature of escape" — this is critics' jargon, a use of abstract words as if they had absolute meanings. Everything written with vitality expresses that vitality: there are no dull subjects, only dull writers. All men who read escape from something else. Some escape into Greek or astronomy or mathematics; some into weeding the yard or playing with the children's toys or getting tight in little bars. But all men must escape at times from the deadly rhythm of their private thoughts. That is part of the process of life among thinking beings. It is one of the things that distinguish them from the three-toed sloth; he apparently — one can never be quite sure — is perfectly content hanging upside down on a branch, not even reading Walter Lippmann.

I think what was really gnawing at Miss Sayers's mind was the slow realization that her kind of detective story was an arid formula which could not even satisfy its own implications. It was second-grade literature because it was not about the things that could make first-grade literature. If it started out to be about real people (and she could write about them — her minor characters show that), they must very soon do unreal things in order to form the artificial pattern required by the plot. When they did unreal things, they ceased to be real themselves. They became puppets and cardboard lovers and papier-mâché villains and detectives of exquisite and impossible gentility.

The only kind of writer who could be happy with these properties was the one who did not know what reality was. Dorothy Sayers's own stories show that she was annoyed by this triteness; the weakest element in them is the part that makes them detective stories, the strongest the part which could be removed without touching the "problem of logic and deduction." Yet she could not or would not give her characters their heads and let them make their own mystery. It took a much simpler and more direct mind than hers to do that.

## 5

IN *The Long Week End*, which is a drastically competent account of English life and manners in the decades following the First World War, Robert Graves and Alan Hodge gave some attention to the authors of detective stories, whose books sold into the millions, and in a dozen languages. These were the people who fixed the form and established the rules and founded the famous Detection Club, which is a Parnassus of English writers of mystery. Its roster includes practically every important writer of detective fiction since Conan Doyle.

But Graves and Hodge decided that during this whole period only one first-class writer had written detective stories at all. An American, Dashiell Hammett. Traditional or not, Graves and Hodge were not fuddy-duddy connoisseurs of the second-rate; they could see what went on in the world and that the detective story of their time didn't; and they were aware that writers who have the vision and the ability to produce real fiction do not produce unreal fiction.

How original a writer Hammett really was it isn't easy to decide now, even if it mattered. He was one of a group — the only one who achieved critical recognition — who wrote or tried to write realistic mystery fiction. All literary movements are like this; some one individual is picked out to represent the whole movement; he is usually the culmination of the movement. Hammett was the ace performer, but there is nothing in his work that is not implicit in the early novels and short stories of Hemingway.

Yet, for all I know, Hemingway may have learned something from Hammett as well as from writers like Dreiser, Ring Lardner, Carl Sandburg, Sherwood Anderson, and himself. A revolutionary debunking of both the language and the material of fiction had been going on for some time. It probably started in poetry; almost everything does. But Hammett applied it to the detective story, and this, because of its heavy crust of English gentility and American pseudo-gentility, was pretty hard to get moving.

I doubt that Hammett had any deliberate artistic aims whatever; he was trying to make a living by writing something he had firsthand information about. He made some of it up; all writers do; but it had a basis in fact; it was made up out of real things. The only reality the English detection writers knew was the conversational accent of Surbiton and Bognor Regis. If they wrote about dukes and Venetian vases, they knew no more

about them out of their own experience than the well-heeled Hollywood character knows about the French Modernists that hang in his Bel-Air chateau or the semi-antique Chippendale-cum-cobbler's bench that he uses for a coffee table. Hammett took murder out of the Venetian vase and dropped it into the alley; it doesn't have to stay there forever, but it looked like a good idea to get as far as possible from Emily Post's idea of how a well-bred debutante gnaws a chicken wing.

Hammett wrote at first (and almost to the end) for people with a sharp, aggressive attitude to life. They were not afraid of the seamy side of things; they lived there. Violence did not dismay them; it was right down their street. Hammett gave murder back to the kind of people that commit it for reasons, not just to provide a corpse; and with the means at hand, not hand-wrought dueling pistols, curare, and tropical fish. He put these people down on paper as they were, and he made them talk and think in the language they customarily used for these purposes.

He had a literary style, but his audience didn't know it, because it was in a language not supposed to be capable of such refinements. They thought they were getting a good meaty melodrama written in the kind of lingo they imagined they spoke themselves. It was, in a sense, but it was much more. All language begins with speech, and the speech of common men at that, but when it develops to the point of becoming a literary medium it only looks like speech. Hammett's style at its worst was as formalized as a page of *Marius the Epicurean*; at its best it could say almost anything. I believe this style, which does not belong to Hammett or to anybody, but is the American language (and not even exclusively that any more), can say things he did not know how to say, or feel the need of saying. In his hands it had no overtones, left no echo, evoked no image beyond a distant hill.

Hammett is said to have lacked heart; yet the story he himself thought the most of is the record of a man's devotion to a friend. He was spare, frugal, hard-boiled, but he did over and over again what only the best writers can ever do at all. He wrote scenes that seemed never to have been written before.

## 6

WITH all this, Hammett did not wreck the formal detective story. Nobody can; production demands a form that can be produced. Realism takes too much talent, too much knowledge, too much aware-

ness. He may have loosened it up a little here, and sharpened it a little there. Certainly all but the stupidest and most meretricious writers are more conscious of their artificiality than they used to be. And he demonstrated that the detective story can be important writing. *The Maltese Falcon* may or may not be a work of genius, but an art which is capable of it is not "by hypothesis" incapable of anything. Once a detective story can be as good as this, only the pedants will deny that it *could* be even better.

Hammett did something else; he made the detective story fun to write, not an exhausting concatenation of insignificant clues. Without him there might not have been a regional mystery as clever as Percival Wilde's *Inquest*, or an ironic study as able as Raymond Postgate's *Verdict of Twelve*, or a savage piece of intellectual double-talk like Kenneth Fearing's *The Dagger of the Mind*, or a tragi-comic idealization of the murderer as in Donald Henderson's *Mr. Bowling Buys a Newspaper*, or even a gay Hollywoodian gambol like Richard Sale's *Lazarus* #7.

The realistic style is easy to abuse: from haste, from lack of awareness, from inability to bridge the chasm that lies between what a writer would like to be able to say and what he actually knows how to say. It is easy to fake; brutality is not strength, flipness is not wit, edge-of-the-chair writing can be as boring as flat writing; dalliance with promiscuous blondes can be very dull stuff when described by goaty young men with no other purpose in mind than to describe dalliance with promiscuous blondes. There has been so much of this sort of thing that if a character in a detective story says "Yeah," the author is automatically a Hammett imitator.

And there are still a number of people around who say that Hammett did not write detective stories at all — merely hard-boiled chronicles of mean streets with a perfunctory mystery element dropped in like the olive in a Martini. These are the flustered old ladies — of both sexes (or no sex) and almost all ages — who like their murders scented with magnolia blossoms and do not care to be reminded that murder is an act of infinite cruelty, even if the perpetrators sometimes look like playboys or college professors or nice motherly women with softly graying hair.

There are also a few champions of the formal or classic mystery who think that no story is a detective story which does not pose a formal and exact problem and arrange the clues around it with neat labels on them. Such would point out, for example, that in reading *The Maltese Falcon* no one concerns himself with who killed Spade's partner,



Archer (which is the only formal problem of the story), because the reader is kept thinking about something else. Yet in *The Glass Key* the reader is constantly reminded that the question is who killed Taylor Henry, and exactly the same effect is obtained — an effect of movement, intrigue, cross-purposes, and the gradual elucidation of character, which is all the detective story has any right to be about anyway. The rest is spillikins in the parlor.

## 7

**B**UT all this (and Hammett too) is for me not quite enough. This is the point at which I begin to talk a little above myself, but it can't be helped. The realist in murder writes of a world in which gangsters can rule nations and almost rule cities, in which hotels and apartment houses and celebrated restaurants are owned by men who made their money out of brothels, in which a screen star can be the fingerman for a mob, and the nice man down the hall is a boss of the numbers racket; a world where a judge with a cellar full of bootleg liquor can send a man to jail for having a pint in his pocket, where the mayor of your town may have condoned murder as an instrument of money-making, where no man can walk down a dark street in safety because law and order are things we talk about but refrain from practicing; a world where you may witness a holdup in broad daylight and see who did it, but you will fade quickly back into the crowd rather than tell anyone, because the holdup men may have friends with long guns, or the police may not like your testimony, and in any case the shyster for the defense will be allowed to abuse and vilify you in open court, before a jury of selected morons, without any but the most perfunctory interference from a political judge.

It is not a fragrant world, but it is the world you live in, and certain writers with tough minds and a cool spirit of detachment can make interesting and even amusing patterns out of it. It is not funny that

a man should be killed, but it is sometimes funny that he should be killed for so little, and that his death should be the coin of what we call civilization. All this still is not quite enough.

In everything that can be called art there is a quality of redemption. It may be pure tragedy, if it is high tragedy, and it may be pity and irony, and it may be the raucous laughter of the strong man. But down these mean streets a man must go who is not himself mean, who is neither tarnished nor afraid. The detective in this kind of story must be such a man. He is the hero; he is everything. He must be a complete man and a common man and yet an unusual man. He must be, to use a rather weathered phrase, a man of honor — by instinct, by inevitability, without thought of it, and certainly without saying it. He must be the best man in his world and a good enough man for any world. I do not care much about his private life; he is neither a eunuch nor a satyr; I think he might seduce a duchess and I am quite sure he would not spoil a virgin; if he is a man of honor in one thing, he is that in all things.

He is a relatively poor man, or he would not be a detective at all. He is a common man or he could not go among common people; he has a sense of character, or he would not know his job. He will take no man's money dishonestly and no man's insolence without a due and dispassionate revenge; he is a lonely man and his pride is that you will treat him as a proud man or be very sorry you ever saw him. He talks as the man of his age talks — that is, with rude wit, a lively sense of the grotesque, a disgust for sham, and a contempt for pettiness.

The story is this man's adventure in search of a hidden truth, and it would be no adventure if it did not happen to a man fit for adventure. He has a range of awareness that startles you, but it belongs to him by right, because it belongs to the world he lives in. If there were enough like him, the world would be a safe place to live in, without becoming too dull to be worth living in. Such is my faith.

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## AN ATLANTIC STORY

# LEAD HER LIKE A PIGEON

by JESSAMYN WEST

### 1

IT WAS deep in May. Fingers had lifted the green strawberry leaves and had found fruit beneath them. The bees had swarmed twice. Cherries, bright as Christmas candles, hung from the trees. Wheat was heading up. The wind was from the south and sent a drift of locust blossoms like summer snow, Mattie thought, through the air.

She left her churn on the back porch and stood for a minute by the springhouse with uplifted face to see how locust snow felt; but the wind died down and no more blossoms fell, so she went back to her churning.

She counted slowly as she moved the dasher up and down. She was keeping track of the least and most strokes it took to bring butter. This at any rate was not going to be a least-time. "Eighty-eight, eighty-nine—" Josh and Labe were putting horsehairs into the rain barrel to turn into worms. The hired man stuck his head out of the barn door, saw her, and directly pulled it in again.

"Mattie," called her mother, "get finished with thy churning and ride over to the Bents' with some rocks." Mattie could smell the rocks baking; raisins and hickory nuts all bedded down together in sweet dough.

"Lavony Bent's as queer as Dick's hatband," her mother called above the slap and gurgle of the dasher, "half Indian and a newcomer. She needs a token to show she's welcome."

Listening, Mattie slowed her churning. "Bring that butter humping," her mother said. "Thee'll have to get a soon start or it'll get dark on thee." She came to the kitchen door, rosy from the oven's heat, bringing Mattie a new-baked rock.

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A Hoosier, a birthright Quaker, and a graduate of Whittier College, JESSAMYN WEST was knocked down by tuberculosis while studying for her doctorate and had to make what she calls "the horizontal approach to literature." She has been writing sporadically for four or five years and has signalized her complete recovery by publishing three stories in the *Atlantic* since July of this year. But this, we feel, is only a beginning.

"Day fading so soon," she said. Mattie looked at her mother because of the sadness in her voice, and felt uncertainty and sorrow herself.

"There'll be another to match it tomorrow," her mother promised. "Its equal or better, Mattie. That red sky's a sure sign."

The butter was slow coming — only five strokes short of the most she had ever counted. "Thee'd best go as thee is, Mattie."

"In this?" said Mattie.

"Who's to see?" asked her mother. "None but Bents and hoot owls at this hour."

Mattie wouldn't have named them together — hoot owls and the black-haired, brown-faced boys she had watched walking riverward with fishing poles over their shoulders.

"Once thee starts combing and changing, it'll be nightfall."

So Mattie rode as she was to the Bents', barefoot and in her blue anchor print which had faded until the anchors were almost as pale as the sea that lapped about them.

She carried the rocks in a little wooden box her mother intended to make into a footstool. So far, it was only painted white, with cranes and cattails on each side. The brown cattails were set onto the box with so much paint that they curved up plump as real ones beneath Mattie's exploring thumb.

Old Polly walked like a horse in a dream — slow — slow. Tonight, a short way on the pike and then across the wood lot. Mattie ate a rock, pulled down a limb to see it spring back in place, remembered what she had heard about the Bents.

"Never seen a more comfortable sight in my life," her father called one day, and there on a padded chair was Sile Bent riding down the pike in his manure wagon, sitting and reading like a man at ease in his parlor. "Wonderful emancipation," her father said. "Thee mark it, Mattie. The spirit of man's got no limitations."



Sile Bent read and farmed. His boys, all but Gardiner, fished and farmed. "Gardiner's a reader like his pa," said Mattie's father. "Off to Normal studying to be a teacher. He figures on getting shut of the manure wagon and having just the book left."

## 2

BUT the day she rode through meant more to Mattie than her destination. In the woods it was warm and sheltered and the sun, setting, lay like butter on the new green leaves.

At the far edge of the woods she stopped for a minute at the old Wright place. A little white tumbling-down house, empty for years, stood there — a forgotten house; but flowers still came up about it in the patterns in which Mrs. Wright had planted them. It was a sad, beautiful sight, Mattie thought, to see flowers hands had planted growing alone in the woods with not an eye to note whether they did well or not: the snowball bush where the front gate had been, spice pinks still keeping to their circle by the steps, and white flags, gold-powdered now at sunset, by the ruined upping block. A pair of doves, as she watched, slid down from the deep shadows of the woods and wheeled about in the sunlit clearing as if coming home.

Mattie stretched a hand to them. "Thee don't act like wildings," she said.

She slipped down from fat Old Polly and, carrying her box of cookies, went to pick some flags. These flowers and buildings have known people for too long, she thought, to be happy alone. They have grown away from their own kind and forgotten the language of woods and doves and long to hear household words again. To hear at bedtime a woman coming to the door for a sight of stars and saying, "There'll be rain before morning. A circle round the moon — and hark to that cock crowing. It's a sure sign." Or a man at morning, scanning the sky as he hitches up his suspenders, "A weather breeder. Have to hustle the hay in."

Mattie talked for the house and flowers to hear as she gathered the flags and laid them across the top of the cookie-filled footstool.

"If it's a dry summer I'll bring thee some water," she said. "I couldn't bear to lie abed a hot night, and you parching here. I'll carry buckets from the branch if the well's dry, and some night I'll come and light a candle in the house so it'll look like olden times. I'll sing a song in the house and it'll be like Mrs. Wright playing on her melodeon again."

"Sing now, why don't you?"

She was bending over the flags, but she wasn't

frightened, the voice was so quiet. It was a young man's voice, though, and she dropped the flags in her hand onto her bare feet before she turned to face him.

"No human would enjoy my singing — only maybe an old house that can't be choosy."

"I'm not choosy, either."

"No, I'm on an errand to take some rocks to Lavony Bent. I only stopped to pick some flags."

"Well, I'm Gard Bent," the boy said, "and I'll walk along home with you. What's your name?"

"Martha Truth Birdwell. Only I'm mostly called Mattie."

"Martha Truth Birdwell. That's as pretty as any song. If he had known you," — and Gardiner Bent held up the book he was carrying, — "he'd have written a poem called 'Martha Truth.'"

Mattie saw the name on the book. "He mostly writes of Jeans and Marys," she said. Now maybe this Bent boy wouldn't think she was a know-nothing, barefooted and talking to herself. "Thee take the rocks on to thy ma. I've dallied here so long it'll be dark going home through the wood lot."

"No, I'll walk back with you to the pike. Ma'd never forgive me if I let you go home with your box empty. The boys have been on the river this afternoon. They'll have a fine mess of catfish. Can I help you onto your horse?"

Mattie would dearly have liked being handed onto her horse had she been rightly dressed and Old Polly saddled, but that would have to wait for another time. She would not be hoisted like a sack of meal, plopped barefoot onto a saddleless horse. She stood stock-still, the flags covering her feet, and said nothing.

"I'll get the rest of my books," the boy said.

While he was gone Mattie led Old Polly to the upping block and settled herself as sedately as if she were riding sidesaddle, one bare foot curled daintily beneath her.

Old Polly stepped slowly along in the dusk down the back road that led to the Bents', and Gard walked beside her. There wasn't much Indian about him, Mattie thought, unless it was his black hair and his quiet, toed-in walk. But his hair wasn't Indian straight, and his eyes weren't black at all, but the color of the sandstone in a go-to-meeting watch fob. It was a pleasing face, a face she did not tire of regarding. Her eyes searched its tenderness and boldness in the May dusk.

"I thought thee was away at Vernon, studying at the Normal."

"I was — but it's out. Now I'm studying to take the teachers examinations. I've got the promise of the school at Rush Branch when I pass. That's why

I come to Wright's — to study where it's quiet. If it gets dark on you, you could see your way home by the fireflies, they're so thick," he finished, as if ashamed of telling so much of himself.

"Fireflies. Is that what thee calls lightning bugs?"

"Elsewhere they're known as fireflies."

## 3

IT WAS full sunset before they reached the Bent place. Lavony Bent was cleaning fish on a stump at the edge of the yard. Sile Bent was on the back steps getting the last of the light onto the book he was reading. Two black-haired boys were rolling about on the ground wrestling; a third was trying to bring a tune from a homemade-looking horn. There weren't any flowers or grass about the Bents' house. The yard was trodden flat and swept clean.

Gard called out, "Ma, this is Martha Truth Bird-well come to bring you some cookies."

Mrs. Bent didn't stop her fish-cleaning, but looked up kindly enough. "Light down, Martha Truth, light down. I knowed your folks years ago when we's all younger than you are now."

Sile Bent closed his book on his finger and walked over to Mattie. He was a little, plump man with a big head of red hair and a silky red mustache. "If it isn't Spring!" he said. "Spring riding a white horse and with flowers in her hands."

Mattie was too taken aback to answer, but Gard laughed. "She's got a box of cookies under the flowers, Pa."

Mattie handed the box of cookies and the white flags to him. "Spring for looks and Summer for gifts," said Sile Bent, and took a rock in two bites, shaking the crumbs from his mustache like a water-drenched dog.

Mattie was afraid to talk to this strange man who carried a book as if it had been a pipe or a jackknife, and spoke of her as though she were absent, or a painted picture.

Mrs. Bent took the head from a still-quivering catfish with a single clean stroke. The boy with the horn started a tune she knew, but he couldn't get far with it. "Lead her like a pigeon — Lead her like a pigeon —" he played over and over. Mattie's ears ached to hear the next notes, to have the piece played through to its ending, not left broken and unfinished. Her mind hummed the tune for him: —

"Lead her like a pigeon,  
Bed her like a dove.  
Whisper when I'm near her,  
'You're my only love.'"

But the horn could not follow. "Lead her like a pigeon," it said once more, then gave up.

The wrestlers groaned and strained. They turned up the earth beneath them like a plow. A catfish leaped from the stump and swam again, most pitifully, in the dust.

"I'll have to be turning homewards," Mattie spoke suddenly. "Could I have my box? Ma's fixing to make a footstool of it."

Mrs. Bent sent Gard into the house to empty the cookies; then she lined the footstool with leaves and filled it with fish.

"There's a mess of fish for your breakfast," she said. "Tell your ma she's so clever at sharing I can't hope to keep pace with her."

As they went out of the yard, Mattie once more on Old Polly, and Gard walking beside her, Sile Bent called after them, "Persephone and Pluto. Don't eat any pomegranate seeds, Martha Truth."

"What does he mean?" asked Mattie. What Mr. Bent had said didn't sound like English to her.

"Persephone was a girl," Gard said, "the goddess of spring, and Pluto, another god, stole her away to live underground with him. And while she was gone it was winter on earth."

"She's back on earth now, isn't she?" Mattie asked, watching the wink of lightning bugs among the dark leaves.

"Yes, she's back again," Gard said.

## 4

THEY parted at the edge of the woods, where Mattie could see the lights of home glimmering down the road. Supper was over when she brought her box of catfish into the kitchen, and the dishes half washed.

"Sit down, child," her mother said, "and have thy supper. What kept thee?"

"The Bents all talk a lot," said Mattie. "It didn't seem polite to go and leave them all talking."

"They'll not be hindered by thy leaving, never fear. Eat, eat. Thy food will lose its savor."

"I can't eat," Mattie said. "I don't seem to have any relish for victuals." She got the dish towel from the rack and started drying.

"Was thee fanciful," asked her mother, who never attributed fright to anything but fancy, "crossing the wood lot?"

"No. Gardiner Bent came with me."

"The Normal School boy?"

"Yes," said Mattie. "He's learned. Flowers. Fireflies. Poetry. Gods and goddesses. It's all one to him," she declared ardently. "He can lay his



tongue to anything and give thee a fact about it. Oh, he's full of facts. He's primed for an examination and knows more than he can hold in."

Mattie made the plates she dried fly through her hands like thistledown — as if they were weightless as thistles and as imperishable. Her hands were deft but they had not her mother's flashing grace, and they were silent; they could not play the tune she envied, the tinkling bell-like song of her mother's wedding ring against the china; the constant light clatter of gold against glass and silver that said, "I'm a lady grown and mistress of dishes and cupboards."

Behind were the dark woods, the shadows and bosky places and whatever might slide through them when the sun was set; here the kitchen, the stove still burning, sending a wash of light across the scrubbed floor boards, the known dishes in their rightful stacks, and Ma's ring sounding its quick song of love.

Mattie hummed a little.

"What's thee humming?" her mother asked. "Seems like I've heard it."

"Lead Her Like a Pigeon," Mattie said, smiling.

"Play-party tune." Her mother held her hands above the soapy water and looked far away. "Weevily wheat. Once I was tempted to lift my foot to that."

Lift her foot! Mattie looked at her mother, the Quaker preacher, whose foot now never peeped from beneath her full and seemly skirts. Once tempted — The wedding-ring music began again, but Mattie was watching, not drying. A long time ago tempted; yes, there was something in the way her mother would bury her face in a cabbage rose, or run to the door when father's spring wagon turned off the pike, that showed her the black-haired girl who once listened to that music.

"Who does the Bent boy favor, Mattie?"

"His mother, I reckon. But handsomer. He's got a face to remember," Mattie said earnestly. "A proud, learned face. He's got eyes the color of sandstones. When he walks there isn't any up and down. It's a pleasure to watch him walk."

Mattie's mother put a washed skillet on the still-warm stove to dry. "After a good heart," she said, "the least a woman can do is pick a face she fancies.

Men's so much alike and many so sorry, that's the very least. If a man's face pleasures thee, that doesn't change. That is something to bank on. Thy father," she said, "has always been a comely man."

She turned back to her dishpan. "Why, Mattie," she said, "what's thee crying about?"

Mattie would not say. Then she burst out: "Pushing me off. Pushing me out of my own home. Thee talking about men that way — as if I would marry one. Anxious to be shut of me." She cried into her already wet dish towel. "My own mother," she sobbed.

"Why, lovey," her mother said, and went to her, but Mattie buried her face more deeply in her dish towel and stumbled up the back stairs. "My own mother," she wailed.

"What's the trouble? What's Mattie taking on about?"

Eliza Birdwell looked up at her husband, filling the doorway from the sitting room like a staunch timber. "Well, Jess," she said, "I think Mattie got a sudden inkling of what leaving home'll be like."

"Leaving home?" asked Jess. "Getting married? Thee think that's a crying matter, Eliza?"

Eliza looked at the face that had always pleased her. "Thee knows I don't, Jess," she said.

Jess smiled. "Seems like," he said, "I have a recollection of some few tears thee shed those first —" But Eliza would have none of that. "Tsk, tsks," she said, her wedding ring beating a lively tattoo against the last kettle, "tsk, tsk, Jess Birdwell."

"Thee happy, now?" Jess asked, smiling.

Eliza wouldn't say, but she hummed a little raveling of a song.

"Seems as if I know that," Jess said. "A long time ago."

"Like as not," Eliza agreed, and handed him the pan to empty.

Jess went out with it, trying the tune over. "Tum-te-tum-te-tum. I can't name it," he said when he came back, "but it runs in my mind I know it."

"Thee knows it, Jess, never fear," Eliza said. She took the empty pan from him, her wedding ring making one more musical note.

# THE CHURCH AND THE VETERAN

*An American Forecast*

by BERNARD IDDINGS BELL

## I

THE churches these days are devoting much time and thought to the veteran who soon will be returning from the wars. Denominational commissions have been set up to examine into how religious bodies may do necessary things to, for, and with him; the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America has held regional conferences about him; there emerges, in circles Catholic and Protestant, what a few months ago was a trickle, and what threatens soon to become a flood, of books, pamphlets, tracts, articles in the religious press, describing what he will be like, his psychological problems, his marital problems, his moral problems — no end of problems, in the solution of which the churches would like to lend a helping hand.

This is all very well. It is as it ought to be that the churches should be less unprepared to handle the human problems incident to demobilization than they were to deal with those which followed the call to arms. But there are some of us, mostly from among those more given to critical observation of ecclesiastical enterprises than to participation in the active direction of them, who are inclined to think that, so far at least, most of this varied utterance of the churches shows none too great an understanding of what the serviceman is like in general or, in particular, of what his attitude is toward Christianity as a way of life. Before too much is attempted for the veteran, it might be well to make a more careful evaluation of the people now in uniform; otherwise what is planned may turn out to be of zeal but not of wisdom.

Convinced of this and concerned to be of what use I may be in the premises, I have devoted lately

a good deal of time — my efforts voluntary and unsolicited — to looking into these things a bit. I have read everything I could lay hands on about the attitudes toward life of the soldier, the sailor, the marine, not to neglect the Wac, the Wave, the Spar, the member of the Nursing Corps. I have sought out a great number of people and talked with them — not with professional church people so much as with laymen interested in the human aspects of our coming change to a life again predominantly civilian: demobilization authorities of the various services, medical men and psychologists and psychiatrists who have contact at first hand with the armed personnel, those in charge of hospitals for the injured.

It has also been my privilege to have had during the months since Pearl Harbor a correspondence — in some cases a frequent correspondence — with seventy-three chaplains, able clergymen of various denominations, Catholic and Protestant, whose knowledge ought to be considerable, and seems to me in fact to be so, about what goes on in the serviceman's head.

The net result of all my inquiry is verification of a suspicion that up to now the well-intentioned churches of America, with rare exceptions, have been content to deal almost wholly with the periphery of the problem; that they have shown small ability, possibly not much willingness, to get to the heart of it; that in consequence they are in for a good deal of unpleasant disillusionment.

It seems an indisputable fact that with the exception of a quite small minority those in the armed forces, officers and men, neither know much nor care much about Christianity. This is most apparently true of those who call themselves Protestants, less so of Catholics (Roman and Anglican); but even of this latter group the wiser chaplains are a bit aghast to find to what an extent interest in religion is confined to a routine of ritual practice.

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An Episcopalian clergyman, educator, and author, who devotes much of his energy to adult religious problems, BERNARD IDDINGS BELL has recently been appointed Lecturer on Preaching at the Seabury-Western Theological Seminary of Chicago. He lives in Providence, Rhode Island.



Not many even of the professedly religious soldiers in either group seem to have much understanding of the more intimate and penetrating devotional implications of their faith, just as few show that they understand the relationship of that faith to personal behavior; there is almost none who reveals that he possesses a realization of the possible impact of Christianity on economics, on politics, on world affairs. A number of competent and candid Catholic observers have remarked with concern that very few indeed of their men have ever heard of Catholic Action or are aware that the Pope has stressed its major importance in Christian strategy. Why so important a movement is unknown to the rank and file of their people puzzles them. Has Roman Catholic education been too content to leave Christianity on a basis of individualistic adherence to a self-centered communion? More than a few fear that it has.

The Protestant chaplains complain of a similar ignorance of their service adherents about the social pronouncements of the Federal Council or of its constituent communions. Almost no Protestant in the services seems to have heard of the Federal Council's Commission on a Just and Durable Peace, of which John Foster Dulles is the chairman.

The religion even of those who admit that in some sense they regard themselves as "religious," with rare exceptions, seems not to have penetrated much below the surface of their thinking and to have little to do with patterns of conduct.

This ought to bring the churches up quite sharply to a realization of the pathetically inadequate job they have done in training these service men and women when they were boys and girls. The churches may well ask if many of their former students who donned the uniform had when they left home more than an accidental allegiance to religion; ask if any great number of their supposed spiritual children had any clearly understood religious precepts to be steadfast to while away; inquire whether their loyalties have in many cases survived the strain of life in an utterly new environment; question whether these men and women can, when they are home again, be reinterested in churchly activities on anything like the old pre-war basis.

The possibility of a large interest in religion by the veterans, taking them as a whole, appears even less promising when we go on to realize that most of them came into the armed service from that large section of the American people which has not even a nominal connection with a religious body and, in consequence, never have had in school or church, and rarely in their homes, any religious training whatsoever. These have performed their war duties

like the valiant young pagans that they are, never bothering their heads about God except perhaps when sheer, stark danger of death aroused in them a desperate longing for supernatural protection — a kind of religious awareness which almost always fades away as soon as the battle is done.

When one adds, then, to the *supposed Church members* whose connection is largely with a vague God who lived in the old home neighborhood and was soon forgotten when they left his *locus*, this even greater number of those who were, and still are, utterly untrained in thought of God, you have, so my informants agree, fully 80 per cent of Uncle Sam's fighting men. Four in five know little and care less about Christianity. There would not seem to be much for the churches to build on, then, in their earnest endeavor to gear the veterans into post-war religious interest and coöperation. There would seem to be few of these men and women who will suspect that possibly Christianity can be of assistance to them in the difficult days of readjustment.

## 2

SOME pastors, especially those who were in the First World War and have not forgotten too much, understand all this quite well. I was talking with one of them the other day. We were looking at his parish service flag, on which were sewed two hundred and nine stars, six of them gold. "In a certain sense," he said, "those stars represent men and women of my spiritual cure; but of the two hundred and three still alive, eighty-six have never been admitted to communicant membership and forty-five more, when they put on a uniform, were (and they still are) on our list of *lapsed* communicants.

"That leaves seventy-two out of the two hundred and three who are properly to be counted as Christians of the flock, and only about forty of those were regular in devotional practice before they went away. Of the two hundred and three, moreover, nearly half are personally unknown by name or face to any of our three clergymen or to anyone on the administrative staff. To the two hundred and three we write every month; only seventy-one have bothered to acknowledge a letter from us.

"You ask how all these scarcely attached people got on that service flag? Some relative or friend requested it, and said that once the man came here for a while to Catechism, or sang in the choir when he was a small boy, or maybe got married here years ago. *But things are even more discouraging if one considers the whole community, for a survey of the churches of this county reveals that if you add up all*

*the men on all the church service flags, Catholic and Protestant, you have only 42 per cent of those who have been inducted. We in the churches hereabouts are getting ready to welcome the veterans when they come back; but barring a miracle, most of them won't care a rap whether the churches welcome them or not."*

That pastor is a wise man, but his clerical brethren seem not to share his awareness that Christian churches will be ignored by most of the returning men; that most even of those whom the churches regard as belonging to them will leave them alone.

This will not be because the war has torn them away from the arms of their spiritual mother. They either never were in that mother's arms or else they slipped out long before the day they answered their country's call. It might be just as well to recognize frankly that there will be no spontaneous flocking of the veterans into the old home meetinghouses. If veterans are to be found there eventually, the churches will have to persuade them, which they have ill done hitherto, that Christianity has relevancy to life as these men must live it, as they intend to live it. The clergy and those who admonish them keep thinking of the veterans as fine fellows to whom the churches must be prepared to do things kind and beneficent; but as anyone with half an eye who has lived with the armed forces knows quite well, the real problem is going to be more one of how the churches can find some veterans who are willing to let the churches speak to them, much less for them.

### 3

THIS problem of the churches and the veteran is only one phase of the problem of the veteran in general. The twelve millions or so who come home after years of unpleasant discipline, deprivation of normal pleasures, delayed and often ruined careers,—for many of them years in which they went through the hells of battle and fever and unbelievable strain,—these twelve millions or so are going to take command over this country which they sacrificed themselves to save. In respect to culture and in determination of economic patterns, of politics, of industry, of education, it will not be possible for the stay-at-homes to adjust the returning service people to take their places in old familiar grooves and to shout the pre-war shibboleths. Rather, for good or ill, it will be the veterans who take the American folkways and force them into new patterns, as they, and not the stay-at-homes, desire.

We Americans do not easily see this, most of us,

because we have had small experience with veterans. The Civil War aftermath is long since forgotten, and our participation in World War I was too short and inexpensive to produce many hardened veterans. The other nations, after that war, soon came to know how veterans behave; and we may learn from them. It was veterans who put over every political and economic revolution in Europe between 1919 and 1939: in Russia first, then in Italy, in Germany, in Spain. These countries all went totalitarian during those post-war years *because the democratic leaders were not revolutionary enough, daring enough, to satisfy the veteran type of mind.*

The democratic forces made the fatal mistake of becoming would-be conservators of what had been. Will our American leaders who believe in democracy make the same fatal mistake? However that turns out to be, the world of tomorrow will be run by the iron men who have done the fighting. Institutions which would continue must persuade those men that they are worthy to survive.

This general principle applies to the churches. Not too many even of the bishops and chief pastors and leading laymen seem to understand it, while the rank-and-file church members hardly suspect it. But it is hard for any competent and dispassionate observer to conclude that, once face to face with a veteran mentality which questions all that has been, all that is, the various Christian communions can carry on pretty much as before the war, or that any particular parish can remain the same in purposes, in ideas, in methods, and can reabsorb into an unreformed *corpus* its own veterans, much less attract new converts from that greater number who are unchurched. These veterans have not been away to an Elks Convention or a Boy Scout Camp.

They will return unadjusted to the usual church routines, often unadjustable to them. They have been knocking about the world, facing boredom, facing death. They will come back sure that the churches have small influence on American life, or on world life, as it must be lived. In other words, they will come back at worst contemptuous of the churches and at best ready to do little more than to give those churches a chance to prove that they have life, vigor, sincerity, pertinency. As Father Otis Rice has well asked, in a paper written for the Federal Council of Churches, "What will happen if they come home to be disillusioned by the kind of church that is to be found in Main Street?"

It is not bishops, clergymen, and vestries which will set terms for the return of veterans to the altar, to the pew, to the parish house. If the churches want the veteran, the churches must justify themselves in the veteran's appraising estimate. Those

who come back from the services will not wish to tell the churches what is the churchly business—far from it; but they will expect that the churches make clear to them in what ways churchly religion amounts to something.

They will ask themselves, "Is this church, my old church, this church which seems to think I ought to be interested in what it is and what it does, worth much of anything to God or to us? If it is only a polite club of nice people with a faint flavor of well-washed piety, if it dodges issues moral and devotional, if it lives for itself and makes no sacrifices, if parson is a fuddy-duddy or a social climber or a politician on the make, if he is controlled by timid lay people scared by life, then time is too short and the human job too real to bother with the dear old thing. We shall neither expect leadership from the churches nor bother ourselves to go around."

## 4

It is going to be far from easy for the churches to persuade the veterans that Christianity has relevancy to life, for the very simple reason that the American armed forces are made up, with negligible exceptions, of men who have been educated to believe that life's satisfactions overwhelmingly are satisfactions material and of this world, satisfactions in the pursuit and attainment of which the church is certainly not needed. The American way of life is materialistic and secularistic. Such elements in it as have spiritual validity are incidental; they are regarded by most Americans as decorative, as luxuries. The serviceman, who soon will be the veteran, for good or ill is a child of this era and reared in this country. It would be a miracle if he were not secularistic, materialistic, given to judging life and institutions from that point of view.

An officer in the Marine Corps Reserve, back in this country after arduous campaigning in the South Pacific, has written me a long letter about it. His conclusions seem valid to those service people to whom I have communicated them. He says:—

"You ask what these brave men under my command are thinking about in terms of after the war. As near as I can make out, and I think I do know what is in their minds, they long to get back home as quickly as possible, to the best land on earth, the U.S.A. Why does it seem to them the best land on earth? Because they think that they can have good jobs here, with fine pay and easy work to do, security from want, freedom to say any old thing they please, a good time for them and their girls, maybe some but not many kids (though most of

them do not think that far ahead). I myself agree that all these are mighty good things for any man to have; but I am not at all sure that life *on those terms only* is worth the living, or that a country whose way of life is determined by those *desiderata* is apt to remain either a good country or one likely to survive if brought into competition with such a country of mystics as, for example, Russia.

"Such a life as my men long for and talk about leaves out the passion for mutual sacrifice which our fathers knew. It leaves out religion, for religion involves an appreciation of the universal as greater than the particular. Most of my men are so absorbed in the immediate that they have no long-term view of America or of man. Their way of thinking of things leaves out, too, that haunting wistfulness about life, that sense of tragedy to be surmounted at great cost, which is back of music and poetry, the sort of thing which makes men gentle, and living an art. It leaves out, in short, the things of the spirit."

The American soldier, in other words, is the product of the American system of education, a system which concentrates attention almost wholly on mastery of materials and processes, on production and consumption, with an apparent assumption that man does live by bread alone, though it is to be desired that the bread be spread with butter and jam. About how to deal with things physical these American warriors have been carefully and systematically trained from babyhood; in respect to things phenomenal they are mature, efficient, at ease. But in respect to spiritual values they are ignorant, inept, and indifferent. No one has taught them about such matters. One trembles a little at the thought of a civilization built in terms of their unbalanced desires; but *they* do not tremble. They are mightily sure of themselves and of the future.

It is inevitable that these honest but hardly subtle young men, products of the miseducation to which we have subjected them, should doubt that religion has relevancy, for to them it seems obvious that a spiritual comradeship with God is unnecessary for the only enterprise they deem important: namely, the building up of a materialistic Paradise. They are quite right about it. If life is only what most of these young Americans suppose it is, then religion is a diversion, a hindrance, with its talk of giving up all else if only one may know God as God knows man, if only one may love Him who is the Meaning and by Him be beloved.

The only possible chance the churches have to win and hold respect by the American veteran is for them to make a determined frontal attack upon the philosophy of life now current in America.



The veteran does not need readjustment soothing-syrup, coddling, flattery; he needs to be told that he is the product of an infantile civilization, that he is a child crying for candy, that if he has any real manhood in him he will regard America as something more than a glorified factory, movie house, ball park, and corner drugstore. He needs churches which make it clear that they care about him and are grateful to him and admire his courage and efficiency and unselfishness but which insist, because they love him well and truly, that the things that really matter, thanks to the American school and college, lie beyond his untrained cognizance.

The veteran needs a church which will tell him the truth about his own incompetence and the incompetence of the generation which bred and trained him.

He may reject that sort of church, resent its

existence, persecute it, try to stamp it out. That will not matter much to the churches if they are honest. Religion, if it is real religion, must of necessity proclaim, even at risk of martyrdom, the truth that things seen are temporal, relative, secondary; that it is the unseen which is eternal, absolute, primary. It is not to be supposed that churches out to rebuke the present secularistic mood of America, no matter how lovingly they speak and act, will win the allegiance of the vast throng of veterans; but such churches will attract those of them, not a few, to whom it has come home forcibly that, for freedom to be worth a man's life laid down, it must be not only freedom from oppression but also, and even more, freedom from triviality. A church which goes on making compromises with secularism, trying to bless the unblessable, will not interest any honest man for long.

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## THE CHURCH AND THE VETERAN

### *Prisoners' Quest*

by THE REVEREND CAPTAIN D. H. C. READ

Does God appear in every foxhole? Do pilots fly with faith as their co-pilot? Do the survivors at sea bring back to us who are safe on shore an instinctive reliance which we have been too careless to recognize? The answer is unclear, for in each case the testimony must narrow down to the individual.

On a certain day in 1942 a British chaplain in a prison camp in Germany inserted this notice on the bulletin board: "QUEST: It is proposed to hold a series of discussions on such subjects as Is God a Myth? Is Religion an Opiate? What is Religion? What is the Bible? Will those proposing to attend please initial below."

The initials appeared slowly. The first meeting was held in the dressing room next to the shower baths, and about twenty-five turned up. But the next meeting overflowed. The discussion group moved to new quarters and from then on there was a steady audience of from fifty to sixty. The audience consisted of army officers captured in France, Greece, Crete, and Libya. The talks, which were stimulated by questions, continued through the spring and summer of 1942. They were mainly the utterance of the Reverend Captain D. H. C. Read, who is still a prisoner in Germany. The complete series of talks will be published shortly in book form under the title of *Prisoners' Quest* by the Macmillan Company.

### I

MOST of us probably have memories, dating from our schooldays, of what was known as a Prefects' Meeting. You remember the solemn inquiry that was held before judgment was passed on some offender against school law or custom. But you will also remember that this inquiry was not always a disinterested search for truth. There was a distinct feeling, at least on the part of the victim, that the inquiry was a mere ritual and that no consideration of abstract truth was likely to rob the prefects of their prey.

I imagine that some such feeling may be yours about this inquiry we are holding into the reality of God's existence. It may possibly seem to you a mere pretense on my part to attempt to hold an impartial inquiry on a subject on which my mind must surely be already closed. You parsons, it may well be said, cannot approach the subject with an open mind. Apart from anything else, your very job in life is dependent on a belief in God. You have a vested interest in theological orthodoxy. To all

this I'm going to reply by admitting the charge but denying the reason adduced.

It's a good thing to lay one's dogmatic cards on the table. I do *not* believe that God is a myth. And I have never really believed it in the past, even during the most acute period of adolescent agnosticism. But the reason for my belief is not the chain of dogma to which I must own myself bound; still less is it mere professional necessity — a padre who believes just because he is frightened to think is a miserable sort of worm. No, the real reason why the question is in a sense closed for me is that disbelief in God happens to be for me an intellectual and moral impossibility. I can no more doubt God's existence than I can doubt yours.

There have been thinkers who imagined that they doubted the existence of other people. Yet we know that they were wrong. Why? Because we meet and make contact, mind with mind, soul with soul. And so we find it impossible to doubt the other man's existence.

In the same way I feel that it really is impossible to doubt God's existence, because He is always present — perfect Mind with imperfect; Soul with our soul; true Person over against our incomplete personality. I do not hope to bring anyone to God by logical process. I can only attempt to throw some light on the grounds of our belief in God's reality, and to defend the belief against open or veiled attack. It is for me practically blasphemy either to *prove* God or to *defend* God. For if God exists He must be immeasurably greater than the furthest bounds of the human mind, and to defend Him would be like setting out in a canoe to defend the British Navy.

In view of all this you may well ask why I am presuming to stand up in front of you to discuss the hypothesis that God is a myth. I do so chiefly for three reasons: —

1. Because I believe there are many people today who believe in God, but have a lurking suspicion that such belief is not quite intellectually respectable. I hope that our free discussion on the subject may help them to rid themselves of inhibitions of this kind, and to integrate their belief in God in the general framework of their intellectual life. So often we progress in our knowledge of every subject except religion: it is kept in a thought-tight compartment of the mind, inviolable since childhood. To let thought in here is sometimes a painful process, but often it is only through such travail of the mind that a deeper and truer faith is reached.

2. I believe there are others who have felt themselves compelled by certain trends in contemporary science and philosophy to reject the

faith which they once had in God. This discussion will compel us to face their difficulties, and may serve to point to a solution where it is seen that no movement of human thought can affect our belief in God Himself, although our ways of thinking about Him may be profoundly modified.

3. This leads me to this further justification for our discussion: that, although I cannot accept the proposition that God is a myth, it may well be that many of our ways of thinking about God are mythological. And that is, in fact, inevitable. If we are to talk about God at all, we must at some point use myths. What matters is whether the myths are good ones or bad.

No one should resent criticism if it has any spark of sincerity behind it. It is vitally important that the keen edge of intellectual criticism should be continually applied to the doctrines of the Church. It was through the mills of such criticism that our creeds were originally ground out, and the New Testament itself is largely a product of the Church's reaction to external pressure of this kind. We must be prepared, as believers, to meet this attack on its own ground without scuttling back to a theological fortress and hurling anathemas from behind its bleak and uninviting battlements.

What are the main reasons which have led men to say that "God is a myth"? With what seem to me the more cogent of these I want now to come to grips.

## 2

THERE is first of all the argument from origins — what we might call the "historical argument." Your belief in God, says the skeptic, has a terribly shady family-tree. Man is incurably superstitious, and right back at the beginning of his appearance as Man he sought help from the beyond in his struggle for existence. Faint traces of this can be seen in the caves of prehistoric man which have been discovered. There we see, for instance, the outline of a bison scratched upon the wall. In some strange way by this crude drawing prehistoric man was seeking to influence some other power to help him to kill the animals he needed for food and clothing. He then began to attribute power to his picture. Later he made stone images. He made requests to them. In the end he worshiped them. In the Old Testament we see the process by which this idol-worship in turn gave place to the worship of an invisible tribal god, then to a national god, and finally to one universal God, such as we commonly find today.

Now, in this account of the rise and progress of

religious belief, there is more than a suspicion of credulity attaching to those who assent to it. Any description of prehistoric events is, *ipso facto*, guesswork; and modern discoveries are tending to cast doubt on this neat evolutionary diagram of religious history. But suppose we accept it for the moment — what does it prove?

Nothing is more fallacious than the belief that we can fully understand and account for anything by dwelling on its origin. On the contrary, most things can be better understood from their end than from their beginning. We should probably claim that a boy of twelve is better understood from the point of view of his development into a mature man than from his origin in a cell within his mother's womb. Again, no one would judge and condemn the modern ballet because its origin is to be found in the belly-wobblings of savages (primitive or contemporary). Nor does anyone pour scorn on modern medical science because its historical origins lie in the stockpot of the witch doctor. Therefore, even if this account of the origins of belief in God were meticulously accurate, it would prove nothing as to the validity of that belief. The very persistence of mankind in believing in the existence of Something Beyond indicates that, when properly understood, God is not a myth but a Reality — and a Reality who takes the only possible method of revealing Himself to man: that is, according to his capacity to receive. Once we truly see in what sense the bison was a symbol we are more than halfway to seeing that God is not a myth.

There is a variety of this historical argument which runs like this: God is not only a myth, but a myth so peculiarly convenient to certain people that it was nourished, protected, and imposed on man from the earliest days. Who were these people to whom it was so useful? Put briefly, kings and priests. According to this view, priests are the eternal parasites of humanity. They batten on man's superstition, carefully keeping alive belief in the reality of God in order to enslave mankind in a religious system on the profits of which they not only live, but live exceedingly comfortably. In other words, religion is the father of all rackets.

To others, the king and not the priest is the real villain of the piece. He sees that belief in God provides certain extremely useful sanctions for his own usurped authority. You can argue against a royal decree accompanied with trumpet blasts, but not with a royal decree accompanied by a flash of lightning. And so the king keeps the priest to provide the lightning. And it worries him not at all if he *does* suspect that the lightning comes from a box of matches in the priest's pocket. This is the

age-old combination of throne and altar which, it is maintained, has led to the enslavement of the nations of mankind.

Here again I must allow a large slice of truth to the argument. It is a fact that priestcraft has been a shocking fraud at more than one period of history, and a serious barrier to intellectual, cultural, and scientific development. It is a fact that privileged classes have often maintained power by the aid of the priestly class. But what does all this prove as to the reality of God? Every single activity of mankind has been perverted by man's primeval sin — lust for power. We could take every art and science, one by one, and show how at all periods some have perverted them for selfish ends. And the nobler the activity of man, the more devilish is the corruption that ensues. *Corruptio optimi pessima*.

It appears, then, that these two arguments from religious history are rather conditioning factors of unbelief than compelling arguments for the assertion that God is a myth. It is as if I should dwell on the uglier portions of the history of the monarchy in England, elaborate on some injustices that once received official sanction, and then draw the conclusion that the King of England does not exist.

### 3

THE third line of argument is perhaps the most compelling for minds inclined to skepticism. It is the psychological. Its strength lies in the fact that it claims to provide an answer to the question: How is one to account for the rise and persistence of such a myth as the existence of God? The psychological version seems to me to take two main forms, which we might summarize in two slices of current jargon: (a) mother complex, and (b) wishful thinking.

(a) The "mother complex" argument runs roughly like this: Every child finds his first environment in the womb. Here he is surrounded by warmth, food, comfort, and protection from the outside world. This environment conditions all his later reactions. Once launched into the world, he seeks and finds this comfort and protection in the bosom of the family. Sooner or later, however, the draft of the cold world blows in. Then he is compelled to look beyond the family for this essential environment. He is inevitably led to postulate a "Mother" on a universal scale. He finds this already provided for him in the idea of God — a creation of the similar need of his ancestors. God, then, is nothing more than a human invention to meet a need.

(b) The "wishful thinking" argument is similar. Man is fundamentally incapable of straight think-



ing. At every point his thinking is dictated by his desires. He desires this Great Being in whom he can trust and believe, and so he comes to believe that He really exists. This argument probably weighs more with skeptic minds today than any other. God is a myth, they say, and now we know why the myth has appeared.

Now, I cannot help noticing that there is an ingredient in this belief in God which can hardly be ascribed to our desires. The God in whom humanity has tended to believe cannot be analyzed into projected desires of the human heart without remainder. The remainder is that element in God which condemns our sin. I can imagine mankind forming a god after their own hearts — a god who will permit any sort of behavior and look with a benevolent smile on the favorite vices of mankind. And, in fact, man has often created such a god.

But never has such a conception been allowed to stand long unchallenged. Religious symbolism speaks of God not only in terms of comfort and warmth, but as Judge, Divider, and Flaming Fire. The God of moral demand returns continually with His awkward and devastating challenge to human conscience. To put the matter simply: I cannot believe God to be a myth arising out of any projected desires, for these desires would certainly not include a god who relentlessly condemns my sin.

## 4

WHAT then about science? There is an idea abroad that modern discovery in this field has eliminated God by quietly edging Him out of the world of nature and mankind. Belief in God, then, grew up in the gaps of scientific knowledge; as these gaps are rapidly being filled in, the need for God is as rapidly disappearing. In spite of its obvious falsity, the Christian Church has continually fallen into the temptation of basing its theistic arguments on the principle of supplying a "supernatural" explanation where natural description breaks down — the principle of "God in the gap." Thus the theologian has often come to be considered as a cheat, with an extra ace up his sleeve. We must be quite clear about this: if we are to maintain the reality of God it is not because we require an unknown  $x$  to explain that which science has still to acknowledge mystery. If God is real, He is most real in knowledge and not in ignorance, in light and not in darkness.

It might be worth while to illustrate how science came to modify and demonstrate the inadequacy of previous arguments for the existence of God. You remember Paley and his watch. This famous

Christian teacher illustrated his argument from design by the finding of a watch. The complicated structure of the watch suggests a watch-maker. Paley argued straight from this to the structure of the world as suggesting a world-maker, or God. But in the nineteenth century, evolutionary theory seemed to provide quite as good an answer to the question raised by the structure of the world. The design is not the result of a Designer, but of the forces of nature and "natural selection." The butterfly has that lovely color, not because God designed it so, but because the butterflies that did not have this protective coloring perished in the struggle for existence. Later, of course, this hypothesis of "natural selection" itself came in for acute criticism, and now has ceased to trouble the mind of the believers in God. But this example will show you how contemporary scientific discovery tended to upset the faith of our grandfathers.

The influence of scientific thought on religious belief has gone much further than this. Today we are not really worried about the validity of abstract argument for establishing the existence of a Supreme Being. What is more important is the unfavorable atmosphere to belief in God which is the result of the explicit or implicit acceptance of the doctrine of materialism. This is the arch-enemy of belief in God. It is a doctrine which grew out of the predominance of the physical sciences at the end of last century, and has left a deep scar on the religious thinking of succeeding generations.

The thesis of materialism is that nothing is real which cannot be investigated according to the methods of physical science — that is, measured by an instrument, weighed, handled, or seen in some fashion. The crude statement of the position is summed up in the remark of a certain surgeon that he had carefully examined all parts of the human body and could find no trace of a soul. In such a system of thought God has no place.

There are a hundred answers which the believer in God can make to this kind of materialism. But what I have read in this field suggests that for science ultimate reality now consists rather in energy and movement than in anything material. Still, it can be observed and measured, and that remains a difficulty for certain minds. How can we believe in the existence of something that cannot be observed and measured?

The question we are really concerned with is this: How do we know what is real? Science says, "By making observations of phenomena and deductions therefrom. God cannot be observed in this way; therefore we deduce that He is a myth." But surely this is not the whole truth about reality. Isn't

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there another method of approach? The artist, for instance, would maintain that for him beauty is real. We should nearly all admit that goodness is real. Yet we have no instrument which will detect it and weigh it.

A name has been found for this kind of approach to reality. It is called a "judgment of value." And it has been maintained that judgments of this sort are just as valid guides to the nature of reality as judgments based on scientific observation. I suggest that our judgment that God is real may be of this direct, intuitive nature. We *know* it — just as we know that a symphony is beautiful without being able to prove it by scientific formulas.

## 5

THERE is, however, another distinction in our way of "knowing" things which I would insist upon, and it leads to the most important as well as the most difficult part of what I am trying to say. Of recent years philosophy has been much occupied with what are called "ways of knowledge." Knowledge is not such a simple thing as we sometimes imagine. I can know an object such as this wall. I can also know you, which is quite a different kind of knowledge. I can study your body in the same way as I study this wall, analyzing it into component parts. But to know *you* is quite different.

Wherein lies the difference? In this: that at the very moment when I am knowing you, you are knowing me. That is to say, I cannot know you simply as an object, because you are at the same time yourself a subject. My knowledge of you, then, doesn't depend simply on me. It depends to a large extent on you. Hence the reciprocal nature of friendship. When we say a person is "hard to get to know," we do not mean that we cannot fully analyze him because we lack time or opportunity. We mean that he is reserved. He keeps himself back. Thus my knowledge of you is largely dependent on your revealing yourself to me.

Another kind of knowledge is that of oneself. This faculty, which we call "self-consciousness," is a puzzle. It is only necessary to start thinking about it to get tied in knots. As I have said, I can know you — if you wish me to. But I can do more. I can know myself knowing you. I am conscious of myself in the act of knowing you. We have this amazing ability to stand aside, as it were, and watch our own minds at work. This self-consciousness is not innate and simple. A baby is not self-conscious. It has been affirmed that we do not become self-conscious until we are conscious of other selves.

And so I must know others before I know myself. That's worth thinking over in view of our tendency to live unto ourselves.

I've spoken of knowledge of objects, of persons, of self. But our immediate problem is knowledge of God. Is He a myth? It is surely now obvious that we cannot speak of knowing God in the same sense as knowing this wall. He is not an object like that. That is what makes nonsense of the materialist's argument against God's existence. To know God must be to know another Self. It is somewhat analogous to knowing you. That is to say, any knowledge of God must be dependent on His being willing to reveal Himself. But the analogy is not complete. Other persons come and go. God is eternally present, and so is eternally and constantly challenging our recognition and response as persons.

Let us now try to summarize what I have been attempting to say to you: —

1. God is real — more real than this wall, more real than you, more real than myself. His reality is best thought of in terms of Another Person, who is perpetually present.

2. We cannot get to know God as an *object* of our thinking. We come to know Him after the manner in which we come to know one another; that is, by His revealing Himself to us.

3. That He has shown Himself to be real is attested by the universal phenomenon of belief in Him. No purely atheistic society has ever existed. The testimony of millions of religious men to the reality of God can no more be disregarded than the testimony of millions of artistic men to the reality of beauty.

4. No arguments drawn from history, psychology, or "scientific" materialism can ever prove that God is a myth. The most they can do is to show that on occasion it is necessary to speak of God in a mythological way.

5. Finally, I want to say that it is probable that many these days have a belief in God hidden in their hearts which needs to be brought to the surface of thought. Our notions of right and wrong, good and evil, are ultimately inexplicable unless they have their origin in some germ of an idea of perfection. And an idea of perfection is the shadow cast in the mind of a belief in God in the heart. Listen to what Pascal heard God saying in a vision: "Thou wouldest not be seeking me, hadst thou not already found me." The very desire to know that God is real is already an indication that He is. We did not fabricate this questing spirit within us. We did not spin our ideas of perfect goodness, truth, and beauty out of nothing. And so, to seek is already to have found.

## BERTIE'S ESCAPADE

by KENNETH GRAHAME

KENNETH GRAHAME, who died in 1932, was a "Sunday writer." His career in the Bank of England absorbed the major part of his energies. A shy man who shunned London's literary gatherings, he found his solace in the country and in the affectionate hours with his only son, Alastair. In his spare time "he thought his way deep into the mind of childhood," and in his two books, *The Golden Age* and *Dream Days*, he wrote about childhood with a direct feeling for nature which soon established him as one of the master essayists of his time. Although they are about children, these books are for adults, a reflection of the "Golden Age" that disappeared in 1914.

With his young son, Mr. Grahame had an inviolate half hour at the day's end. No one but the boy heard those stories as they were first related. "But once I remember," wrote Mrs. Grahame, "on asking my maid to tell Kenneth that we were already very late in starting for some dinner-party, that she mentioned: 'Oh, he is up in the night-nursery, telling Master Mouse some ditty or another about a toad.'" From those evening sessions emerged Mr. Grahame's masterpiece, *The Wind in the Willows*, one of the best-beloved books for children in the English language.

The story of Bertie the pig, which follows and which has not previously been published, was written in long-hand by Mr. Grahame for a homemade magazine of which young Alastair was the editor. Mrs. Grahame tells us of its origin: "It all began by Albert King requesting Kenneth to have the fence round the sty of Bertie, our black pig, heightened, as he had taken a standing jump and cleared the existing one. Albert King, as Bertie's guardian, felt bound to be reproachful as to this episode, but was evidently bursting with pride on such an achievement, which he said was unique in his experience, since the fence was of quite average dimensions and Bertie very fat. So, the nursery party being specially interested in Bertie's adventure, Kenneth founded his story on that strange happening. As it was intended for a very youthful circle, he wrote of places and 'characters' well known to the children. All the animals in the story are given their actual names and characteristics, and are in a sense the forerunners of those in the book itself. The whole thing is really a sort of rehearsal for *The Wind in the Wil-*

*lows*, though I think quite unintentional and therefore the more striking."

"Bertie's Escapade" is to be published in book form by J. B. Lippincott Company together with a delightful collection of letters entitled *First Whisper of 'The Wind in the Willows.'* — THE EDITOR

### I

IT WAS eleven o'clock on a winter's night. The fields, the hedges, the trees, were white with snow. From over Quarry Woods floated the sound of Marlow bells, practicing for Christmas. In the paddock the only black spot visible was Bertie's sty, and the only thing blacker than the sty was Bertie himself, sitting in the front courtyard and yawning. In Mayfield windows the lights were out, and the whole house was sunk in slumber.

"This is very slow," yawned Bertie. "Why shouldn't I do something?"

Bertie was a pig of action. "Deeds, not grunts," was his motto. Retreating as far back as he could, he took a sharp run, gave a mighty jump, and cleared his palings.

"The rabbits shall come too," he said. "Do them good."

He went to the rabbit hutch and unfastened the door.

"Peter! Benjie!" he called. "Wake up!"

"Whatever are you up to, Bertie?" said Peter sleepily.

"Come on!" said Bertie. "We're going carol singing. Bring Benjie too, and hurry up!"

Peter hopped out at once, in great delight. But Benjie grumbled, and burrowed down in his straw. So they hauled him out by his ears.

Cautiously they crept down the paddock, past the house, and out at the front gate. Down the hill they went, took the turning by the pillar-box, and



arrived at the foot of Chalkpit Hill. Then Benjie struck.

"Hang it all," he said. "I'm not going to fag up that hill tonight for anyone!"

"Then I'll bite you," said Bertie. "Choose which you please."

"It's all right, Bertie," said Peter. "We're none of us going to fag up that hill. I know an easier way. You follow me."

He led them into the chalk pit, till they stood at the very foot. Looking up, it was like the cliffs at Broadstairs, only there was no band at the top and no bathing-machines at the bottom.

Peter pulled out a large lump of chalk and disclosed the entrance to a long, dark little tunnel. "Come on!" he said, and dived in; and the others followed.

They groped along the tunnel for a considerable way in darkness and silence, till at last they saw a glimmer of light; and presently the tunnel ended suddenly in a neat little lift, lit up with electric light, with a seat running round three sides of it. A mole was standing by the door.

"Come along there, please, if you're going up!" called the mole sharply.

They hurried in and sat down. "Just in time!" said Peter.

"Any more for the lift?" cried the mole, looking down the tunnel. Then he stepped inside smartly, slammed the door, pulled the rope, and they shot upwards.

"Well, I never!" gasped Bertie. "Peter, you do know a thing or two, you do! Where — what — how —"

The lift stopped with a jerk. The mole flung the door open, saying "Pass out quickly, please!" and slammed it behind them. They found themselves standing on the fresh snow, under the open starlit sky.

They turned round to ask the mole where they were, but the lift had vanished. Where it had been there was a square patch of grass free from snow, and in the middle of the patch was a buttony white mushroom.

"Why, we're in Spring Lane!" cried Bertie. "There's the well!"

"And here's Mr. Stone's lodge, just in front of us!" cried Peter.

"Splendid!" said Bertie. "Now, we'll go right up to the house, and sing our bewitching carols under the drawing-room windows. And presently Mr. Stone will come out and praise us, and pat our heads, and say we're dern clever animals, and ask us in. And that will mean supper in the dining room, and champagne with it, and grand times!"

They hurried up the drive and planted themselves under the windows. Then Bertie said, "First we'll give 'em 'Good King Wenceslas.' Now then, all together!"

"But I don't know 'Good King Wenceslas,'" said Peter.

"And I can't sing!" said Benjie.

"Well, you must both do the best you can," said Bertie. "Try to follow me. I'll sing very slow." And he struck up.

Peter followed him as best he could, about two bars behind; and Benjie, who could not sing, imitated various musical instruments, not very successfully.

Presently they heard a voice inside the house. It was Mrs. Stone's, and she was saying, "What — on — earth — is — that — horrible caterwauling?"

Then they heard another voice — Mr. Stone's — replying: "It sounds like animals — horrid little animals — under the windows, squealing and grunting. I will go out with a big stick and drive them away."

"Stick! Oh, my!" said Bertie.

"Stick! Ow, ow!" said Benjie.

Then they heard Mrs. Stone again, saying, "Oh, no, don't trouble to go out, dear. Go through the stable yard to the kennels, and LET — LOOSE — ALL — THE — DOGS."

"Dogs, oh, my!" said Bertie.

"Dogs, ow, ow!" said Benjie.

They turned tail and ran for their lives. Peter had already started, some ten seconds previously; they saw him sprinting down the carriage drive ahead of them, a streak of rabbitskin. Bertie ran and ran, and Benjie ran and ran; while behind them, and coming nearer and nearer, they could hear plainly

Wow — wow — wow — wow — wow — WOW!

## 2

PETER was the first to reach the mushroom. He flung himself on it and pressed it; and, click! the little lift was there. The door was flung open, and the mole, stepping out, said sharply: "Now then! Hurry up, please, if you're going down! Any more for the lift?"

Hurry up, indeed! There was no need to say that. They flung themselves on the seat, breathless and exhausted; the mole slammed the door and pulled the rope, and they sank downwards.

Then the mole looked them over and grinned. "Had a pleasant evening?" he inquired.

Bertie would not answer, he was too sulky; but

Peter replied sarcastically: "Oh, yes, first-rate. My friend here's a popular carol singer. They make him welcome wherever he goes, and give him the best of everything."

"Now don't you start pulling my leg, Peter," said Bertie, "for I won't stand it. I've been a failure tonight, and I admit it; and I'll tell you what I will do to make up for it. You two come back to my sty, and I'll give you a first-rate supper, the best you ever had!"

"Oh, ah, first-rate cabbage stalks," said Benjie. "We know your suppers!"

"Not at all," said Bertie earnestly. "On the contrary. There's a window in Mayfield that I can get into the house by, at any time. And I know where Mr. Grahame keeps his keys — very careless man, Mr. Grahame. Put your trust in me, and you shall have cold chicken, tongue, pressed beef, jellies, trifle, *and* champagne — at least; perhaps more, but that's the least you'll have!"

Here the lift stopped with a jerk. "Tumble out, all of you," said the mole, flinging the door open. "And look sharp, for it's closing time, and I'm going home."

"No you're not, old man," said Bertie affectionately. "You're coming along to have supper with us."

The mole protested it was much too late; but in the end they persuaded him.

When they got back to Mayfield, the rabbits took the mole off to wash his hands and brush his hair, while Bertie disappeared cautiously round a corner of the house. In about ten minutes he appeared at the pigsty, staggering under the weight of two large baskets. One of them contained all the eatables he had already mentioned, as well as apples, oranges, chocolates, ginger, and crackers. The other contained ginger beer, soda water, and champagne.

The supper was laid in the inner pigsty. They were all very hungry, naturally; and when everything was ready they sat down, and stuffed, and drank, and told stories, and all talked at once; and when they had stuffed enough, they proposed toasts, and drank healths: "The King" — "Our host Bertie" — "Mr. Grahame" — "The Visitors, coupled with the name of Mole" — "Absent friends, coupled with the name of Mr. Stone" — and many others.

Then there were speeches, and songs, and then more speeches, and more songs; and it was three o'clock in the morning before the mole slipped through the palings and made his way back to his own home, where Mrs. Mole was sitting up for him, in some uneasiness of mind.

Mr. Grahame's night was a very disturbed one, owing to agitating dreams. He dreamed that the house was broken into by burglars, and he wanted to get up and go down and catch them, but he could not move hand or foot. He heard them ransacking his pantry, stealing his cold chicken and things, and plundering his wine cellar, and still he could not move a muscle.

Then he dreamed that he was at one of the great City Banquets that he used to go to, and he heard the Chairman propose the health of the King and there was great cheering. And he thought of a most excellent speech to make in reply — a really clever speech. And he tried to make it, but they held him down in his chair and wouldn't let him.

And then he dreamed that the Chairman actually proposed his own health — the health of Mr. Grahame! — and he got up to reply, and he couldn't think of anything to say! And so he stood there, for hours and hours it seemed, in a dead silence, the glittering eyes of the guests — there were hundreds and hundreds of guests — all fixed on him, and still he couldn't think of anything to say! Till at last the Chairman rose and said, "He can't think of anything to say! *Turn him out!*" Then the waiters fell upon him, and dragged him from the room, and threw him into the street, and flung his hat and coat after him; and as he was shot out he heard the whole company singing wildly, "For he's a jolly good fellow —!"

He woke up in a cold perspiration. And then a strange thing happened. Although he was awake — he knew he was awake — he could distinctly hear shrill little voices still singing, "For he's a jolly good fe-e-llow, and so say all of us!" He puzzled over it for a few minutes, and then, fortunately, he fell asleep.

Next morning, when Miss S. and Alastair went to call on the rabbits, they found a disgraceful state of things — the hutch in a most untidy mess, clothes flung about anyhow, and Peter and Benjie sprawling on the floor, fast asleep and snoring frightfully. They tried to wake them, but the rabbits only murmured something about "jolly good fellows," and fell asleep again.

"Well, we never!" said Miss S. and A. G.

When Albert King went to take Bertie his dinner, you cannot imagine the state he found the pigsty in. Such a litter of things of every sort, and Bertie in the midst of it all, fast asleep. King poked him with a stick, and said, "Dinner, Bertie!" But even then he didn't wake. He only grunted something that sounded like "— God — save — King — Wenceslas!"

"*Well!*" said King. "Of all the animals!"

# THE SUPREME COURT TODAY

by LOUIS L. JAFFE

## I

THE din of discord currently reported among the black-robed justices of the Supreme Court mystifies the public. Many laymen can no longer "place" the Court. It is as if one's father had suddenly become a doubtful character. Reaction varies, of course, depending on the position the Court previously occupied in one's personal scheme. The first massive reversal of long-attacked constitutional precedent came as a relief to "liberals" and no doubt as a blow, softened by its inevitability, to "conservatives." But when the so-called New Deal Court began splitting into explosive fragments, even the thick-skinned, sophisticated lawyer grew puzzled. His professional soul became troubled by the nearly unexampled spectacle of august judges personally upbraiding each other in formal written opinions.

Was this the new, the reconstructed Roosevelt Court? Here was a Court of which seven judges out of nine had been picked by the President himself for conformity to his ideas and his ideals; and an eighth, Stone, had been raised by him to the Chief Justiceship. Never had a President had like opportunity so to "embench" his policy in the holy of holies. Could we not expect that, as with a single voice, the judges would harmoniously hymn the millennium, and that the Court would no more be split asunder as it was in the twenties and the early thirties, "liberal" and "conservative" glaring at each other?

Yet the current clamor, however significant, should not be allowed to obscure a truth of first importance to the layman: that the judges today

are agreed on the crucial issues which until 1936 split the Court. It could be said that Roosevelt lost the battle to pack the Court but won the campaign to make the New Deal constitutionally solid. But the invidious attribution of the Court's decisions to Roosevelt overlooks the fact that, in confirming the New Deal, the Court adopted constitutional views which the great Holmes-Brandeis team, later joined by Stone, Hughes, and Cardozo, had fought for in never ceasing dissent.

The break came even before the changes in personnel. In 1937, when the Court-packing battle was at its height, Mr. Justice Roberts cast his vote with Justices Brandeis, Stone, Cardozo, and Hughes to uphold the constitutionality of the state minimum-wage legislation; observers regarded this as a reversal of his view and one cynic said of his action that "a switch in time saved nine." However that may be, it was the same majority which two weeks later upheld the power of Congress to pass the Wagner Labor Relations Act.

The effect of these decisions was finally to remove an impediment to social legislation set up by a handful of judges in the name of the Constitution. For the defeated conservative wing of the Court it was a good deal more than this. Mr. Justice McReynolds spoke for them when he moaned from the bench, "The Constitution is gone."

Today the justices are in complete agreement on certain fundamental propositions. First, the state and Federal legislatures may regulate wages, prices, and all the many relations and aspects of our industrial and economic life. Only if the regulation is so arbitrary and unfair as to shock the sense of fundamental decency can it be said to violate the guarantee of "due process." It seems amazing that there could ever have been any doubt that a modern state had these powers. But certain of our constitutional judges had seized upon the vague injunction of the Fifth and Fourteenth Amendments against taking "life, liberty, or property"

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“without due process of law” — a provision primarily intended at first to guarantee fair trial procedure — as a barrier against regulation. They laid down the doctrine that a regulation of wages or of prices was a taking of “liberty” “without due process of law” because it interfered unreasonably with the power to make contracts.

Our constitutional practice is unique among the great nations in the power that it gives to our judges to curb the action of a democratic legislature. Granting the existence of such a power, all judges agree — or say they do — that it should be exercised only when conflict with the Constitution seems very clear; otherwise the opinion of a few judges is substituted for that of the elected representatives of the nation. Yet the justices of the Coolidge era used the Constitution as a last-ditch defense of their laissez-faire notion of an economy free from comprehensive regulation.

We do not complain of their economic views; their fault lay in using their judicial power to force those views on the country. “Courts are not the only agency of government that must be assumed to have capacity to govern,” remarked Stone caustically in one of his dissents. The present judges hold that they will not use the phrases of the Fifth and Fourteenth Amendments as a device to censor legislative regulation of the economy. Today, under recent decisions, the power of the states and the Federal government to regulate public utility rates has been enormously expanded. The Court has largely wiped out a set of judge-made and judge-imposed rules and restrictions which have favored utilities at the expense of the public and made public-utility regulation cumbersome, expensive, and unsatisfactory.

Second, the Court is committed to a broad or liberal interpretation of the constitutional power of Congress “to regulate interstate commerce” so as to give it control over matters in any way impinging on the national economy. Some twenty-eight years ago Congress passed a law forbidding goods made by child labor to be shipped in interstate commerce. The old majority, in the face of the eloquent dissent of Holmes, held that this was an intrusion by Congress into a purely state matter. To be sure, the purpose of Congress was to discourage child labor in the states. But the offending state was using interstate commerce to impose its cheap, child-made goods upon other states. Could not Congress forbid the channels of interstate commerce from being used by one state to the detriment of another? Who could, if not Congress?

“It is not for this Court,” said Mr. Justice Holmes, “to pronounce when prohibition is necessary to reg-

ulation, to say that it is permissible against strong drink but not as against the product of ruined lives.” Today the lamentable decision has been swept away. Congress may fix the wages and the hours of workers producing for interstate commerce. How far this power of Congress to regulate internal conditions goes we do not know. But it is certain that every member of the present Court would hesitate to set a constitutional bar to any piece of legislation having any legitimate connection with the national economy.

These are a fair indication of a wholesale change in doctrine, but even more of the pattern of attitudes prevailing in the Court today. We find sympathy to labor in place of the earlier defensive hostility — reversing earlier decisions, the Court in the *Hutcheson* case practically exempted labor union activity from the coverage of the Sherman Antitrust Act; and state court injunctions against picketing were held to interfere with the workers’ freedom of speech. On the other hand there is more stringent interpretation of the anti-monopoly laws as against industry; and the Court has allowed greater freedom to state and Federal tax authorities in their hunt for new tax sources. In brief, the Court, whatever the predilection of its several members, has adapted its theory and practice to the concept of an industrialized, state-regulated society with greater benefits for labor and the underprivileged.

## 2

UNFORTUNATELY this deep-sounding unison is overlaid with a perplexing welter of discord. Its tone has gone from bad-mannered noisiness to settled sullenness. What does the discord signify? What does it foretell concerning the future role of the Court? By some it has been explained as primarily a clash of temperament without any significant general bearing. Professor Powell, the greatest living student of the Court, noted recently that though Black and Frankfurter often dissent, they hardly ever dissent in the company of each other, which arouses suspicion of personal as well as doctrinal disagreements. Rumors of feud drift out of the conference rooms of the marble palace. It is whispered that some justices do not talk to each other; that one or another has hoped to lead the Court — first Frankfurter and now the challenging Black; that Black seeks to wrest dominion by sheer shock of insolence toward his brethren, not excepting the Chief Justice.

The feud and the manner of its waging broke out publicly when in one case Black (who was *not*

assigned to write the majority's opinion) wrote a special concurring opinion for the sole purpose of reprimanding Frankfurter. In a mild dissent Frankfurter had sought to justify an accepted legal notion as based on "law and morals." Black, lest, he said, his "silence . . . be understood as acquiescence" in Frankfurter's views (remember that the latter's views were expressed in a dissenting opinion!), found it necessary to protest this intrusion of "the writer's personal views on 'morals' and 'ethics.'" Yet it is impossible to imagine a law functioning in an ethical vacuum. Black perhaps more than anyone else on the Court writes his own ethical assumptions into law.

Clearly the judges have allowed personal rancor to enter the chamber; by tolerating it in themselves and each other they have done disservice to the Court and its great concerns. But whatever its origin, I have become convinced that the cleavage shows a meaning beyond personal discord.

First, we must be prepared to accept that, among nine independent intelligences, differences of attitude and judgment are inevitable. It is hard for the layman to grasp or to tolerate the fact that, just as doctors disagree, so do lawyers; and judges are lawyers in black silk robes, sitting three feet higher than you and I. Out of the infinite web of life there constantly arise situations which the earlier lawgivers have not foreseen. As new problems present themselves in the form of new cases, for the solution the judges must look to general principles which have been couched in terms of old situations—general principles which never quite cover the new, and which are often in conflict with each other at just the juncture where the new situation lies. The training, the intelligence, the predilection of the individual judge will condition his choice from among conflicting principles, his manner of reformulating the chosen principle so as to absorb in its statement the novel case.

I suspect that in the present Court there is the added factor of sectarianism. At best seven of the judges have been deliberately chosen for their avowed devotion to the "liberal" cause. It not seldom comes about that those who start by thinking alike on fundamentals fall into the most violent quarreling over the true bearing of the true gospel, and that some forsake temperance in a jealous eagerness to appear more pure than their fellows.

This is important, for out of such disagreements may grow the fundamental differences of the future; the growth will be accelerated where personal dislike magnifies the difference. When we seek to align the Court on the basis of issues commonly thought to divide "conservatives," "liberals," and "radicals,"

we appear to be lost in a maze of shifting combinations; and generalization may suffer so many qualifications as to suggest that any alleged cleavage founded in principle is but the shade of a shadow.

Probably most tenable is the hypothesis that there are not two opposite camps, but a determined, tight faction consisting of Black, Douglas, and Murphy (in the order of their firmness), with Rutledge more often than not their convinced adherent. The nature of the Court's business, as we know, offers a large and legitimate area for difference in opinion, so that the four need only hold together to cash in quite often on the chances of carrying off a fifth to make a majority. This fifth may be Stone or Reed, Frankfurter or Jackson, or even Roberts, clearly the most conservative; or if Rutledge is lost, the remaining three may pick up another by which it will appear that their dissent of four is certainly not entirely willful.

If this factor of outside adherence makes difficulty for the faction theory, it nevertheless does not invalidate it. It shows, of course, that the group's judgment in any one case is persuasive enough to win the adherence of one who (*ex hypothesi*) is not a member of the group. But its persistence and the predominant character of its conclusions argue that it operates, whether unconsciously or no, on tenets somewhat other than those which move first the one and then the other justice to vote with it.

It is the thesis of one wing of opinion that Douglas and Black are carrying on the great liberal tradition of Holmes and Brandeis; whereas, by an irony of a type well known to modern historical analysis, Frankfurter, the avowed champion of this tradition, praised and pilloried in its name by public opinion, has become the arch-conservative.

I would suggest another hypothesis for which there is some evidence. The record of Black, Douglas, and Murphy will show hardly a circumstance, for example, where in a controversy between capital and labor, or even between a particular employer and employee, they have not voted for labor or the employee. The point is not simply that they are more "liberal" in this and various other respects than their fellows. To a degree, that may be true, but I doubt that as men their fundamental economic and social views are significantly different from Frankfurter's. The point is that they will always (let us say, within the limits of the logically possible) construe Constitution, legislation, or common-law doctrine as compelling decision for the interest they favor. If a patent can be invalidated, a business found guilty of violating the anti-trust law, a utility rate lowered, we can usually be

sure where they will stand. They profess a great respect for the decisions of administrative bodies. But when the decisions do not further their views, this policy of deference is abandoned. This is evident in their hostility toward the activities of the Interstate Commerce Commission, which they regard as fostering railroad monopoly by discouraging inland water and automobile carrier traffic.

## 3

CONCERNING the constitutional power of the legislatures, state and national, to regulate our economy, we have noted that there is impressive unanimity. The most fertile field for conflict and division is, and will be, the *interpretation* of legislation, particularly Congressional. All the justices profess to found their philosophy on the proposition that in a democracy the voice of the people is pre-eminently expressed by the legislature, and that to the judges is allotted the narrow province of applying and enforcing the law in all humility. Yet I suspect that the Black group is unwilling to recognize that legislation is likely to be a compromise between opposing principles. They are very sympathetic to the forward principle, but are somewhat obtuse as to the legislative intention to limit its application by the conservative principle.

Congress in the past (by a law since repealed) imposed double liability on stockholders in national banks; it did not — at least in terms — impose it on shareholders in corporations which owned shares of national banks, though it was well aware of the existence of such corporations. But the Court (with Stone making five) imposed such liability. "If the judicial power is helpless to protect a legislative program from schemes for easy avoidance, then indeed it has become a handy implement of high finance," said Douglas. It may be harsh, admits Douglas, on innocent purchasers of the holding company's shares, who did not know of any such liability, but "rules of liability are usually harsh." Jackson, dissenting, was unable to find any "legislative program" empowering the Court to supplement the legislation.

The curiously improvisational character of the Court's conclusion is emphasized by the fact that in subsequent legislation known to the Court but not applicable to this case (which arose before the new legislation), Congress had refused to impose double liability. This, I think, is an example of that "judicial legislation" which was so damned when conservative judges were writing it the "wrong" way. In my opinion "judicial legislation" is in-

evitable and desirable to avoid results which are abhorrent to the conscience of the judges (Black's disingenuous animadversions about "morals" and "ethics" notwithstanding), but Douglas could hardly purport to be dealing with such a case; and it is to my mind just one more instance of how he will work for the conclusion most in accordance with his personal preferences.

Is the important *Southeastern Insurance* case yet another instance? Here the government is prosecuting a group of insurance companies for allegedly holding up prices by agreement and so violating the Sherman Antitrust Act. In a four to three decision the Court — Black, Douglas, Murphy, and Rutledge the majority; Frankfurter, Stone, and Jackson the minority; Roberts and Reed disqualifying themselves — held that the activities of the insurance companies, if finally proved as alleged, were subject to the Sherman Act. The decision has caused a great stir among laymen, perhaps because insurance is so universal and so central in the fabric of security. The decision, however, in no way impairs the safety of the individual policyholder and may lessen his insurance bill.

The Court, first overruling old precedents to the contrary (only Stone raised a doubt at this point), held that insurance carried on across state lines was interstate commerce and, as such, subject to national regulation. It then held that the Sherman Act, condemning in general terms all monopolistic restraints in interstate commerce, was perforce applicable to an alleged insurance monopoly.

As an original question both rulings are clearly sound. Jackson in his dissent made that admission. He argued, however, that during the entire fifty years of the Sherman Act, Congress had assumed that insurance was not subject to the Act, on the basis of Supreme Court decisions that it was not interstate commerce. During those fifty years, elaborate state regulation had intervened. Congress, though urged to do so, had never attempted to interfere with or supplement this regulation; had never specifically adapted the Sherman Act to insurance so as to force the Court to reconsider its ruling that insurance was not commerce. It was this situation which led Jackson to say: "The orderly way to nationalize insurance supervision, if it be desirable, is not by court decision but through legislation. Judicial decision operates on the states and the industry retroactively." Admitting that the earlier decisions were error, still "a judgment as to when the evil of a decisional error exceeds the evil of an innovation must be based on very practical and in part upon policy considerations," and "it is the part of wisdom and self-



restraint and good government for courts to leave the initiative to Congress."

Jackson, in other words, is appealing to precedent, but not because he is a "hidebound lawyer" lacking in imagination or social passion. Perhaps it is his long practice with its early beginnings in the small city of Jamestown which has made him eminently the representative of the practical. The present "liberalism" has developed its dogmatism: "wrong" decisions of the old Court, however much they have become part of the fabric of the law, must be overruled, though the new decision, aside from its vindication of the current notion of doctrinal purity, may produce only confusion and governmental headaches. Jackson is particularly scornful of this species of dogmatism; he is not afraid to buck the new gospel in the name of common sense.

The decision of the majority in the insurance case is not wrong in any legal or logical sense; it may, assuming that the government's charges of monopolistic rate-fixing are true, produce important savings for the public. Yet in the light of the considerations which moved the dissenting judges to leave the business of reform to Congress, the decision underlines the undeviating zeal with which the Black group expands the judicial power to achieve results thought desirable.

It may be that it is only the degree of its intensity that differentiates Black's performance (to speak in the name of the group's leader) from the judicial norm. He would not be great as man or judge who never has been moved by generous passion to bend to his will the refractory material of legislation and of common law. But the judge is pledged to respect for the "law" (to use a perhaps mystical but clearly felt generality); he is ideally aware of it as an authority superior to his own particular purposes.

Recently Fred Rodell has been pleased to bestow on Black the mantle of Holmes. Holmes pioneered the view that a judge must not resist the underlying dynamic of his period; where choice is open to him, he should strive objectively to express that dynamic. But he did not think of this duty as having anything to do with the judge's personal predilections. His sense of when choice was open was not predetermined by his own conceptions of social desirability. A close study of his judicial career shows how greatly he deferred to precedent as setting limits which made his own will in the matter entirely irrelevant.

Frankfurter has come, I think, to the more or less conservative position of Holmes in this respect after allowing himself in the *Hutcheson* case a freedom which surely was as great as any taken by the other judges. It may be that in his practice he is

too sensitive in an almost personal way to the competing pressures from the Right and the Left, perhaps too concerned with a fear that the very social fabric will be torn asunder by their competition. Yet his general judicial philosophy of realizing progress within the traditional limits of the judicial process is, I believe, a correct position for a judge in our democracy.

The most crucial task of the Court today is the protection of civil liberties, and to this task the Court has brought far-reaching zeal. It has strengthened and extended freedom of speech and of religious worship; it has scrutinized more closely the fairness of trials; it has increased the security of the naturalized citizen. Above all it has, wherever possible, insisted on the equal treatment of the Negro.

All this is valuable work which will fail of its best effects if the Court itself falls into public discredit. Some loss of credit among conservatives was, of course, inevitable if the Court was to remove the shackles upon legislation imposed by the old Court. But it is just in the measure that its work requires so many breaks with the past that the Court should strive to free its results from personal and factional willfulness. In the popular conception, law is a reign of justice and order resting in objective statement independent of the will of the judges. If this conception exaggerates the extent to which it is possible or desirable to eliminate the personality of the judge, it still expresses one of the dearest, most constructive values of civilization; it feeds a deep well of emotion which gives validity and dynamic force to the judgments of the courts. It is from this source that we would draw the sanction for constitutional liberalism.

In its present conduct the Supreme Court is, to my mind, unnecessarily impairing its credit. Feuding, attack, recrimination, self-vindication, if they provide a mean order of satisfaction to the participants, enable the common enemy to argue that the desire for such satisfaction motivates judicial action. If judgments manifest an almost undeviating adherence to a partisan, political, social, and economic line, they cease to command that credit which the layman attributes to the "law," and end by calling in question the whole character of the institution. All the judges are wholeheartedly committed to the fulfillment of the promise of liberal democracy. They can make their best contribution by leaving legislation to the legislature and maintaining intact their moral forces for the task of constitutional reform and protection within the limits of the judicial function as embodied in the high tradition of a great court.

# WHAT IS TEACHING?

by JACQUES BARZUN

## I

EDUCATION comes from within; it is a man's own doing, or it happens to him — sometimes because of the teaching he has had, sometimes in spite of it. When Henry Adams wrote *The Education of Henry Adams*, he gave thirty pages out of five hundred to his schooling. Common usage records the same distinction. No man says of another: "I educated him." It would be offensive and would suggest that the victim was a puppy when first taken in hand. But it is a proud thing to say: "I taught him" — and a wise one not to specify what.

To be sure, there is an age-old prejudice against teaching. Teachers must share with doctors the world's most celebrated sneers, and with them also the world's unbounded hero-worship. Always and everywhere, "He is a schoolteacher" has meant "He is an underpaid pitiable drudge." Even a politician stands higher, because power in the street seems less of a mockery than power in the classroom. But when we speak of Socrates, Jesus, Buddha, and "other great teachers of humanity," the atmosphere somehow changes and the politician's power begins to look shrunken and mean. Supreme examples show that no limit can be set to the power of a teacher — but, in the other direction, no other career can so nearly approach zero in its effects.

The odd thing is that almost everybody is a teacher at some time or other during his life. Besides Socrates and Jesus, the great teachers of mankind are mankind itself — your parents and mine. First and last, parents do a good deal more

teaching than doctoring; yet so natural and necessary is this duty that they never seem aware of performing it. It is only when they have established irremediable habits of speech, thought, and behavior in their offspring, that they discover the teacher as an institution and hire him to carry on the work.

Then begins the fierce, secret struggle out of which education may come — the struggle between home and school, parent and child, child and teacher; the struggle also that lies deep within the parent and within society concerning the teacher's worth: Is this man of knowledge to be looked up to as wise and helpful, or to be looked down on as at once servile and dangerous, capable and inglorious, higher than the parent yet lower than the child?

Most people meet this difficulty by alternately looking up and looking down. At best the title of teacher is suspect. I notice that on their passports and elsewhere many of my academic colleagues put down their occupation as Professor or Educator.

Doubtless we shall have to keep the old pugilistic title "Professor," though I cannot think of Dante in Hell coming upon Brunetto Latini and exclaiming, "Why, Professor!" But we can and must get rid of "Educator." Imagine the daily predicament: someone asks, "What do you do?" — "I profess and I educate." It is unspeakable and absurd.

Don't think this point frivolous, but regard it as a symbol. Consider the American state of mind about Education at the present time. An unknown correspondent writes to me: "Everybody seems to be dissatisfied with education except those in charge of it." This is a little less than fair, for a great deal of criticism has come from within the profession. But let it stand. Dissatisfaction is the keynote. Why dissatisfaction? Because Americans believe in Education, because they pay large sums for Education, and because Education does not appear to yield results. At this point one is bound to ask: "What results do you expect?"

The replies are staggering. Apparently educa-

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tion is to do everything that the rest of the world leaves undone. Recall the furore over American History. Under new and better management, that subject was to produce patriots — nothing less. An influential critic, head of a large university, wants education to generate a classless society; another asks that education root out racial intolerance (in the third or the ninth grade, I wonder?); still another requires that college courses be designed to improve labor relations. One man, otherwise sane, thinks the solution of the housing problem has bogged down — in the schools; and another proposes to make the future householders happy married couples — through the schools. Off to one side, a well-known company of scholars has got hold of the method of truth and wishes to dispense it as a crisis reducer. “Adopt our nationally advertised brand and avert chaos.”

Then there are the hundreds of specialists in endless “vocations” who want education to turn out practiced engineers, affable hotelkeepers, and finished literary artists. There are educational shops for repairing every deficiency in man or nature: battalions of instructors are impressed to teach Civilian Defense; the FBI holds public ceremonies for its graduates; dogs receive short courses in good manners, and are emulated at once by girls from the age of seven who learn Poise and Personality. Above and beyond all these stand the unabashed peacemakers who want Kitty Smith from Indiana sent to Germany armed with Muzzey’s *American History*, to undo Hitler’s work.

These are not nightmarish caricatures I have dreamed but things I have recently seen done or heard proposed by representative and even distinguished minds: they are so many acts of faith in the prevailing dogma that education is the hope of the world. Well, you may teach spot-welding in wartime and indeed you must. But education is the hope of the world only in the sense that there is something better than bribery, lies, and violence for righting the world’s wrongs. If this better thing is education, then education is not merely schooling. It is a lifelong discipline of the individual by himself, encouraged by a reasonable opportunity to lead a good life. Education here is synonymous with civilization. A civilized community is better than the jungle, but civilization is a long, slow process which cannot be “given” in a short course.

No one in his senses would affirm that Schooling is the hope of the world. But to say this is to show up the folly of perpetually confusing education with the work of the schools; the folly of believing against all evidence that by taking boys and girls for a few hours each day, between the ages of seven and

twenty-one, our teachers can “turn out” all the human products that we like to fancy when we are disgusted with ourselves and our neighbors.

It is like believing that brushing the teeth is the key to health. No ritual by itself will guarantee anything. Brushing won’t even keep your teeth clean, by itself. There is no key to health and there is none to education. Do you think because you have an expensive school system there will be no more spelling mistakes? Then why suppose that you can eradicate intolerance more easily? Free, compulsory “education” is a great thing, an indispensable thing, but it will not make the City of God out of Public School No. 26.

The whole mass of recrimination, disappointment, and dissatisfaction which this country is now suffering about its schools comes from using the ritual word Education so loosely and so frequently. The idea abets false ambitions. The educator wants to do a big job in the world, so he takes on the task of reorienting Germany and improving human relations. The public at large, bedeviled as it is with these “problems,” is only too glad to farm them out, reserving the right of indignant complaint when the educator breaks down or the Institute for human relations fails to reduce appreciably the amount of wife-beating.

## 2

SINCE I am tackling the subject of teaching in a somewhat autobiographical manner, I had better say I taught my first class at the age of nine. All I remember about it is that it had to do with arithmetic and that the room seemed filled with thousands of very small children in black aprons. The explanation is that, with the shortage of teachers in France towards the middle of the last war, there were sporadic attempts at establishing the so-called Lancaster system of using older pupils to teach the younger. Lancaster, who lived a hundred years before, was only trying at first to meet the teacher shortage of the Napoleonic Wars, but he became an educational fanatic who believed that “any boy who can read can teach, although he knows nothing about it.” I don’t know what the “it” refers to, whether the art of teaching or the subject matter, but in any case this maxim, like so many others in education, is only half true.

It served, however, to apprentice me to my trade. Not that I stayed very long in it that first time. Still I relapsed, not once but many times, into the habit of teaching. Having learned English and come to this country to rejoin my father, previously sent on a good-will mission, I found myself exchange



ing French lessons for further work in reading and speaking American. I had the good fortune to come in contact with a fine group of high school teachers, and since advanced mathematics and beginning philosophy are taught earlier abroad, I was able to tutor boys of my own age in those subjects also.

In my second year in college, I had my first academic offer. I was coaching two graduate students in the French educational theorists on whom they were to be examined — Rabelais, Montaigne, and Rousseau. My students, middle-aged men, apparently spoke of me to their sponsor and I received a note asking me to call on him. He was head of a department in a large university and I thought at the time that he scarcely lived up to the dignity of his position. For when I was announced by his secretary and he saw me, he laughed in my face. He had not been told that I was seventeen, and he was going to offer me an instructorship.

This experience should have soured me against all academic entanglements, but circumstances prevailed. The period just before 1929 in this country, and particularly in the metropolis, offered the active-minded college man innumerable opportunities to achieve financial independence even before the bachelor's degree. So I found myself writing and tutoring in very profitable fashion before I thoroughly knew that I had chosen the two most back-breaking jobs in the whole world. A group of us students maintained a perfectly legal and honest tutoring mill, whose grist renewed itself as we put the backward rich through the entrance examinations of famous colleges not our own.

School authorities smiled on our work and we ended by taking on all kinds of academic cases. No subjects were barred. If a retired minister came who wanted to read *Hamlet* in Esperanto (one did) we supplied an instructor who spoke the language like a native. As a subsidiary enterprise we undertook high-class literary hackwork. We compiled statistics, contributed to the lesser encyclopedias, and worked up the raw material for public addresses by public men. We referred to ourselves as Ghosts, Incorporated.

When the time of my graduation came, in 1927, the die was cast. I knew I wanted to keep right on with both types of work, though no longer as piece-work. Meanwhile I had formed an attachment to the Muse of History and was encouraged in it, chiefly by two men — Harry James Carman, now Dean of Columbia College, and Rexford Guy Tugwell, then Professor of Economics in that institution and now President of the University of Puerto Rico. The ink on my diploma was not yet dry when the director of the Summer Session asked me

whether I was willing to teach an introductory course. I said I should like nothing better. He wanted to know with whom I had taken that same course. I told him. "You can teach it anyway." That was my *hoc age*. I have been at it ever since, with breaks for study and travel and excursions into neighboring institutions. It is over a quarter of a century since I first obeyed the summons to teach, and I can only hope the habit has not become a compulsion.

But I often wonder what originally made the impulse to teach take root. In the lives of so many good men one reads that they "drifted into teaching." They drift out again. It is clear that teachers are born, not made, and circumstances usually permit rather than compel. It is impossible to think of William James *not* teaching or of his brother Henry consenting to give a simple explanation.

For many people, doing is far easier than talking about it. From which I conclude that the teaching impulse goes something like this: A fellow human being is puzzled or stymied. He wants to open a door or spell "accommodate." The would-be helper has two choices. He can open the door, spell the word; or he can show his pupil how to do it for himself. The second way is harder and takes more time, but a strong instinct in the born teacher makes him prefer it. It seems somehow to turn an accident into an opportunity for permanent creation. The raw material is what the learner can do, and upon this the teacher-artist builds by the familiar process of taking apart and putting together.

The teacher must break down the new and puzzling situation into simpler bits and lead the beginner in the right order from one bit to the next. What the simpler bits and the right order are, no one can know ahead of time. They vary for each individual, and the teacher must grope around until he finds a "first step" that the particular pupil can manage. In any school subject, of course, this technique does not stop with the opening of a door. The need for it goes on and on — as it seems, forever — and it takes the stubbornness of a saint coupled with the imagination of a demon for a teacher to pursue his art of improvisation gracefully, unwearyingly, endlessly.

Nor is this a purely mental task. All the while, the teacher must keep his charge's feelings in good order. A rattled student can do nothing, and a muddled teacher will rattle or dishearten almost any student. The teacher must not talk too much or too fast, must not trip over his own tongue, must not think out loud — must not forget, in short, that he is handling a pair of runaway horses: the pupil and a dramatic situation.

It is obvious that the relation of teacher to pupil is an emotional one and most complex and unstable besides. To begin with, the motives, the forces that make teaching "go," are different on both sides of the desk. The pupil has some curiosity and he wants to know what grownups know. The master has curiosity also, but it is chiefly about the way the pupil's mind — or hand — works. Remembering his own efforts and the pleasure of discovery, the master finds a satisfaction which I have called artistic in seeing how a new human being will meet and make his own some part of our culture — our ways, our thoughts, even our errors and superstitions.

This interest, however, does not last forever. As the master grows away from his own learning period, he also finds that mankind repeats itself. Hence young teachers are best; they are the most energetic, the most intuitive, and the least resented.

For side by side with his eagerness, the pupil feels resentment arising from the fact that the grownup who teaches him appears to know it all. Even under the best conditions of fair play and deliberate spontaneity, the pupil, while needing and wanting knowledge, will hate and resist it. This resistance often makes one feel that the human mind is made of some wonderfully tough rubber, which you can stretch a little by pulling hard, but which snaps back into shape the moment you let go.

The process may be exasperating for the teacher, but consider how the student feels, subjected to daily and hourly stretching. "Here am I," he thinks, "with my brains nicely organized, — with everything, if not in its place, at least where I can find it, — and you come along with a new and strange item that you want to force into my previous arrangement. Naturally I resist. You persist. I begin to dislike you. But at the same time, you show me aspects of this new fact or idea which in spite of myself mesh in with my existing desires. You seem to know the contents of my mind. You show me the proper place for your contribution to my stock of knowledge. Finally, there is brooding over us a vague threat of disgrace for me if I do not accept your offering and keep it and show you that I still have it when you — dreadful thought! — *examine me.*

"So I give in, I shut my eyes and swallow. I write little notes about it to myself, and with luck the burr sticks: I have learned something. Thanks to you? Well, not exactly. Thanks to you and thanks to me. I shall always be grateful for your efforts, but do not expect me to love you, at least not for a long, long time. When I am fully formed and somewhat battered by the world and yet not

too displeased with myself, I shall generously believe that I owe it all to you. It will be an exaggeration on the other side, just as my present dislike is an injustice. Strike an average between the two and that will be a fair measure of my debt."

### 3

**I**F I have dwelt on the emotions of teaching and being taught, it is because many people believe that schooling only engages the mind — and only temporarily at that. "I've forgotten," says the average man, "all I ever learned at school." And he mentally contrasts this happy oblivion with the fact that he still knows how to open oysters and ride a bicycle. But my description of teaching applies equally to physical things and to metaphysical. We may forget the substance of American History, but we are probably scarred for life by the form and feeling of it as imparted by book and teacher. Why is it that the businessman's economics and the well-bred woman's taste in art are normally twenty-five years behind the times? It is that one's lifelong opinions are those picked up before maturity — at school and college.

This is why a "teacher's influence" — if he does exert one — is not so big a joke as it seems. Notice in the lives of distinguished men how invariably there is a Mr. Bowles or a Dr. Tompkins or a Professor Clunk — whom no one ever heard of, but who is "remembered" for inspiring, guiding, and teaching decisively at the critical time. We can all see the mark left by a teacher in physical arts like tennis or music. The pupils of Leopold Auer or Tobias Matthay can be recognized at forty paces by their posture and even in a dark room by the sound they make. For in these disciplines the teacher usually falls back on direct imitation: "Hold your hand like this," or, more simply, "Watch me." Well, much good teaching is of the "watch me" order; but the more abstract the knowledge, the less easy it is to imitate the teacher, and the genuine student wants to do the real thing in a real way *by himself.*

Consequently, the whole aim of good teaching is to turn the young learner, by nature a little copycat, into an independent, self-propelling creature, who can not merely learn but study — that is, work as his own boss to the limit of his powers. This is to turn pupils into students, and it can be done on any rung of the ladder of learning.

When I was a child, the multiplication table was taught from a printed sheet which had to be memorized one "square" at a time — the one's and the two's and so on up to nine. It never occurred to the

teacher to show us how the answers could be arrived at also by addition, which we had already studied. No one said, "Look: if four times four is sixteen, you ought to be able to figure out, without aid from memory, what five times four is, because that amounts to four more ones added to the sixteen." This would at first have been puzzling, *more* complicated and difficult than memory work; but once explained and grasped, it would have been an instrument for learning and checking the whole business of multiplication. We could temporarily have dispensed with the teacher and cut loose from the printed table.<sup>1</sup>

This is another way of saying that the only thing worth teaching anybody is a principle. Naturally principles involve facts and some facts must be learned "bare" because they do not rest on any principle. The capital of Alaska is Juneau and, so far as I know, that is all there is to it; but a European child ought not to be told that Washington is the capital of the United States without fixing firmly in his mind the relation between the city and the man who led his countrymen to freedom. That would be missing an association, which is the germ of a principle. And just as a complex athletic feat is made possible by rapid and accurate coördination, so all valuable learning hangs together and *works* by associations which make sense.

Since associations are rooted in habit, and habits in feelings, we can see that anything which makes school seem a nightmare or a joke, which brands the teacher as a fool or a fraud, is the arch-enemy of all learning. It so happens that there is one professional disease, or rather vice, which generates precisely this feeling and whose consequences are therefore fatal. I refer to Hokum — and I hasten to explain what I mean. Hokum is the counterfeit of true intellectual currency. It is words without meaning, verbal filler, artificial apples of knowledge. From the necessities of the case, nine tenths of all teaching is done with words, whence the ever present temptation of hokum.

Words should point to things, seen or unseen. But they can also be used to wrap up emptiness of heart and lack of thought. The student accepts some pompous, false, meaningless formula and passes it back on demand, to be rewarded with — appropriately enough — a passing grade. All the dull, second-rate opinions, all the definitions that don't define, all the moral platitudes that "sound

good," all the conventional adjectives ("gentle Shakespeare"), all the intimations that something must be learned because it has somehow got lodged among learnable things (like the Binomial Theorem or the date of Magna Carta) — all this in all its forms gives off the atmosphere of hokum, which healthy people find absolutely unbreathable.

In a modern play, I think by A. A. Milne, this schoolmarm vice has been caught and set down in a brief dialogue which goes something like this: —

GOVERNESS: Recite.

PUPIL: "The Battle of Blenheim." (*Long pause.*)

GOVERNESS: By?

PUPIL: (*Silence.*)

GOVERNESS: By Robert Southey.

PUPIL: By Robert Southey.

GOVERNESS: Who was Robert Southey?

PUPIL: (*Pause.*) I don't know.

GOVERNESS: One of our greatest poets. Begin again.

PUPIL: The Battle of Blenheim by Robert Southey one of our greatest poets.

As this example shows, hokum is subtle and I will forbear to analyze it. It hides in the porous part of solid learning and vitiates it by making it stupid and ridiculous.

#### 4

ANY damn fool," said the Admiral with a friendly pat on my shoulder, "can teach Naval History." I knew what he meant by this subtle encouragement, but I disagreed. I had visited a midshipmen's school and heard a petty officer, who was not a damn fool but not a teacher either, instruct in the subject. He had his nose in a book and was reading aloud: "'On the eleventh of February, Commodore Perry made for an anchorage twelve miles farther up Yedo Bay.' This is important; take it down: 'On the eleventh — of February — Commodore Perry — made for an anchorage —'"

This may have been the Admiral's idea of a lecture; certainly many people now alive have been taught in this fashion. But it proves nothing except that anything may be done badly. What is bad here is of course the absence of meaningful stress, of drama. Given the three basic ways of conducting a class, success will depend on the degree to which the chosen way has dramatic form.

Let me explain. The three basic ways are the lecture, the discussion group, and the tutorial hour. In a lecture, a silent class is addressed, more or less like a public meeting. In a discussion group, comprising from five or six to not more than thirty students, the members of the class speak freely, putting or answering questions on points which the teacher organizes so as to form a coherent account of some

<sup>1</sup> I find that General Grant complained of the same thing: "Both winters were spent in going over the same old arithmetic which I knew every word of before and repeating 'A noun is the name of a thing', which I had also heard my Georgetown teachers repeat until I had come to believe it." — *Memoirs*, N. Y., 1894, p. 20.



topic. It may be that for this purpose discussion by the class is broken at intervals by lecturettes from him. In a tutorial hour, the instructor is really holding a conversation, usually with one student, certainly with not more than three or four. This is in the best sense a free-for-all and it presupposes a good stock of knowledge on the part of the students.

I may seem to have left out the recitation class, common to the lower schools, in which every pupil in turn answers a part of the day's lesson. But this is really a form of examination. Its teaching value is that of any good examination.

If, some few years back, I had listed lectures as a legitimate mode of teaching, I should have been set down by my progressive friends as an old mossback corrupted by university practice. But now several of the progressive colleges have officially restored lecturing — Bennington notably — and I suspect that unofficially they were unable at any time to do altogether without it. Lecturing comes so natural to mankind that it is hard to stop it by edict. It simply turns into bootleg form. Many teachers think that because they sit around a table with only a dozen students they are running a discussion group, but they are lecturing just the same if the stream of discourse flows in only one direction.

Now what makes a lecture legitimate and good? The answer is — a combination of eloquence and personality. The petty officer reading aloud from a book was out of his element. But if Charles Dickens, famous for his public readings, had held that textbook of Naval History, the class would have *seen* Commodore Perry steaming up the bay in defiance of Japanese orders; they would have known without being told that it was important; they would not have had to take it down. And this is the justification of large-scale lecturing.

The lecture room is the place where drama may properly become theater. This usually means a fluent speaker, no notes, and no shyness about "effects." In some teachers a large class filling a sloped-up amphitheater brings out a wonderful power of emphasis, timing, and organization. The speaker projects himself and the subject. The "effects" are not laid on; they are the meaningful stress which constitutes, most literally, the truth of the matter. This meaning — as against fact — is the one thing to be indelibly stamped on the mind, and it is this that the printed book cannot give. That is why their hearers never forgot Huxley lecturing, nor Michelet, nor William James. Plenty of facts can be conveyed, too — the more highly organized the better; but in the hands of a great lecturer it is feelings and principles that illuminate the soul like a perfect play or concert.

To try to abolish the varied forms of lecturing virtuosity in the name of a theory cut to fit more common gifts is surely a mistake. What led to the attempt was that formerly *all* college teaching was through lectures. Many were bad, and nothing is worse than a bad lecture. Everyone can conjure up from his own past the memory of incoherent mumblings that make time stand still and inspire suicidal thoughts.

At the same time, it is also true that lectures alone will not suffice to teach, for the lecture method assumes that every member of the class comes in the same state of preparation and leaves with the same increment of knowledge. The fact is otherwise. Only individual attention to each student can keep the whole class abreast and truly teach. This is why a normal three-hours-a-week class is usually broken up into small groups for the "third hour" after the two lectures.

Unfortunately, the third hour is too often entrusted to a "section man," usually a graduate student earning his keep by doing nothing else than this quiz and rehearsing work. This is bad practice. The lecturer should himself be available for questioning by his students; he should himself discover their failures and misconceptions; he should run his whole show as one enterprise and be responsible for conveying his subject to as many men, personally known to him, as possible. If we remember the axiom, Two Minds Sharing One Thought, we can see that teaching by proxy is as impossible as learning by proxy.

## 5

THE idea of breaking a large class into small groups gives us the second mode of teaching: by means of informal discussion. As a general rule, I believe that all introductory courses should be taught thus. It is expensive but worth it. Only in a small group can the student learn to marshal his thoughts, expose his weaknesses, argue out his beliefs, and gain that familiarity with a given subject which, if not learned early, will never be learned at all.

Handling a discussion group requires a special talent, too. Here the drama is more subtle but equally imperative. The hour's discussion must not go off in all directions like a leaky hose. It must have a pattern, beginning at a given point and logically reaching another, from which to start again the next day. Now it is relatively easy to impose a pattern on a lecture; the scheme of it can be written out beforehand and even memorized, because no one will interfere with it. But in a discussion, every one of twenty-five or thirty men has a right to shove the

tiller in any direction he pleases. Since there must be an atmosphere of freedom, the instructor must not act like a priggish moderator with a gavel. He must be willing to go up side tracks and come back. His imagination must swarm with connecting links, factual illustrations, answers to unexpected questions.

He must, moreover, know how to correct without wounding, contradict without discouraging, coax along without coddling. Every once in a while, a group of men will contain a crank or a fanatic: he must be turned to good teaching use without being made to feel a goat. Every once in a while, the class will want to take the bit in its teeth and hold a political or ethical debate, none too close to the issue. This must be tolerated. Every once in a while, the instructor will feel so strongly on a given matter that he will want to lecture. This must be nipped in the bud.

An advanced discussion group — say twelve men in a senior colloquium in economics meeting for two consecutive hours — is a test of any discussion leader. His role is that of an orchestra conductor, except that neither he nor his men have a score before them. Yet the result of the evening's noise must be as intelligible as a symphony. Calling on the right man for the right thing, balancing opinions, drawing out the shy and backward, keeping silent so that the group itself will unwind its own errors, — and doing all this in the casual "colloquial" manner which the title of the course prescribes, — is an art that only comes with long practice.

Compared with this the "tutorial" is far simpler though physically more exhausting. Two or three men can talk so fully that errors are quickly corrected and ground is covered faster. The students have probably studied the topic together anyway and they are reporting progress. The instructor usually finds little to amend and therefore feels bound to add, to fill out, to interpret the body of facts. This leads to more questions and he finds himself being pumped absolutely dry. No matter how much he knows or how fully he has thought, he is relentlessly pushed until his back touches the wall of the great absolutes. For students are ever seeking final answers and they know how to ask questions which no wise man would dare answer.

Not all tutors are wise, however, and the principal

danger is that unprepared or malicious students will use a common trick to defeat the purpose of the meeting. If a man is known to have some pet view or favorite topic, he will be brought to the brink of it by artful dodges and then pushed over. While he climbs his way out, the students can respectfully daydream. I am told that one man at a Midwestern university can be wound up by his students like a grandfather clock. He runs down daily and hourly on the same topic like a weight on its chain, and no one is the worse, or the better, for the ticking.

I do not know whether this is a saving of energy for him as well as the students, but I do know that the other and truer discharge of duty is a wearing process. At most progressive colleges, at least until recently, teachers were committed to whole days of half-hour tutorials, each with a single student. Every student was at work on a different phase of a given subject and, by virtue of the time and freedom allowed, was ravenous for knowledge. I can guarantee from experience that at the end of such a day the instructor is a gibbering idiot.

The output of words alone, the quick modulations, the sense of multitudinous insistent claims of one's best thoughts, and what William James called "having to square oneself with others at every step" would in time surely kill the poor goose. One perceptive student, commenting on certain events at the time said to me: "At F — (a progressive school) the teachers die young; at J — (a non-progressive one) the students hang themselves. That seems to be the basic difference between old-fashioned and progressive education."

In all three modes of teaching — by lecture, by discussion, and by tutoring — it is evident that the effective agent is the living person. It is idle to talk about what could be done by gadgets — gramophone disks or sound films. We know just what they can do: the disk brings the music class a whole symphony; the film can bring Chinese agriculture to students in Texas. But this will not replace the teacher, with his knowledge of subject matter and students, his power to lead them, and their response to his mind. Given a mastered subject and a person committed heart and soul to teaching it, a class accustomed to think, attend, and be led, the result will be, under God, as near to the discourse of men and angels as it is fit to go.

*(To be continued)*

# PUSHING THE HOG FROM THE TROUGH

by ARTHUR MOORE

## 1

THE land's gone down real bad," Tom Dibble told me. "What's this plowing I hear about nowadays, going around the humps circle-wise? Contour — that's it. Maybe we ought to use a little of that." He looked across the fields, absently tossing a handful of nuts and bolts from one hand to the other.

"Come here," he said quickly. "Got something to show you." It was a freezing unit he had built in his old fruit cellar. If he could get into this business, he said, he ought to make some money.

Tom would like to get away from the farm, but he knows he could not get enough from a tenant. The land isn't good enough.

"Maybe some rich fellow in Chicago will want to buy some of this good corn-belt land for \$250 an acre." Tom winked.

Some commercial farmers, men like Tom Dibble, are a danger to the country — not because they are too commercial, but because they are not good enough farmers. And yet Tom is the third generation to work this particular farm, the only member of the family who has not escaped to the city.

Tom's tool shed, with a workbench along one end, is his favorite place. He can make almost any repairs himself, and his equipment lasts longer than anyone else's in the neighborhood. A dozen little contrivances of his are in operation on near-by farms: clever laborsavers which he has been glad to make and share with anyone who would haul in the needed parts in the form of wrecked automobiles or old motors. His neighbors say Tom may yet strike it rich. In truth, he might. That is just about all Tom thinks about, anyway, now that his children are through college.

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Editor of one of the most influential farmers' newspapers in the United States, the *Daily Pantagraph* of Bloomington, Illinois, and resident of the richest corn county in the Middle West, ARTHUR MOORE, at the *Atlantic's* request, has made a case study of the American farmer and of what must be done before he can assume his rightful place in an industrial society. This is the first of a series of articles.

He did well by the children. One boy, a chemical engineer, is a major in the Army; another boy is a construction engineer with the Seabees; another, the oldest, is a lawyer in Chicago; his girl, the youngest of the family, is a dental laboratory technician in St. Louis. None of them on a farm — Tom doesn't want any more failures in the family.

Tom worked hard to send the children through college. They were long, unhappy years for him because he had to put a dairy herd on the place. His gray, rolling land, miles from McLean County's black prairie, could be made to yield the necessary cash only by intensive livestock farming. The children helped with the chores when they were home, but still the cows were a bother. And when the price of corn fell so low during the depression, Tom had to increase his hog-breeding. He added three brood sows — just enough to get the taxes paid, but an added burden on a man who had a neighbor's corn planter to repair. When the girl was graduated from college in the late 1930's, Tom celebrated by sending his brood sows to the packing house and by selling his dairy herd.

Prices are good now and Tom doesn't have much to worry him, selling soybeans and all the corn he raises. The land might worry some farmers. It is yellow along the tops of the knolls, which Tom still plows in straight rows. In these spots, even with the best hybrid seed, corn grows only about the size of a delicate woman's wrist and doesn't get much higher than four feet. Sometimes Tom wonders whether it is worth planting. He can remember his grandfather talking about how the land used to yield. He thinks that if his grandfather had used hybrid seed he would have got 120 bushels an acre even from the rolling land.

Tom gets about 35 bushels now from land which brought his grandfather 40 and 50 bushels with the old-type seed and with old-time tillage methods. Our interest in Tom Dibble as a type is whether his bad farming hurts the country.



## 2

THE United States began as a food exporter, and the belief in surplus has deep roots in our past. Because we paid for our industrial system on the returns from exported food, the idea is firmly imbedded in our business thinking. We went through the worst depression in history with pig-killing and plowing-under the popular conception of our agricultural policy. We know technology has greatly increased production per farm. "Food will win the war and write the peace," said the Secretary of Agriculture soon after Pearl Harbor, and it was a familiar note to Americans. It was to be our food, of course; the great flood of food which we could grow and should not need.

When President Roosevelt sent a message about food to Congress late in 1943, the language had changed. He was still thinking in world terms, but the inclusive words "feed the world" had been replaced by the limiting words "assist the world." We were to help other nations regain their productivity; we were not to feed them ourselves.

The realization that we had no surplus to back up our original declarations came slowly. Out in the country, voices were raised here and there from the agricultural colleges, with a further disquieting effect on people who were thinking of food in terms of 1930 or 1900.

Cornell College of Agriculture economists pointed out that our only food reserves were in wheat and livestock on the farms — enough to feed Allied and liberated countries three weeks. Or if we took the radical course of slaughtering our livestock to go on a full cereal diet, and thus increase our ability to feed others, the livestock would supply our people with food for about three months. But with people instead of livestock eating corn, we should still be able to supply only a fourth of those in Allied and liberated countries.

"During the past twenty-five years, the population has increased about a third, but during the same period our total production of food and feed crops increased only a seventh," said Dr. M. C. Bond, another Cornell economist. That is one of the reasons for the difference between our first promises and our power to deliver. It comes from deep in the nation's economic heart.

Some people were reminded of a sentence in a report of the National Resources Board: "There has been no notable increase in crop yields for several decades."

Professor H. C. M. Case, head of the Agricultural Economics Department at the University of Illinois

College of Agriculture, carried the scholar's view to the 1943 convention of the Illinois Agricultural Association. One of the fundamental reasons for the wartime food pinch, he declared, was the failure of production to keep pace with population over the past thirty years.

"From 1914 to 1939," Professor Case said, "the population of the country increased one third, or by 33 million persons, while the production of all foods per person was 8 per cent less at the beginning of the present war than during the period 1910-1913.

"From the period 1916-1918 to the period 1941-1943, the amount of livestock (excluding horses and mules) has declined from 1.11 to .99 animal units, or 10 per cent per person. The major change in meat animals was a 16.1 per cent decline of beef cattle per person.

"For the same periods the production of the five principal grain crops declined from 48.2 to 40.3 bushels per person — a decline of 16 per cent. In fact, for fifteen years prior to the present conflict the imports of food products into the United States exceeded our exports in value."

At a later point Professor Case said, "Our sense of security as far as food supplies are concerned is largely the outgrowth of seven years of unusually high yields of grain. For the seven-year period beginning in 1937 and continuing through 1943 the average yield of our major crops was about 12 per cent higher than the average of 1935-1939, which was a representative period. . . . The 1942 and 1943 production of milk, meat, eggs, poultry, and wool was also unparalleled in our agricultural history and can be attributed to seven years of abundant feed supplies of all kinds. Even with these abnormally good years, however, the production per capita was slightly less than that of the years of high production during and at the close of World War I."

Professor Case summed up these figures with the observation, "This indicates how close we are to the margin of adequate food supply on the basis of existing standards of consumption."

A few weeks later Professor Case went to Bloomington to talk to some Farm Bureau members. He told them that during these seven years of favorable weather, enough extra food was produced to equal four fifths of an additional crop of average size. When dry, unfavorable years return, we shall look to our food resources with fresh anxiety.

Good weather is not the only factor which has hidden the truth about our productivity. George D. Scarseth, a soil chemist at Purdue University, told Illinois farmers at their 1943 meeting that "evidence of bottlenecks in fertility of the soil is piling up year by year," though hybrid seed corn has tended to

obscure it. "The hunger signs are there for anyone to see." There is a tendency for the corn leaf to die down the middle in what farmers call "dry-weather firing." But this blight has nothing to do with an occasional dry spell. It is proof that the plant is starving for nitrogen.

## 3

**I**F THE decline in production as related to population is news in farmers' meetings, it may seem even more strange to city dwellers. The idea that we are a country of great exportable surpluses will be a long time dying. It is too bad that those who keep it alive cannot talk with McLean County farmers and with soil experts. They would be convinced, not only that production has failed to keep pace with population, but that irreplaceable resources of fertile topsoil are gone forever.

Let us stand at the top of a gently sloping pasture and watch Howard Pantlen and his tenant. They are hitching a special ground-breaking plow to a tractor. With no more fanfare than a casual wave of the hand, it begins to move steadily, turning the kind of sod which once yielded to the pioneer a foot at a time, and then only to the lunges of six oxen. This is one of the few remaining patches of the virgin prairie soil. It has been in one family for several generations and so has escaped the merchants of fertility. Until the need for food became so great in this war, it had never been used for anything except grazing.

Nobody knows how many acres of like ground felt their first plow after the outbreak of World War II. Certainly there are several thousand acres in similar small areas. In the nineteenth century an Austrian scholar described the flood of food from such land as "the greatest economic event of modern times," comparable to the flow of gold when the New World was discovered. This soil was the economic foundation of industrialism in Great Britain and Western Europe. It pulled down ancient authority and reared new privilege. It struck off ancient chains and forged a new bondage. In this country, it still is the hub of the most powerful industrial system on earth, one now winning its second world war — with all that the defeat of Nazi and Japanese tribalism means to the future of mankind.

In the way of the prairie, the new land will not come into full productivity until its third straight year in corn. But Pantlen knows what it will yield, for another field, first plowed and planted in 1941, came to its full fruitfulness at 120 bushels to the

acre. That is what any reasonably good remnant of virgin prairie will produce for today's farmers.

A yield of 120 bushels to the acre. And in the same season the average yield for McLean County was about 55 bushels to the acre. That is the measure of our land's decline.

Going back to virgin soil is not the only way to reveal the loss the corn belt has suffered. It can be measured by the achievements of the most skillful farmers of today — the most skillful retain or restore the original fertility.

On his farm south of Bloomington, Sam Bayless used limestone, clover, manure, and phosphate to increase yields from 30 bushels an acre to 75 bushels an acre. Ernst Heyn, on rolling timber soil southeast of Bloomington, got 73 bushels an acre in 1943 on land which yielded 30 bushels when he began farming it twelve years before. Howard Layton drilled corn at 12-inch intervals on terraced land. The corn followed alfalfa in soil that was limed several years ago. On this soil, second-rate by prairie standards, Layton produced 122 bushels of corn to the acre in 1943.

The odd thing about the decline is that McLean County knows about it and isn't particularly concerned. For this unconcern there are two reasons. The first is a habit of mind associated all over the world with productive soil. "Where the land is the best," an economist once said, "the people do the least." Second is the fact that, no matter how agriculture is suffering, no matter how yields decline, McLean County is always better off than the vast majority of farm communities. This is true of the whole corn belt as contrasted with less favored areas. This sense of comparative prosperity has, in the past, been a natural deterrent to any improvement of the soil. The best farms have gone on, extracting top yields with the latest kind of machinery and the best seed. Only of late has there been a growing concern for the day after tomorrow.

Governor Thomas E. Dewey told fellow governors that in the long run there could be only one outcome of food shortages such as were felt in New York City during certain periods of the war. Human beings, he said, will push the pig away from the trough and eat the corn themselves. He was quite right. His temper was ruffled over the shortage of corn for Eastern livestock, but he was only saying what the late Dr. George F. Warren, Cornell University's famous economist, had said twenty-five years before: "When men get hungry, they will prefer to eat seven pounds of corn rather than one pound of pork."

If America ever has to shift to a cereal diet, it will be because the mass of the people cannot afford to buy the meat and dairy products they prefer.

To city people wondering about the future price of food, the most important land in the country consists of a half-dozen little plots on the campus of the University of Illinois. A small boy could throw a rock across them all; yet they tell the story of the fall of empires.

For sixty-five years they have been planted to corn, the crop which in large measure determines the price of meat and eggs and dairy products. One plot has been planted to nothing but corn, year after year; others to corn in various combinations of fertility-saving rotations. During the twelve-year period from 1910 to 1921, the cost of a bushel from the "continuous corn" plot was 60 cents. During the second twelve-year period, from 1922 to 1933, the cost of corn from this plot rose to 78 cents a bushel. Reason: the number of bushels had declined because of loss of fertility.

It was a different story on the plot using a fertility-

saving rotation of corn, oats, and clover. The cost per bushel here decreased from 41 cents in the first twelve-year period to 40 cents in the second period, because the yield was increased.

A farmer like Tom Dibble has the same effect on food prices as the "continuous corn" plot. Livestock, the best means of keeping his yields high, was too much trouble. His eyes were on quick riches and on town success. So the land yields less and less; what it produces costs more and more.

From the point of view of the town dweller, there is great danger in the methods of farmers like Tom Dibble. They have already squandered much of the splendid fertility on which American progress, both industrially and agriculturally, was founded, and they continue to dissipate our heritage. It is later than we think: let there be enough Tom Dibles on the land, and we shall some day be pushing the hog away from the trough.



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## Lines for Edith Sitwell

by STEPHEN SPENDER

THERE is midsummer  
Opens all the windows  
And drowns the houses  
In scent of dust and rose.

Vibrant transparency above  
The hills is visible.  
At night the stars shine through the silence  
Tangible, audible.

Clear day, you trail  
Whispers of cherry and rambler.  
Sun, you'll gild the leaves to wraiths  
Withered in amber.

Within our distraught gale of days  
My secrecy listens  
To a dynamo of summer that revolves  
Generating what glistens.

Noon, the moon, straws of light,  
The ringed pulsations on the lake,  
Quietness folded on window sills,  
The loads the reapers make.

Would I might *be* the bough which night  
Dips in the dews! And wrung  
From my impregnated phosphorescence  
Honeyed leaf of my tongue.

But I am tied on strips of time,  
Caged in minutes, made  
By men, exiled from the day's brilliance  
In a deliberate shade.

My future seems of prison cells  
Where each hour with a padlock waits,  
Numbered, steeled, amongst my fellows  
Behind the gnashing gates.

Only, some moment slips between the bars  
Of the raging machines:  
It gleams with eternal rumors  
Of the high, midsummer scenes.

Man is that prison where his will  
Has shut without pity  
In a clock, eternity,  
In his fist, rose of infinity.



# RUSSIA REBUILDS

by ANNA LOUISE STRONG

## 1

**D**URING that desperate December of 1942 when Stalingrad fought with its back to the Volga while the Donets basin, the great southern center of coal and steel, was for the second winter in enemy hands, far in the northern woods Russian loggers began cutting timber for the repair of those German-held mines.

It was an act of faith — preparing for a future which depended on the fortunes of war. But that faith was universal in the Soviet Union, one which all Soviet people shared. They believed their Red Army would soon retake those coal mines. They knew the Germans would destroy them before retreating. They knew the Soviet land needed coal and that they must prepare for rebuilding. So the timber was cut.

With the spring floods it was rafted down the Volga, staked, transshipped, and rafted down the Don. Through all the long summer months of high water, the mines towards which those timbers journeyed were still in Nazi hands. But when the Red Army's summer advance drove at last through the mining regions, storming them town by town and mine by mine, timber for mine repair followed barely a week behind the Army, brought to this ruined prairie country all the way from the northern woods.

In the cruel winter of 1941, when the Germans' iron ring closed around Leningrad and its citizens lacked food, then water, then electricity, then fuel; when German bombs and shells hit the finest historic buildings and when every man, woman, and child was working for defense, the city's committee of architects began surveying the city for the repair of future damage that the Germans would do.

Leningrad built a road and a railroad over the ice of Lake Ladoga to bring in the scanty food and to

take out hungry children. The road was bombed daily, and daily refroze. On this road, museum curators secured space in desperately needed trucks to evacuate the most valuable treasures from the city's sixty famous museums, taking them far into the interior of the country. Other treasures were buried deep in cellars. In the city's hardest hour, three hundred men and women were released from digging fortifications to bury four famous groups of equestrian statuary by Klodt on the Anichkov bridge. They dug at thirty below zero and saved these great groups.

"The hardest thing," says Nikolai Belevhov, Chief of Monument Preservation, "was to save palaces and other structures designed by famous architects of the past. These couldn't be buried or covered with sandbags and were special landmarks for shells. Therefore our architects made the most exact drawings of them in all their detail for replacement."

The architects worked under artillery fire and often on empty stomachs. They designed with frost-bitten fingers. They not only faithfully copied every detail of artistically and historically significant structures for rebuilding, but also planned for improving the city, increasing public convenience, recreation, and health. Whenever bombs destroyed ordinary buildings in congested areas, the architects considered turning the space into parks and playgrounds.

Restoration began even before the siege was broken. The heavily damaged St. Isaac's and Kazan Cathedrals were repaired by February of this year. Repairs continue to the Hermitage Museum, to the Mariinsky Opera designed by Cavo, and to the Yelagin Palace, designed by Rossi, which was burned to the ground by incendiary shells. The new plans include a 500-acre park three miles long on the Neva and the Gulf of Finland, which will include several present parks and partly compensate for the destruction of the famous ancient parks in the

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An American author who has lived for long periods in the U.S.S.R. and who is an outspoken admirer of Soviet industry, ANNA LOUISE STRONG sends us via Press Wireless from Moscow her fresh observations of Russian reconstruction.

environs of the city, Peterhof, Pulkovo, Pavlovsk, and elsewhere, in which the Nazis chopped down the trees.

## 2

IT WILL never be possible for Americans to picture either the extent of the ruin left by the Nazis or the Russian passion for rebuilding. Americans tend to assume that the German tactics in retreat resemble the "scorched-earth policy" of the Russians. This is untrue. The Russians never used the term "scorched earth." It was applied in American newspaper headlines. The Russians had a well-planned strategy of evacuating or destroying objects with military and economic value, in order to prevent their use by the enemy. The Nazis, on the other hand, destroyed the homes of the population, the water supply, and all the necessities of life, deported the able-bodied as slaves to Germany, and often murdered wholesale or infected with disease those left behind.

Nazi actions are so far from anything that modern human beings consider normal that the mind refuses to believe even when one sees the evidence of them. I have personally met the twelve Jews remaining in Minsk of the 120,000 who passed through that city's ghetto. Day after day my old friends mention briefly that wife, sister, or child was murdered by the Nazis. The Soviet investigating commissions list the names of the Nazi officers and the dates when they drove tanks over babies to make their mothers betray partisans, or dropped uncounted civilians down mine shafts in the Donets basin. These tactics were a premeditated plan to prevent the healthy revival of "inferior races" even after the war.

The passion for reconstruction that fills the hearts of Soviet citizens when publicly owned properties are again in their hands thus derives from the national will to survive. To this is added that devotion to construction in which Soviet youth has been brought up for twenty years and which war painfully interrupted. In almost every area of reclaimed territory, the Soviet people are performing miracles.

The first steps in reconstruction were taken by the Army engineers in the steady advance. These included rebuilding railroads which the retreating Germans destroyed. Konstantin Simonov, a correspondent traveling with the Army, reports on the furious rebuilding of a bridge:—

"On a dark winter night in wet sleet I met the First Railway Brigade repairing a bridge. This brigade went through the entire retreat from Kiev to the North Caucasus, destroying tracks and bridges behind them with a heavy heart. Now they

worked not with heavy hearts but savagely, throwing off greatcoats and padded jackets despite the severe cold, filling every minute to the utmost, not because of Army orders but because it was necessary to their souls.

"The more completely destroyed the bridge, the more devotedly did they fling themselves on the broken ruins and the merrier was their work. Thus they rebuilt in eight days a bridge that took the Germans thirty-five days to rebuild."

The stages by which the Soviet people restore ruined territory are now fairly well standardized. They include a complex program beginning with the removal of mines from the ruins and continue to the rebuilding of ruined farms and industries according to new plans. They include also the healing of infected populations and the moral regeneration of adolescents who have lived several years without parents, without normal social life, and often under the worst possible pressures.

The first task in any city freed by the Red Army is to clean it of mines and filth. This is done partly by the Red Army quarantine advance. Army sappers de-mine the main thoroughfares, and Army burial squads dispose of most of the corpses left by battle (Soviet figures on enemy dead are thus obtained). But the Army does not stop; the advance swiftly moves beyond the city. Control of life and reconstruction passes at once into civilian hands.

Cities are invariably not only badly ruined but at first are almost devoid of people. But as soon as a city is freed, people begin rapidly returning. All along the roads to Minsk I saw them plodding, carrying babies and household goods. In the city itself they crept from holes in piles of debris. They were ragged, often barefoot, and weak from hunger and neglected ailments. The city's population was increased daily by many thousands of such people. Nobody knows for sure how many, for they cannot be found at home.

Finding their homes blown up or in ashes, they moved in with neighbors or made shelters under the ruins. Thousands camped nightly outside the city to avoid bombings, since Minsk was still close to the front. Meanwhile they scrawled messages on the walls of smashed homes: "Darya, where are you? Find me at the Bondrachuks'." Or, "Mother, drop in to the City Soviet. They know where to find me. Olya." Scattered families were striving to reunite.

The city, however, was not in chaos, although it might appear so. Many members of the pre-war city government had never left the job even though they were forced to leave the city. They acted under orders and by a common plan. Some went east, evacuating industries, institutions, and children.

Some became leaders of the neighborhood partisan bands, communicating constantly with the city through underground agents. These partisans were especially numerous in White Russia, where swamps and woods provided natural shelter. White Russian partisans held over half the Minsk district continuously.

The mayor of Minsk, for instance, led a large partisan band which included many members of the city's former police force. He helped harry Germans throughout the war and then assisted the Red Army in retaking the city. His partisans entered with the first Red Army units and immediately began de-mining buildings and policing streets.

Within two days, the City Soviet and three Ward Soviets were listing the population and assigning jobs for the repair of the city, paying for it in money brought in by a branch of the State Bank. All workers got food cards for themselves and their families. This fact alone made everyone hasten to the City Soviet or the Ward Soviets for listing and for work.

Signs blossomed all over the city announcing either "Danger — Mines — Keep Off" or "Mines Clear." Over fifty German supply depots containing wheat, leather, cattle, and other commodities were discovered and placed under guard for common use. Transport workers, electrical workers, and plumbers were repairing carlines, power plants, and waterworks. A special commission was checking accounts of Nazi atrocities and also the claims of patriotic citizens who had saved various municipal structures and who would receive public awards and local fame. (One historic building in Minsk was saved by smudge fires, whose heavy smoke made the Germans believe the structure already aflame.)

De-mining a large ruined city is a long, complicated job. It requires expert supervision, which was supplied by Army sappers and by partisans. In Stalingrad and its suburbs, nearly a hundred thousand mines were discovered. Mines were found in water pails and in desk blotters. In one apartment, coat racks were mined to explode when a coat was hung up. Pianos and victrolas were set to explode when played, and desk drawers to explode when opened. One large mine was connected in an attic with the electric lighting system. The mine was dormant since the power plant had been destroyed and the electric system was not working; but when the lights were repaired the mine would explode, presumably when many residents were in the house.

A year and a half after Stalingrad's liberation, mines were still being discovered at the rate of three hundred a month. Mines are especially dangerous to children, who like to explore and to pick things up in the debris. The utter destitution of the inhabi-

tants also drives them to hunt in the ruins for a knife or broken utensil for cooking food. Such a hunt is very dangerous. Undoubtedly it would often be safer and easier to build a new city in the open prairie than to rebuild a ruined and mined city. But a city site is usually historically determined by factors of convenience and transport. The moral factor, the grim will of the population to rebuild precisely their own city, must also be considered.

### 3

PIERRE COT, the distinguished Frenchman who recently finished a four-month survey of Russian reconstruction methods, told me the health problem created by German filth is most serious. "The Germans contaminated the entire territory which they occupied," he said.

First of all, the Germans were physically very dirty. This fact will surprise many Americans, who know the reputation of Germany for cleanliness and order. Cot explains that the German mind is stereotyped and unable to adapt to new conditions. For whatever cause, the fact remains they were physically filthy in Russia.

"Russians can clean themselves with snow or with sand in an emergency," explained Cot. "War creates filthy conditions which bring lice. The Red Army had bath trains touring the front. Men enter one end, strip, and proceed naked through several cars of steam baths until they are thoroughly clean, then get clean underwear, and wait in club cars reading and playing games while their outer clothing is fumigated. But if bath trains are unavailable, Russian soldiers will strip and jump into a snow bank, cleaning themselves thoroughly. The Germans won't do this.

"The Germans also wear much woolen underwear which collects lice when it gets dirty. The Russians wear linen next to their skin even in winter. Russian winter footwear consists of long strips of linen wound around the feet, which are then thrust into felt boots.

"From all of these causes the Russians were physically clean while the Germans were not. Typhus spread wherever the Germans were."

The Germans used back yards and streets as latrines. A village woman near Bryansk told me one of the hardest things was "the humiliation of German habits. They'd take down their pants in the middle of the street even in the presence of women, as if we were all animals."

Every city occupied by the Germans has an accumulation of several years' filth. Sometimes the Ger-



mans apparently deliberately tried to degrade fine places with filth. Thus in the beautiful health resort of Essentuki they made long lines of latrines down the middle of the fine avenues and put a soldiers' cemetery next to the town water supply.

Whatever measures of health protection the Germans use for their own soldiers, considerable evidence shows that they systematically tried to infect the places they were leaving. They made a habit of dropping corpses in village wells, and in Smolensk Province they poisoned the wells with cyanide. They turned patients from the hospitals, telling them they were uncontagious when actually they were in the highest stage of contagion. They often brought typhus cases from isolated villages and planted them in crowded houses along the highways, preventing physicians from attending them. One case is reported in which the Germans enclosed large numbers of weak, aged, and children in a barbed-wire camp and then added many cases of typhus infection.

In every area liberated by the Red Army, health has been the most immediate concern. Often nine tenths of the population have needed some form of treatment, not only for epidemics but because of long hunger and the deprivation of all medical care. Physicians and medical workers therefore entered liberated areas close behind the Red Army.

Pierre Cot especially admires the realistic manner of handling venereal disease like other infections. "The Germans contaminated the country with this. It was a pity, for the Soviet Union had practically got rid of it, which no country ever did before. It is now rampant again in occupied districts and presents a serious problem. Fortunately, doctors have power to enforce the compulsory examination of any suspects and to compel them to tell where they got the infection, thus tracing it back to its source."

Contagion controls have been brilliantly handled. No epidemics whatever spread from the liberated districts, where diseases were rapidly brought under control. However, health reconstruction is a long-range problem.

Long-range health reconstruction includes the problems of malarial regions where the Germans not only destroyed hospitals and laboratories but the entire network of drainage and irrigation canals. In such areas, Soviet health authorities in 1942 examined over fourteen million people for malaria, and dusted nearly a million acres of swamp land with paris green. Similarly, endemic goiter again became widespread under the Germans in areas of the North Caucasus where the Soviets had controlled it before the war by prophylaxis, including iodized salt. This work is beginning over again.

## 4

HEALTH, of course, is only one of a hundred problems. The entire fabric of modern civilization — industries, farming, schools, theaters — must be rebuilt. Hence every government commissariat, whether of health, education, or heavy industry, has a special section for liberated areas. The federal government devotes attention to large-scale enterprises but expects local authorities to rebuild houses and municipal utilities, and to produce consumers' goods, for which, of course, they get government credits and some materials. Public sentiment takes pride in doing the maximum of reconstruction with the minimum of federal help.

Local heroes — and sometimes national heroes — are workers who through cleverness or persistence create something from scrap and debris. Electrical workers along the Dnieper celebrate a worker named Duz who collected from scrap enough wire to make seventy miles of electric cable for interurban communications. Stalingrad tractor plant workers are tremendously proud that they succeeded in reconstructing machine tools from bolts and bits picked up from the wreckage of the tractor plant.

In Istra, sixty miles from Moscow, the people had to rebuild the entire town. Neighboring woods supplied timber but a sawmill was needed. Instead of asking help from the government, they found a car wheel in some railway wreckage, parts of a ruined tank somewhere else, and other bits of machinery left after the Red Army had salvaged everything it could use. From these miscellaneous remnants they created a sawmill which was the local pride.

A brilliant example of municipal initiative was given by Kharkov, a great industrial city with a pre-war population of over 800,000, which dwindled under the Germans to about one quarter of that number. The Red Army stormed Kharkov on the evening of August 21, 1943, entering before dawn on August 23. By nine in the morning, city departments had already arrived with food which was distributed throughout the afternoon under shellfire.

The first equipment to rehabilitate radio, telephones, and telegraph — all communications were of course destroyed by the Germans — was brought in by aeroplane the day after liberation and included switchboards, high-frequency apparatus, and a 1500-watt radio station to give the people news. Temporary public telephone stations were set up in various sections of the city pending the general repair of the telephone system, which took much longer. Four days after the Germans were driven out, a newspaper appeared and two motion picture theaters

opened, while a concert troupe from the famous Vakhtangov Theater arrived from Moscow to give a concert. This was not the first, for a troupe from the Kiev State Opera — the best dramatic organization in the Ukraine, but evacuated to Irkutsk in Siberia for the duration — performed in Kharkov two days after the entrance of the Red Army.

To anyone who knows the extreme difficulty of individual travel from town to town in the wartime Soviet Union, the sudden appearance of a concert troupe from Irkutsk at Kharkov seems little short of a miracle. This combination of individual initiative with national planning is the finest flowering of Soviet experience gained during the three five-year plans.

## 5

THE most spectacular example of centralized planning combined with local action was in the reconstruction of agriculture. At the end of August, 1943, the federal government issued a decree ordering approximately 600,000 head of livestock returned from eastern areas to the liberated districts from which they had been evacuated two years before. Representatives of the liberated farms traveled eastward, where they checked cattle with the veterinary and delivered them to herders for delivery a thousand miles to the west. The entire transfer was controlled by the Commissariat of Agriculture, which planned routes providing water and fodder.

Within ten days, hundreds of thousands of animals were traveling by train, by boat, but mostly on foot. The eastern farms which had used the animals for two years returned 40,000 additional head as gifts. Also over a million head were bought on credit from the eastern areas where livestock breeding had been especially stimulated in expectation of this need. By January 1, 1944, — some four months after the decree, — the liberated farms had received 1,700,000 head of livestock. Meanwhile, timber from the state forests was given to the farmers to rebuild stables. In the Oryol district alone, farmers in ten days built winter shelter for 26,000 head. Remember, these farmers themselves were half-starved, half-clothed refugees just escaped from Nazi hands.

All the architects in the Soviet Union are working overtime planning future Soviet cities and rural areas. Soviet cities already had city plans, but the present plans provide for wider streets and more lakes. For instance, several factories in the center of Odessa will not be rebuilt, since the space can be better used for parks and cultural buildings.

Kreschatik, the most famous central street in Kiev, will be widened from 115 feet to 165 feet. Stalingrad, formerly a mushroom industrial giant, will acquire an enormous central park and four fine parkways paralleling the river, including a wide recreation parkway on the Volga bank.

Architects are also replanning typical modern villages for the Ukraine and White Russia, where thousands of villages must be entirely rebuilt. The chief feature is the separation of the residential area from the production area. The residential area includes homes with space for a garden and orchard and a small barn, while workshops, machine shops, granaries, and livestock farms are located in the production area near large, coöperatively farmed fields. The entire south shore of the Crimean peninsula is being replanned as a unit, including much reforestation, since the Germans cut down the trees. The vineyard belt, from sea level to 800 feet in elevation, provides for maximum use of this fine grape country. Chains of sanatoria and health resorts at various levels will enable doctors to move patients up and down according to the season and the patient's health. Incidentally, Soviet plant specialists have devised a method to hasten the regrowth of valuable trees. They make grafts in the trunk, using a growth-promoting substance, thereby giving the new growth the use of the extensive underground root system of the old tree.

The tasks of restoration are infinitely complex. Not only must the Soviet Union rebuild ruined factories and cities. Around Stalingrad, for instance, the Russians must even restore the earth, so extensively have repeated bombings upturned the sterile soil. Still deeper are the wounds in the souls of children who saw their mothers killed and their sisters ravished and who, months afterwards, still awaken screaming from nightmares in the children's homes. In every Soviet family are losses that can never be compensated, of loved ones who will not return.

The Soviets, therefore, seldom speak of "reconstruction," but rather of "construction." They seek no mere restoring of the past. They are building on the present — which includes ruined lands and greater lands unruined — a future better than anything before. To this they dedicate all the resources of the Soviet land, its individual initiative, and its socialist economy. Those resources, both material and spiritual, are very great — so great in fact that Pierre Cot, after a four-month survey, expressed to me his conviction that fifteen years hence all the ruined country will be more advanced than if there had been no war.

# YOUNG FANNY KEMBLE

*As Seen in an Old Diary*

by M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE

## 1

ALL manner of things may be learned from old diaries — not only matters of definite record, but odds and ends of miscellaneous lore. A single instance, possibly not at all surprising to others but certainly so to me, has come to light in a manuscript journal of the year 1833, in which I have found passages of considerable interest. The young woman who wrote it was obviously a person of intelligence and cultivation. She made frequent references to a house on Chestnut Street in Boston, and she invariably spelled Chestnut *Chesnut*.

To identify the inhabitants of the house, I looked at a Boston Directory of 1833. There I found *Chesnut* and no other spelling for the name of the street. How about maps of the time? Still *Chesnut*. How about Philadelphia? Again an old map, and again *Chesnut*. Then to the Oxford English Dictionary, and behold! until about 1820 *Chesnut* was the accepted spelling. From that abundant source I learned also that Dr. Johnson had slipped the *t* into an alternative spelling of the word in his Dictionary. For all this lore, I have the old diary to thank.

That document led me also to look into Boston newspapers for April and May, 1833. Some of the yellowed pages of manuscript had to do with Fanny Kemble, fresh from those triumphs on the London stage which had averted the bankruptcy of her father's Covent Garden Theatre. The Boston engagement was but one brief episode in the long theatrical life of Charles Kemble. For his daughter Fanny it fell within the fourth of the five years on the stage ended by her ill-starred marriage with Pierce Butler, of Philadelphia and Georgia. She hated the profession of an actress. "Horror, horror," she wrote in her American journal, "how I do loathe my most impotent and unpoetical craft!" Under the spur of necessity she did indeed recur to it in

England for a fraction of the forties before discovering, even before her divorce, that she could employ her great talents, both enjoyably and profitably, in the "Shakespearean Readings" with which for some twenty years she delighted an enthusiastic public on both sides of the Atlantic.

The Boston newspapers, from which I have strayed for a moment, proved an unrewarding quarry. There was hardly an approach to theatrical criticism. The *Advertiser and Patriot* went so far on April 17, 1833, as to say of Charles Kemble's appearance in Hamlet, "His acting is chaste and dignified, and made a strong impression on his audience. Last evening," it went on to say, "Miss Kemble appeared in the character of Bianca in the Tragedy of Fazio, and was enthusiastically received by a very crowded house. Mr. Kemble sustained that of Fazio with much power."

It fell to a correspondent of the *Advertiser*, signing himself A.Z., in communications early in the Kembles' engagement, to display the qualities of a dramatic critic. "Their visit to this city," he wrote, "I consider as a public advantage. It temporarily redeems one of the amusements of the people from its ordinary degradation, and shows to those who have the direction of it, and to the public, what the stage might be and ought to be — what it would be, whenever the patronage of this opulent and enlightened metropolis is judiciously and liberally directed to the object."

Another journal of "this opulent and enlightened metropolis," the infant *Transcript*, merely reprinted from the London *Athenæum* two stanzas of Tom Hood's amusing rhymes on his experience at Fanny Kemble's farewell performance at Covent Garden, before this American tour, when she threw a bouquet into the audience and Hood, poor fellow, after a struggle involving serious injury to his clothes and person, secured only a Bachelor's Button.

Perhaps the papers of New York, Philadelphia,

Fanny Kemble came to Boston in 1833. The effect she had on the Brahmins is delightfully recorded in this Diary which has been resurrected by M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE.



Baltimore, and Washington, where the Kembles had appeared before visiting Boston, rose more adequately to the occasion. Perhaps there were local counterparts of the Boston announcement that in view of the demand for boxes at the Tremont Theatre, and in order to circumvent the speculators who were buying them up for reselling, the management offered one half of them at auction. This offer does not appear to have led to wild extravagance, since the *Advertiser* of May 10 announced that "the highest premium paid yesterday for boxes at the Tremont Theatre was six dollars — total \$46." From Fanny Kemble's own journal during her stay in Boston — at the Tremont House directly opposite the Tremont Theatre — we learn of the pleasure she took in looking from her window at the line of ticket purchasers crowding the approach to the box office. Such were the pushing and jostling, she delighted to learn, that some of those in the turbulent line smeared their clothes with molasses, sugar, and the like to keep others, in decent raiment, at a safe distance.

From the *Transcript* on the day of the Kembles' leaving Boston, May 18, one learns of another crowd assembled early outside the Tremont House, to wave farewell and pelt with flowers the departing favorite. All they saw was her father with a friend or two, mounting a coach heavily laden with baggage. Later they were to learn that Fanny had slipped away in a private carriage drawn by two horses. It was a grievous disappointment, especially to a large number of excited girls. "Every young girl, who could," wrote Colonel Henry Lee when Fanny Kemble died sixty years later, "sporting Fanny Kemble curls. To be thought to look like Fanny Kemble was their aspiration."

It was by no means only the young girls who fell under the spell of Fanny Kemble — herself only twenty-four in 1833. The romantic story of the saving of her father's fortune had preceded her, and when she came, in all the vitality of intelligence and passion, and all the charm that her inherited and other associations in London could add to her native graces, it is no wonder that a society not completely removed from colonialism, nor grown into a sophistication that was yet to come, should have taken her to its heart.

Fanny Kemble's appeal was to young and old alike. Students of the Harvard Law School saved all their money to spend it on her performances. Again there is the testimony of Colonel Lee: "As for us Harvard students, we all went mad. So long as funds held out, there was a procession of us hurrying breathless over the road to Boston, as the evening shades came on; then a waiting in the narrow

entrance alley, packed like sardines in a box, until at last we were borne along, with peril to flesh and raiment, into the pit, where we sat on the unbacked benches, absorbed, scarce knowing when and where we were, and regardless of our sometimes *sans-culotte* condition."

When Judge Story, the great Harvard teacher of law, was asked how he reconciled his Puritanism with his admiration for this actress, he replied, "I don't try to. I only thank God that I'm alive in the same era with such a woman."

## 2

Now at last for the manuscript diary to which I referred at the beginning of these discursive remarks. It was kept from March 12 to August 21 of 1833 by the youngest daughter of President Josiah Quincy of Harvard, Anna Cabot Lowell Quincy, so named for an intimate friend of her mother. In 1840, about the age of thirty, she became Mrs. Robert C. Waterston. At the time of these entries she was a girl not far beyond twenty, with gifts that expressed themselves later in verse and devoted friendships. The keeping of diaries was very much a family habit. This one was undertaken for the purpose of keeping her older sisters Margaret (Mrs. D. B. Greene) and Abigail informed about domestic happenings during their absence on a long journey to the South.

The very first page sets the tone of the journal and states its object: —

"The last image of you, my dear Margy, which is left upon my imagination was the broad disk of your prodigious black cloak, as you scrambled into that vast and uncertain region called the inside of a stage coach, and even that vision was soon shrouded from my aching sight, and the last wheel of your equipage as it departed rolled methought merrily away, one good omen at least for your journey. Like the uncertainty of what is before you does the vacant pages of my journal book glare in my face, and as little do those who go as those who stay know what is to come, but as I do not mean to sentimentalize I will leave the future to the fates and in recording each passing hour, either sad or gay, leave at least some remembrance of what has occurred during the time you are far away. After your departure we 'packed up our tatters,' not, thank fortune, to follow a *drum*, but to be driven by a Major [family coachman], and soon after bidding adieu for the last time to Chesnut [*sic*, as throughout the journal] Street . . . fled back to the classic shades."

These, for the diarist's family, were then the sur-

roundings of Wadsworth House in Cambridge. Professors and students, ladies of Cambridge, President Jackson rising from a sickbed to take his honorary degree at Harvard, Edward Trelawney shedding his Byronic light through report from Saratoga — these and others drift in and out of the story, touching on many social and academic events of the time. No single topic recurs more frequently than the excitement produced by the appearance of Fanny Kemble and her father at the Tremont Theatre in Boston, and here no other topic will figure.

It would be tedious, even if it were possible, to identify every person incidentally mentioned in the narrative. Suffice it to say that two older sisters of the diarist, Susan and Sophia, were at home, that 50 "Chesnut" Street was the Boston house of her sister Mrs. Greene, in which her brother Edmund was living before his marriage, later in the year, with Lucilla Parker, and that her brother Josiah was already married to Mary Jane Miller — two matrimonial items accounting for the names of Parker and Miller in the narrative that follows.

Here are the Kemble portions of the diary: —

TUESDAY, April 17th. [Miswritten for 16th]

Sophia and I went into town. Went first to Mrs. Parker's. Found that they had been the evening before to see Kemble in *Hamlet* — Miss K's first appearance was to be this evening, and I "was wild" to see her. Everything, of course, in true *Star* confusion about the tickets, all things uncertain, but if possible determined to go to the Theatre first and then to a party at Mrs. Harry Otis' [Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis]. Sophia waited in town in hopes of finding Papa arrived, but no stages came in and there the hapless child remained all day in hat and cloak, a victim to uncertainties. As the day wore on and nothing was heard of the tickets, I began to give up all hopes of them. However, thought I would dress for Mrs. Otis' before Sophia went out of town, and lucky it was I did so, for just as I was ready, and at nearly half past six, Josiah flew in and said he had three tickets in No. 5. This was delightful and at a little before seven, Susan, Josiah and I drove to the Theatre.

We were just in time and found excellent seats. The play was "*Fazio*" or "*The Italian Wife*," a tragedy of the deepest kind with much stage effect, though miserably written. . . .

[The play of *Fazio*, published in 1815, was an early production of H. H. Milman, still pursuing his studies at Oxford. It does not relate itself at all obviously to his later work as the historian of Jews and Early Christians, the biographer of Gibbon, and the Dean of St. Paul's.]

The play was one admirably calculated to show off Miss Kemble, who entirely equalled, indeed passed my expectations. Her grace, the expression of her countenance, her shrieks, her starts, are admirable. Her voice has rather too much stage tone, but there are tones of it which went to my heart. Her great power, however, is in her attitudes and her expression — and her *laugh* of agony and insanity was truly horrific. The moment which I think produced most effect on the house, was at the moment when *Fazio* is to be led off to execution in the prison. She has just been imploring the Jailor to delay a few moments, in the most passionate manner, when the bell tolls, the sound of which seemed to turn her into marble. She stood rivetted to the spot — her eyes fixed, her cheek pale and ashen. *Fazio* embraces her but she is entirely insensible of it, and he is led off the stage leaving her the solitary figure. She stood, I should think, five moments — a perfect statue — and the deathlike stillness that reigned over the crowded audience, every person seeming to hold their breath, was very striking. "She stood the bloodless image of despair" until the bell tolled again. At that sound the full sense of her wretchedness seemed to rush upon her mind — and nearly to destroy it. She gave a start, which everyone seemed to feel, and with one of her thrilling screams of agony, rushed from the stage.

It was a most tremendous affair altogether, and although I did my best to hold up my head like a person of fashion and to conceal my tender feelings, it was in vain, and the more I tried the more I cried. Miss Hodgkinson, who sat next to me, was even more overset. She is quite intimate with Miss Kemble, having come out in the same ship with her from England, — it was the first time, however, that she had ever seen her on the stage, and if it had been her own sister she could not have seemed more deeply interested in her. Then the curtain fell, Miss H. and I turned our weeping glance on each other, and neither could resist a smile at the idea of our being fit to be seen at Mrs. Otis'. However, as Bianca herself was to be there, we determined to go. Exchanging a few half smothered expressions of our "tearful joy," we prepared to leave the box.

John Codman came to the box door, and gave his arm to the weeping fair one, — I was almost ashamed that he or anyone should see how much I was affected, and did my best to stop my tears, which however were flowing in full force when we stopt at Mrs. Otis' door. We remained in the take off room until I looked rather less frightful, but I fear did not shine that evening. Susan and I then descended, Josiah being with us, found the room filled with the usual variety of an Otis party, Miss Kemble, of

course, the universal topic. Talked to Lieut. Sawyer, Mr. Miers, Mr. — [name illegible] etc., etc., but remember nothing worth repeating — went into the other room with Mr. Sawyer. Talked to that wiseacre Mr. Church.

Mr. Church introduced some friend to me, a handsome, but uninteresting youth, but if your future happiness depends upon knowing his name, I fear in my heart it is blighted, for, like Betty Williams, I only know it began with a *B.* but whether a *humble B.* or a *honey B.* I know not. With Mr. B. I went back into the other room and found that Miss Kemble had arrived. I however could not then catch a glimpse of her, the crowd round her being *dense* — not *over* civil it appeared to me, for tho' accustomed to be the object of general attention, it must be a very different thing being stared at in a private party where she appears as a young Lady, and when on the stage. She was sitting down in a window close to the door where she entered, appearing extremely modest and unassuming, and I could hardly believe that this delicate, gentle, subdued, *shadowy* creature, was the Bianca who had been exhibiting such power, and who had made me feel so much. Mr. Kemble is a fine looking man, very much of a gentleman and very little of the actor about him. Miss Kemble drops the character of Actress entirely, and tho' doubtless her manner in company is one of her fine pieces of *acting*, still she chooses her part well, and plays it with good effect.

Towards the end of the evening when there was hardly anyone near her, I went up to speak to Miss Hodgkinson, who was standing by her. She introduced me to Miss Kemble, as I wanted to see her and was not up to *staring* without speaking. We exchanged a few commonplaces, but her voice was so low that I could hardly hear a word she said. She is not handsome off the stage. She has very fine eyes, with very black eyelashes and eyebrows, and fine teeth. Her complexion is coarse and her other features not remarkable. Her head is well shaped and hair dressed like Mrs. Cobb's who, by the way, I think she resembles a little. She appeared like any other young lady, but had a very intelligent expression when she spoke. We were very glad to have an opportunity of seeing her off the stage, and were very agreeably impressed. Soon after this took leave. John Codman went to the carriage with me and I was glad to show him that I could "wipe away my tears." The party was quite a pleasant one, but I had been so wrought up by the play, that I could hardly come down to the commonplaces of a party and beaux and nonsense. Returned to Chesnut St.

WEDNESDAY, April 18th. [Miswritten for 17th] . . .

Seven o'clock again found us in No. Five, at the Theatre. Mary Jane, Josiah, Lucilla, Miss Tidmarsh, Sophia, Edmund and myself. House again crowded and fashionable. Soon after the play began, Mary Jane discovered to her horror that she had forgotten her *pocket handkerchief*, and of all articles, a handkerchief is the most necessary in beholding "The Stranger." What was to be done? To wipe away the tears of tragedy with a pair of gloves was indeed dreadful. I offered *half* of mine, well knowing that I should need it all, but of course she could not take it, and Josiah's *silk one* was almost as unsentimental as the gloves. In this dilemma, I applied to the other ladies, and found to our satisfaction that the provident Sophia had brought *two*, remembering *Douglas*. [Remembered now, if at all, by "My name is Norval; on the Grampian hills."] This was a relief, and all went on. You, I believe, saw Macready in "The Stranger" and will remember that is really heart-rending. [Macready had visited Boston in 1827.]

Mr. Kemble performed the Stranger very well. The other characters were very well supported and Mrs. Haller, particularly in the last scenes, was admirable, and so touching was it that it drew "iron tears" down the cheeks even of the men in the pit. Many of the gentlemen wept, and those who did not were as pale as ashes. I need say nothing about *the Ladies* — they were nearly dissolved. I never saw a house more universally affected, through the vain attempts to disguise it, by ominous *snuffling* and applications of white handkerchiefs. The last scene was really too much, — where the Stranger forgives, but forever parts with Mrs. Haller. Their children are brought in, and her shriek of agony at the sight of them was really electric. Then she falls prostrate at her husband's feet, and the curtain drops. The handkerchiefs were then doubly useful, and the tears we shed were almost more than ought to be wasted on imaginary sorrows.

Mary Jane and I were utterly deprived even of the power of speaking, and only exchanged a weeping glance at each other. Mr. Chaplain appeared at the box door, but not even Mr. Chaplain could check the briny tears, and for my life I could not speak a word in reply to his inquiries as to how I was pleased and, seeing my forlorn state of mind, he politely desisted from talking, and gave me his arm to support my trembling steps. Edmund had the other ladies under his protection, and when we reached the door, he consigned the four weeping damsels to Mr. Chaplain's care while he went to find the carriage, tho' in the agitation of the moment, Edmund entirely forgot Mr. C.'s name and



with various wavings of the hand and repetitions of *Mr.* was obliged to leave it unremembered. We were at last safely deposited in the carriage . . . and sped out to Cambridge. We of course had been much delighted with the evening.

## 3

TUESDAY, *April 23rd.*

Morn'g. Received Abby's letter from Charlotte, with which we were greatly amused. In the afternoon Sophia and I went to town. In the evening went to a party at Mrs. T. W. Ward's for Miss Kemble. It was a very handsome party indeed. Carpet up in one room, very good music, but a dreadful dearth of beaux. Miss Kemble looked remarkably handsome — there is something exceedingly striking in her face, it is one of those that haunt you after you have seen it like some Sibyl or enchantress. I do not know whether it is an agreeable expression, but nothing can be finer than her large black eyes, or more expressive than her flexible mouth. Her frame is very muscular and seems made to express the strongest emotions. She is grace personified and her dancing was perfection, uniting great skill and animation with perfect grace and ladylike deportment. She is indeed a creature gifted most highly, and I should think deserved what has been said of her, that "she is the most remarkable woman of the age." Mr. Kemble was very much fatigued by the part he had been performing, and they staid but a very short time, which was not over and above civil — considering the party was made for her. We passed quite an amusing evening.

FRIDAY, *26th.*

Mama and Sophia paid visits. In the evening Mama, Sophia and I went in to the Theatre, Edmund and Mrs. Parker with us. The play was *Fazio*, which I had seen before, but was even more struck by Miss Kemble's wonderful powers than at its first representation — perhaps from knowing the story I was not as much interested, and therefore could attend more entirely to her astonishing force, grace, and expression. Mr. Kemble has injured himself by some accident and was quite lame, which I regretted on Mama's account, as he is as graceful as his daughter. The house was very full and fashionable and all universally touched or rather impressed, for there is nothing of the same kind of touching scenes as in the "*Stranger*." It was astonishing, "grand magnifique," but did not go to the heart like Mrs. Haller. Came out to Cambridge by moonlight and passed an agreeable evening.

MONDAY, *29th.*

Morning Mr. Wells called — very agreeable indeed. Evening Sophia and I went to town to a party at Mrs. Crowninshield's. House extremely elegant, the most so, I think, of any house in Boston. It was a supper party and every thing in the highest style — all the ladies and gentlemen very fashionable. Talked a long time to Tom Dwight, then to Mr. Hooper, John Codman, Mr. B. Crowninshield, with whom I went into the other room, there found Miss Kemble and her father. Miss K. looked very well, not as handsome as I have seen her, elegantly dressed. She had just come from acting Mrs. Beverly in the "*Gamester*," and consequently somewhat fatigued. . . .

Went in to supper with Mr. Crowninshield — very superb. After supper talked to Mr. Church, who was as silly as usual, then to Mr. Chaplain who seemed in such a bewildered state of mind that I hardly knew what to make of it, but set it down as "another mystery." . . . The handsome Silsbee next approached and we took two or three turns around the apartments, and soon after took leave. It was quite a pleasant evening. Sophia went out of town, but I stayed as I wanted to go to the Fair Exhibition the next day.

[The Fair described in the journal of the next day was held in Faneuil Hall, for the benefit of the Perkins Institution for the Blind. There is no intimation that Fanny Kemble attended it; yet it would be a pity to lose a concluding bit of the narrative, in which a certain flavor of the time is preserved: "The gentlemen then walked home with us and truly Mr. Storer had somewhat of a tramp of it from Faneuil Hall to 50 Chesnut Street. The wind was a perfect gale, and the robes of the fair ones were elevated nearly to their heads. Mr. Storer endeavored to hold mine down, but we at last left them to their fate. Notwithstanding this little contretemps, we had a very pleasant walk."]

TUESDAY, *April 30th.*

. . . After dinner took a nap, and after a short visit to Louisa, at Mr. Hubbard's, went to Mr. Parker's to accompany Lucilla and Edmund to the Theatre to see the Kembles in "*Much Ado about Nothing*." Found E. Grant in the parlour — had a few strains of sentiment. After tea Edmund, Lucilla, Miss Tidmarsh and myself walked to the Theatre. Arrived quite early, had quite a good box. Before the play began Mr. Chaplain came round and favored with a few words, tho' by the way he almost frightened me out of my wits. I had just seen him on the opposite side of the house, gazing in an absent manner thro' a box door, and before I could have thought

it possible he could have turned round, he spoke directly in my ear, causing me to jump in an unbecoming manner. A horde of fierce barbarians soon after rushed into the next box, displacing Mr. Chaplain, and leaving me to my meditations. . . .

The play now commenced and we were extremely delighted with Mr. Kemble's Benedict. He was perfect — I cannot imagine anything better, such a perfectly gentlemanly and characteristic performance, so delicate and yet so playful and spirited. The change from Benedict the determined bachelor to "Benedict the married man" was admirable, sustained by every look and motion. Miss Kemble as Beatrice was spirited, but is affected, I think, in Comedy, which is certainly not her forte. She looked very handsome, most elegantly dressed. There is a great deal that is very disagreeable in the play, but still I can never regret having seen the inimitable Benedict.

Our comfort, too, was somewhat disturbed by our next neighbors, the next box being partly filled by a party of half sort of gentlemen, who had been dining together and who had apparently "passed the genial bowl" more freely than soberly. They were fortunately too much stupefied to be noisy, but were very disagreeable. We staid to the after piece which was very good, "Raising the Wind" in which Barrett acted Jeremy Diddler extremely well. The Theatre, however, struck me this evening as more disagreeable than in any of our late frequent visits to it. Something, perhaps, must be allowed for the impression of our next neighbors, the less fashionable aspect of the audience, and the disagreeableness of the scenes in parts of the play, but still, it is certainly, even at the best, no fit place for "*an elegant female*."

MONDAY, May 13th.

. . . Evening Susan and I went in to town to go to see Miss Kemble, in Julia. (The Hunchback) [Here indeed was a novelty — a play by Sheridan Knowles acted for the first time in London only the year before.] Went first to Mrs. Miller's, had an interview with Mrs. Russell and Louisa. . . . Edmund joined us and at seven proceeded to the Theatre. Were in No. 3, an excellent box. House full but very unfashionable. The play entirely depends upon the performance of Julia, and she did it admirably. She looked exceedingly handsome dressed as usual most magnificently. Kemble had contrived to make himself look like a perfect fright. He acted the part of Clifford (Julia's lover) and looked about old enough to be her grandfather. He was most unbecomingly attired, with long corkscrew ringlets hanging over his face. He has really nothing to say, in his

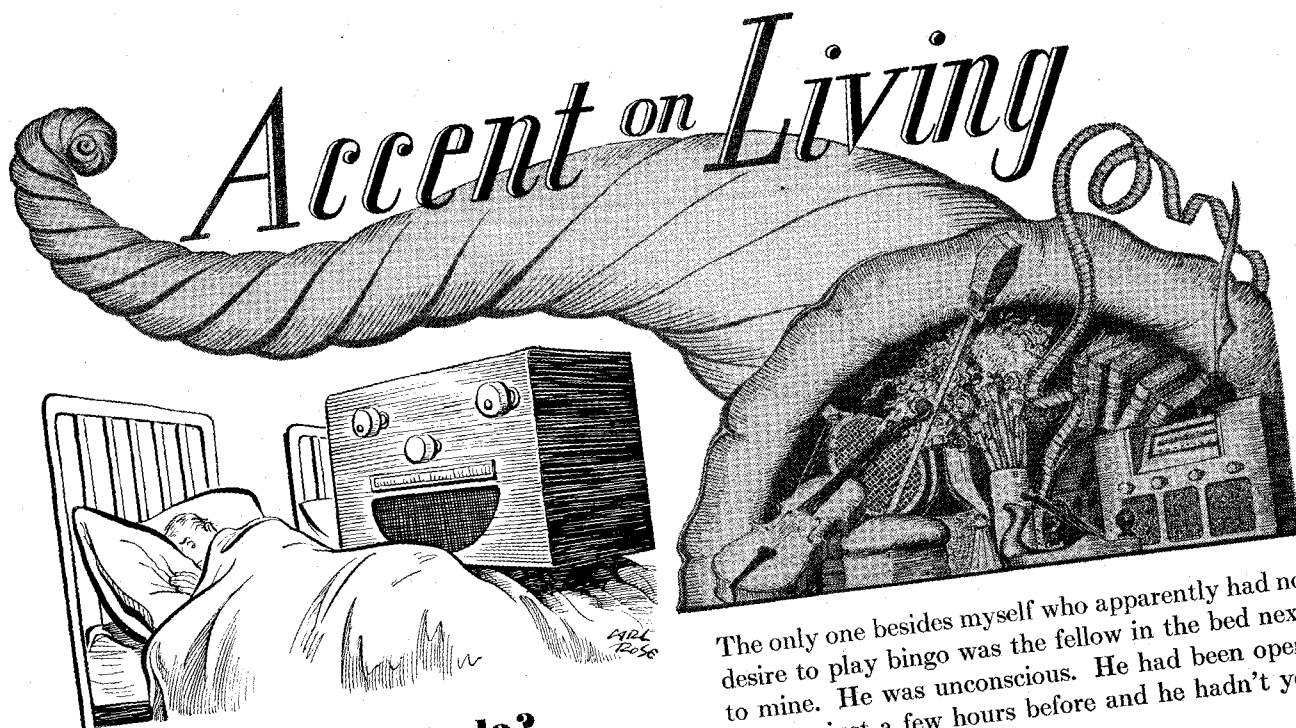
part, and I should hardly have known him. Smith, as Hunchback, did tolerably, but all the weight of the play fell on Julia. She acted admirably, the celebrated "do it" was pronounced in a voice which almost made the audience start, and the tone in which she uttered the other celebrated sentence, "Clifford, why don't you speak to me?" was one of her finest expressions. With all this, she was very little applauded, and there was but one round of applause given to her the whole evening. She seemed excessively exhausted before it was over, and I really felt provoked at the audience for not exerting themselves more. As the curtain fell, I mentally took a final adieu of the fair magician, who certainly has exercised some power over our minds, and certainly during her performances, over our feelings.

There is nothing in the world more beautiful, more striking, than such a gifted, graceful woman, yet while we feel proud of her powers, we cannot but regret to see them only employed in *acting*; however, if she is satisfied, we have no reason to wish it otherwise. So farewell, Fanny Kemble, I thank you for the pleasure and the pain you have given me. You will be long remembered. . . .

In point of time, though not of source, there is an entry in another diary, recording a singular coincidence of the feeling that acting, after all, left much to be desired. This other diary, published long ago, was written by Fanny Kemble herself. On April 15, 1833, the very day of Charles Kemble's first appearance in Boston, in the part of Hamlet, his daughter, sitting in the Tremont House, looking out on the gravestones of the Granary Burying Ground, wrote in her journal: —

"My father's Hamlet is very beautiful. 'Tis curious that when I see him act I have none of the absolute feeling of contempt for the profession that I have while acting myself. What he does appears indeed like the work of an artist; and though I always lament that he loves it as he does and has devoted so much care and labor to it as he has, yet I certainly respect acting more while I am seeing him act than at any other time. Yet surely, after all, acting is nonsense, and as I sit here opposite the churchyard, it seems to me strange that when I come down into that darkness, I shall have eaten bread, during my life, earned by such means."

Had Anna Quincy only known what Fanny Kemble was writing on the very day before she first saw her on the stage, she would hardly have added to her reservations upon the profession of acting, "However, if she is satisfied, we have no reason to wish it otherwise."



## Whose Morale?

By HYMAN GOLDBERG

A LOT of my friends are angry with me because I didn't write to them while I spent several weeks recently in an Army hospital not far from New York City. They seem to think that all I did was lie in bed and that the least I could have done while idling there was to write long cheery letters boosting their civilian morale.

Well, I did lie in bed for a number of weeks, but I was by no means idle. I was far too busy all day long and a good part of the night, too, getting my own morale boosted by a lot of well-meaning citizens who come around to Army hospitals to make sure that the sick and wounded soldiers don't get a chance to become bored and lonely. There were few times while I was in the hospital that I got lonely, but many times when I was near screaming from a surfeit of entertainment.

Towards evening of the day following my operation — it was a comparatively minor one, but it necessitated a long stay in bed — four or five Gray Ladies came into the ward where I was kept. "We're going to play bingo!" cried their leader, her voice full of enthusiasm.

It was too early to get my painkiller and I was in no mood to play any games, least of all bingo. I have never played bingo. I always avoided those neighborhood movie houses where bingo was formerly played and I am not a churchgoer.

However, most of the other men in the ward — there were about thirty — seemed to be delighted.

HYMAN GOLDBERG was a New York newspaperman before he entered the Army.

The only one besides myself who apparently had no desire to play bingo was the fellow in the bed next to mine. He was unconscious. He had been operated on just a few hours before and he hadn't yet come out of the ether.

The Gray Ladies distributed the cards and the counters. I closed my eyes when one of them came to my bed, but I didn't fool her for one minute. "Oh," she said chidingly, "you must play too. You don't want to be the only one not playing, do you?"

I said, "Yes," but she obviously didn't hear me because she put a card down near my face and spilled down some counters. She walked around to my neighbor. I told her he was unconscious.

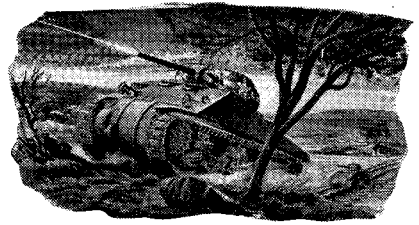
"Oh, that's too bad," she said; "he'll be so disappointed when he wakes up and finds he's missed the fun." She stood there thoughtfully for a moment and then her face brightened. "I have it," she said. There was a medical corpsman sitting by the bed, waiting for the man to come out of the ether. The Gray Lady pointed at him. "You," she said, "will play for him. And if he wins he'll have a prize and he won't be too disappointed in missing the game."

Everybody played bingo. They played for what seemed hours. They played bingo straight, bingo on four sides, and several variations which were too esoteric for me to understand, much less play. Miraculously, my unconscious neighbor did win a prize — a book — and when he came out of the ether he was delighted with his prize and not too disappointed that he had missed the fun.

The next morning, right on the heels of the medical officers who had charge of the ward, the day-shift Gray Ladies came in. There were three. Two had baskets under their arms and the other was pulling a bigger basket on wheels along the floor. They



# How to stop noise



*Every mother and dad will agree that we've pictured below a sure fire noise stopper, when a hungry baby cries.*

*Now let us tell you the story of how automobile makers, faced with their own noise stopping problem, found a solution just as simple which has proved its worth in wartime.*

You'd hear a little chorus of squeaks and rattles every time you drove your car if it weren't for about 20 metal-and-rubber parts at various crucial points.

Such parts cut down vibration and noise because General Motors engineers — always trying to make more and better things for more people —

found a way to unite rubber with steel. And it's a bond so strong that you can't pull it, pry it, or shake it loose.

Then car production stopped, war production began. Soon tanks were pushing off for North Africa, and some of the world's toughest going, in steady streams.

The tracks on those tanks, endless chains of treads, had to be kept tight. Metal links wouldn't do. They wore down too fast. But our experts found that rubber bonded to steel did as good a job defeating wear as it had in stopping noise.

So with treads kept tight by special rubber-and-steel bushings,

our tanks have kept rolling right along over all kinds of terrain. And the men who plugged away and sweated years ago until they made rubber stick to steel have helped to keep our tanks in action all over the world.

In all American industries, thousands of just such ingenious processes were developed because, in our country, men over the long past got just rewards for cracking tough problems.

This way of working helped make America the best place of all to live in. It aids the war effort at every point. And it will certainly produce more and better things for more people as time goes on.

*Every Sunday Afternoon—*

GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR — NBC Network

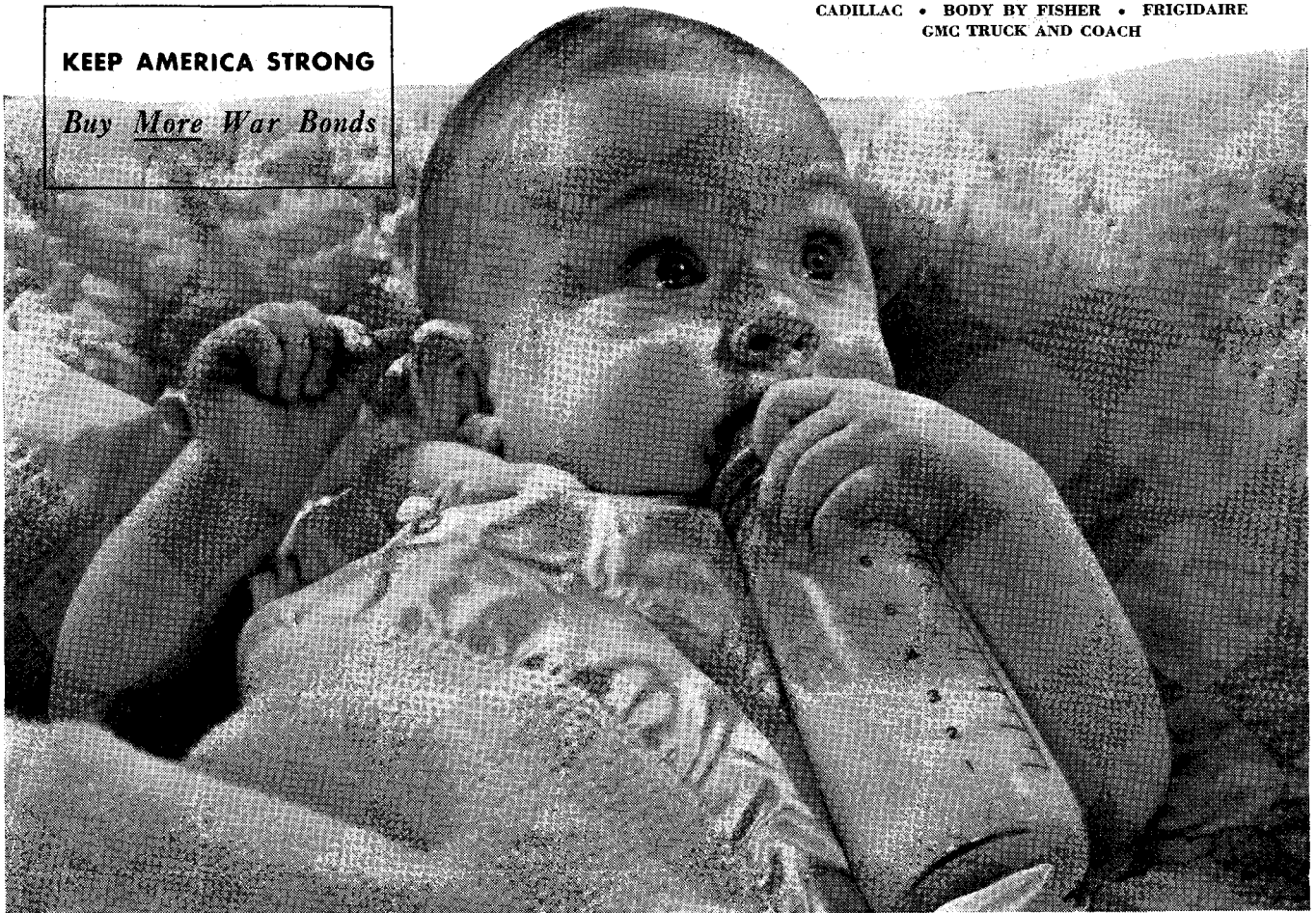
**KEEP AMERICA STRONG**

*Buy More War Bonds*

## GENERAL MOTORS

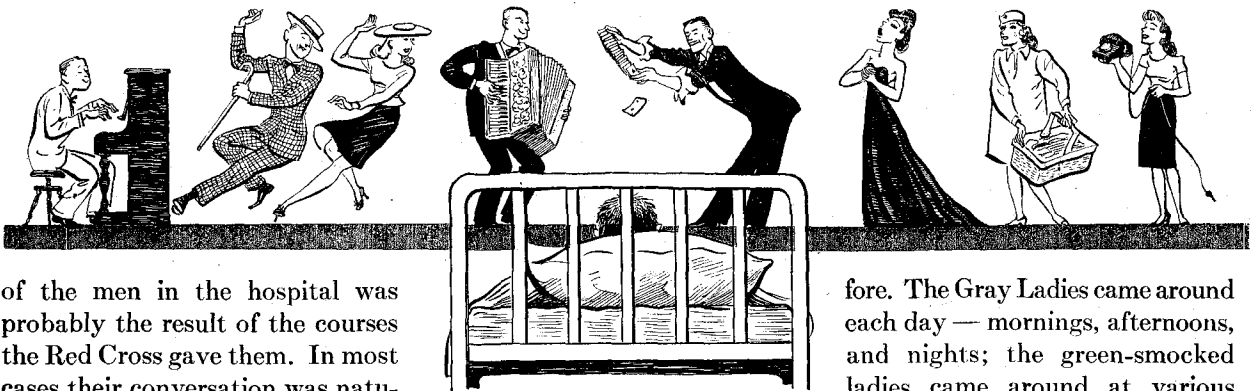
**"VICTORY IS OUR BUSINESS"**

CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK  
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GMC TRUCK AND COACH





In these respects, every day was like the one be-



A more formal sort of entertainment was provided in the evenings. People, generally escorted by a Gray Lady, kept wandering into our ward to build up our morale after supper. Sometimes there were movies from Hollywood and sometimes something



## Meeting of the Incomparables

### For This, Hildegard Was Not Quite Prepared

Through silent streets, a taxi rolled. It turned a corner, drew to the curb with a protest of war-worn tires. From the cab, stepped Hildegard—*Hildegard, the Incomparable!*

Now high-heeled evening slippers tapped down a long corridor to a distant wedge of light. Suddenly, midway, Hildegard stopped. For over the sound of her tapping heels had swirled music so beautiful, so compelling that all conscious action ceased. Hildegard listened, rapt in the brilliance of a classic performance. For a full moment, she stood thus . . . then became aware once more of the commonplace surroundings, of the long corridor and the tiny, lighted room.

In such a room, Hildegard knew, there could be no orchestra. But neither could it be a recording, for no instrument could reproduce music with such sweep, such clarity, such *drama!* But *was* there such an instrument? *Was there?* Yes! For now, as Hildegard en-

tered the room, she realized the full meaning of all the things she had heard about the Meissner radio-phonograph.

"Incomparable," the great Bruno Walter had called it. And "incomparable" it seemed now to Hildegard as sense of sight joined sense of hearing in drinking in the superlatives before her. Her eyes caressed the beauty of the cabinet, moved on to watch in fascination as the automatic record-changer revealed new wizardry in selecting, turning, and replacing its precious cargo.

"If only the Meissner were for sale," said Hildegard, "I would buy it this very moment! It is everything I have ever dreamed of . . . in a radio-phonograph!"

☆ ☆ ☆

Hildegard, had just been listening to the only Meissner radio-phonograph in existence—the final laboratory model perfected just before war turned Meissner's skill to vital electronic war equipment. The priceless instrument is now on loan "for the duration" to the music

room of Mt. Carmel high school, in Meissner's home community.

Luxurious postwar counterparts of the Meissner, complete with Frequency Modulation, Super Shortwave, and other advancements, will bring you all the qualities which so delighted Hildegard. No longer will you be annoyed by the "missing elements" in much of today's recorded music; no longer will you fear record damage. And you can enjoy two hours or more of the world's greatest music — *just as it was produced!*





a little less professional. I shall never forget the stirring pictures of ski jumping at Lake Placid which were shown to us by an earnest and kindly old gentleman. He had made the movie himself and he provided us with a running commentary.

The reel started off with a party of skiers arriving at the jump in a station wagon. There were long and intriguing shots of the skiers waxing their skis. Then came the climax. One of the party, a professional and, I think, a champion of some sort, was shown taking off. He slid down the frightening jump for a number of feet and then the camera must have jumped or something, for there was the skier sliding down the hill after the jump. "I missed the actual jump," said the photographer, "but here he is now sliding down the rest of the hill." I forget now how many hundreds of feet he said the skier had jumped.

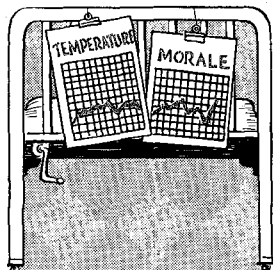
Then there was the fisherman who came to us with movies of himself taken while catching fish. He was a fairly young man but he had apparently spent a good part of his life catching fish. He had a photographic record of most of them.

We could always depend on one team of entertainers. They were a man and woman who came to build our morale every Monday night. The man pushed a small piano into the ward and the woman made a pretty little game of helping him. She was a rather attractive woman and we learned from her, when one of the men asked her what she did every night but Monday, that she sings in night clubs. The man accompanied her while she skipped around the beds, singing. She always asked what songs we wanted, but what she wanted to sing was "Oh, What a Beautiful Morning," "Mairzy Doats," and "Bessie My Mucho." After several Mondays we just asked her to sing those songs to save a lot of trouble. It didn't matter much what she sang anyway, I discovered; what most of us soldiers were interested in was not her voice, but her shape.

Some of the cast of *Oklahoma!* came out to the hospital one night, and after they had finished entertaining the ambulatory patients at the big Red Cross auditorium, they were brought around to the wards to entertain the bed patients. The ward I was in drew about half a dozen of the girls and one of the male dancers. Someone wheeled in the piano and the girls walked around the room, smiling and saying hello to the patients. One of them came to my bed and smiled. She was a pretty, dark-haired girl.

"Hello," I said. "You in *Oklahoma?*"

"Yes," she said, "I'm in the show. Have you seen it?"



I told her I had tried to get tickets several times, but hadn't been able to. She laughed. "Well," she said, "don't ask me to get them for you because I can't get tickets myself. I have to stand in line to buy them for my friends and I hate it. But you shouldn't miss the show." I said I'd try not to.

One night, after I was allowed out of bed and was able to take care of my own morale-building, I was at the hospital's Post Exchange drinking a glass of beer. A civilian walked into the room and we both realized at the same time that we knew each other. He walked over to my table and said hello. We both confessed that we didn't remember each other's name. We exchanged names then and shook hands. He was a lawyer I had run into occasionally several years ago.

"What are you doing here?" I asked. "Visiting someone?"

"No," he said, shyly but with a touch of pride, "I'm an amateur magician, and I come here once in a while to entertain the boys and build up their morale."



## December Stars

By LEAH BODINE DRAKE

THE Great Bear thrusts a bright paw forth  
To rip cold honey from the Hive  
Where hum the white bees of the north.  
The sky-track sees Auriga drive

His blazing chariot through space  
On wheels that burn with frozen fire;  
Across dark depths the Twins embrace;  
Crackling with ice the Chair rolls higher.

Orion, toreador of heaven,  
Now flings his cape against the Bull  
Who charges with his faithful Seven:  
The tide of winter's at the full.

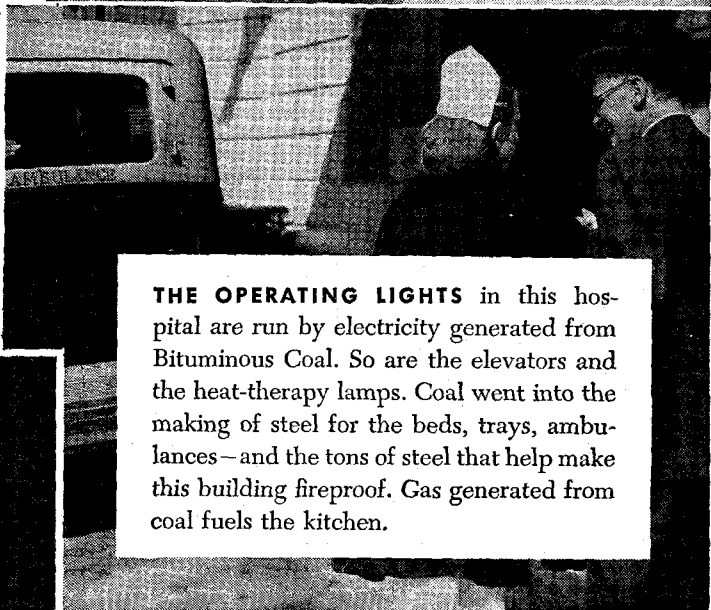
Again the starry shapes combine  
Above the sleeping fields of earth  
To form the old, occult design  
That once shone on a Holy Birth.

And once more lift the eyes of men  
In a wild hope to see a Star  
Which says that Love is born again,  
And guides to where His Mercies are.

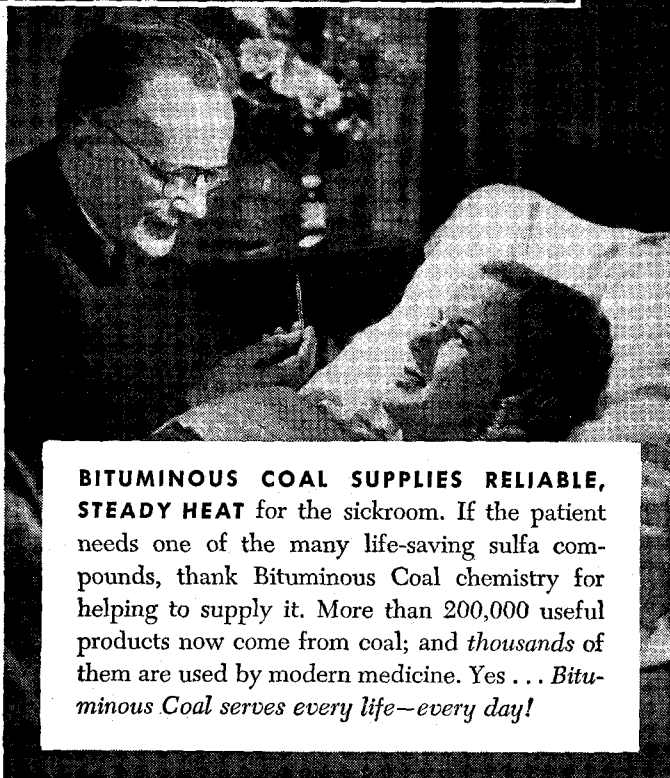
# "COAL HELPS A DOCTOR?" How?"



**COAL SALUTES YOU, DOCTOR**, for your magnificent achievements on the home front and on the battle front . . . and serves you, too! Dozens of medicines in your black bag are made from coal-tar derivatives: laxatives, sedatives, aspirin, and vitamins, to name a few. Bituminous Coal helps provide anesthetics, antiseptics—even surgical instruments!



**THE OPERATING LIGHTS** in this hospital are run by electricity generated from Bituminous Coal. So are the elevators and the heat-therapy lamps. Coal went into the making of steel for the beds, trays, ambulances—and the tons of steel that help make this building fireproof. Gas generated from coal fuels the kitchen.



**BITUMINOUS COAL SUPPLIES RELIABLE, STEADY HEAT** for the sickroom. If the patient needs one of the many life-saving sulfa compounds, thank Bituminous Coal chemistry for helping to supply it. More than 200,000 useful products now come from coal; and *thousands* of them are used by modern medicine. Yes . . . *Bituminous Coal serves every life—every day!*



## "MEDICINE NEEDS BITUMINOUS COAL!"

Last year, to supply the needs of medicine, farming, railroads, home, and factory, the coal industry produced a record total of 589 million tons! This year the industry has scheduled an output of over 600 million tons . . . more coal than has ever been mined in any year in any country in history.

### **Surprising Facts About Bituminous Coal**

1. "A lump of coal is a chemical storehouse" . . . serving doctors, pharmacists, and chemists with *thousands* of useful products.
2. Of the 34 million private dwellings in the U. S., 18½ million are heated by coal, or coke made from Bituminous Coal.
3. Mechanization of mines helps make the American coal miner the world's most productive. He produces about 5 tons a day—compared with 1½ tons a day for the average British miner.

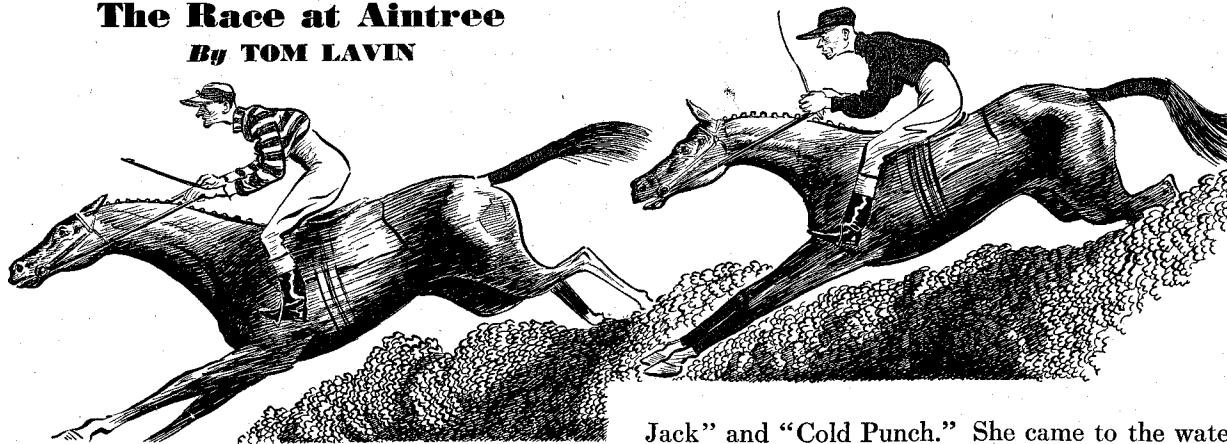
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**BITUMINOUS COAL\***  
**SERVES EVERY LIFE—EVERY DAY:**



## The Race at Aintree

By TOM LAVIN



BECTIVE HOUSE, BECTIVE, CO. MEATH  
17th Nov. 1931

DEAR MR. BIRD:—

First I want to say that you missed one of the greatest sights that has ever been seen over Aintree Course at Liverpool. It is something that I shall remember all my life.

The only thing I can say about the mare is that she must have wings on her heart, or otherwise she could never have performed as she has done.

I sent you a lot of "cuttings" and I have some more to send. They will explain a part of the performance and give you a small idea of the excitement and enthusiasm over the race.

If she had been running in Punchestown, or Fairyhouse, one would not have been surprised at such a reception, but when one considers it, half the City of Dublin, almost all Meath (I might say), and also the Irish in Liverpool, in fact, I think everybody at Aintree, gave her a cheer.

Now, as I saw the race, I want to describe it.

When I walked the course all round and looked carefully at every jump (on Wednesday) I made up my mind then that it was an impossibility for the mare to jump the course, especially as it was her first experience over such terrific fences. However, I took my place on the Grand Stand on Thursday just as the horses paraded down, right opposite the water jump. I need hardly say that I shivered with excitement until the horses started. I had a good pair of field glasses and I never lost sight of the mare from start to finish.

She was first across the first jump, — 2 lengths ahead, — then she was on even terms with "Polorus

Jack" and "Cold Punch." She came to the water jump with desperate determination as she was fighting for her head and she crossed the jump 3rd, taking off about 3 yards in front of it, and landing about 2 yards clear of it. You could hear everybody on the stand say "Oh! what a jump!" Going through the gates she got on even terms with "Polorus Jack" and they raced neck to neck until they came to the Canal turn, where the mare took about 3 lengths off him on that jump. She led then for a good part of the way until "Sir Lindsay" came up to her. This was round the corner opposite the cottages, about 3 or 4 jumps from home where "Sir Lindsay" led her for about less than a quarter of a mile. Between the second and last jump for home they raced neck to neck, both taking off exactly together at the last jump, the mare gaining on that jump about 2 lengths, and then on the flat run home she absolutely walked away from him leaving him eight or nine lengths behind with "Annadale" about three lengths behind "Sir Lindsay."

Both "Sir Lindsay" and "Annadale" were dead beat and staggered home. The condition of "Heartbreak Hill" when she finished surprised everybody. She was quite fresh and had not a hair turned on her. I looked her very carefully over and I could not find even a scratch on her.

I believe Mr. Ussher was the happiest man ever stood on Aintree Course. I stood in the ring with Mr. Ussher and Mrs. Croft waiting for the mare to come in. Farrell, the groom, led her in. She was stopped by the crowd outside the ring and Mr. Ussher and I went to the rescue and got her through the crowd. We were almost mobbed.

I went over on Tuesday night with Mr. Ussher as it was impossible to get a berth on the boat Wednesday night. I came home on Friday.

The bookmakers in Navan and Trim were simply robbed and some of them were not able to pay.

Now I will stop altho I could go on for a month and in the end I could not have told it all.

All the English reporters were after Harry Ussher over the question of her being in the Stud book as

We are glad to share with our readers the flavor of Irish racing so pleasantly conveyed in this letter to Charles Sumner Bird of East Walpole, Massachusetts, from his agent, TOM LAVIN. The mare referred to, whom they bred, was "Heartbreak Hill," who subsequently twice ran in the Grand National. The Mary mentioned in the next-to-last paragraph of the letter is today the young Irish author whose novel, *Gabriel Galloway*, is the current Atlantic Serial.



going to America and Harry Ussher referred them to me, so I think we straightened the matter out right there and then. But of course it cannot be taken out of the Stud book until the next issue.

Then another question arose as to "Don Juan." As you know there were two "Don Juans" in Ireland. One was a French horse but thank God he was not the sire of "Heartbreak Hill."

Now I want to thank you for sending me to Liverpool and suggesting to pay my expenses. I had a small bet on "Heartbreak Hill" for myself which just cleared all my expenses nicely. I had also 10s. for Mrs. Lavin and Mary and 5s. for Christine and Maggie. All the help on the place had their week's pay on her. I believe Kevin got £9.

Mr. Ussher is very confident of the mare for the Grand National, and I can say on the way she finished and so full of going that she could have gone another mile quite easily at the same pace.

As ever,

TOM

## Concerning Miracles

By ELLIOT PAUL

OF HOLLYWOOD miracles, ranging from the earliest De Mille to the latest Zanuck, it is painful to speak. One need only say, "Too easy," and let it go at that. The real, authentic miracle Hollywood can accomplish is to get out a brilliant motion picture every two or three years.

The hazards between the cup and the lip, to put it figuratively, are both numerous and grave. If a story is good before some studio buys it, usually a group of so-called screen writers are goaded until the piece contains so much bilge that it takes another batch of writers anywhere from six months to three years to get it out again. In doing so, they also extract the original story, and then all hands have to hold conferences and think up an entirely new one. This, in trade parlance, is called "licking" a story, and no slang Americans ever have devised is more apt. The story is not only licked, but is punch-drunk, and unfit for further appearance in the ring.

Newspaperman, globe-trotter, novelist, musician, ELLIOT PAUL is writing screen plays in Hollywood, with occasional reports to this department.



About the time a script is "finished," a director is called in and decides to take it apart and do it some other way. And when he is exhausted, a couple of stars decide that one or the other is stealing the picture, or that the theft is being planned by some good character actor unentitled by his salary to "get the girl" (probably on the theory that he could not support a star in the style to which she has grown accustomed).

Any life or sparkle that is left, after writers, producers, directors, and stars get through with it, is extinguished by the Hays Office, which concerns itself not only with public morals, but patriotism, medicine, political theories, economic principles, religious qualms (if highly organized), and even diet.

It was long after we had been fighting and bleeding in this war to end wars that the Hays group was persuaded to declare an open season on Nazis. Before that, anyone who killed one, even to escape from death by torture in a concentration camp, was guilty of Hays-murder and had to serve at least six Hays-years. I have often wondered, in thinking about the fantastic Hays code of crime and punishment, if motion picture addicts wake up in the night and remember how many actors and actresses are

sleeping in graveyards, like Sweet Alice, or languishing in jails and dungeons, because of cinematographic felonies or misdemeanors. I should like to visualize Joan Doakes, of Duluth, staring into the moonlight through her chamber window and counting the days before some favorite heavy's term will be up and he will be free again. What Hays seems to have forgotten is that the actors who do wrong and are punished are all too likely to be at large doing their dirty work in the selfsame theater the same evening on a twin bill.

A Massachusetts jurist, Judge Washburn, whom I never tire of quoting, laid down the principle that it is impossible always to be wrong. The Hays crew have again confirmed this in permitting Preston Sturges's *Miracle of Morgan's Creek* to reach the delighted public without having been sterilized and dry-cleaned. The result is a miracle, in more ways than one; a miracle of intelligent humorous writing, casting, directing, photography, and not only artistic, but financial, success. No one who loves the "art" or "industry" — whichever you like better — can fail to be encouraged and grateful when a genius at Hollywood gets

# CARLING'S ALE

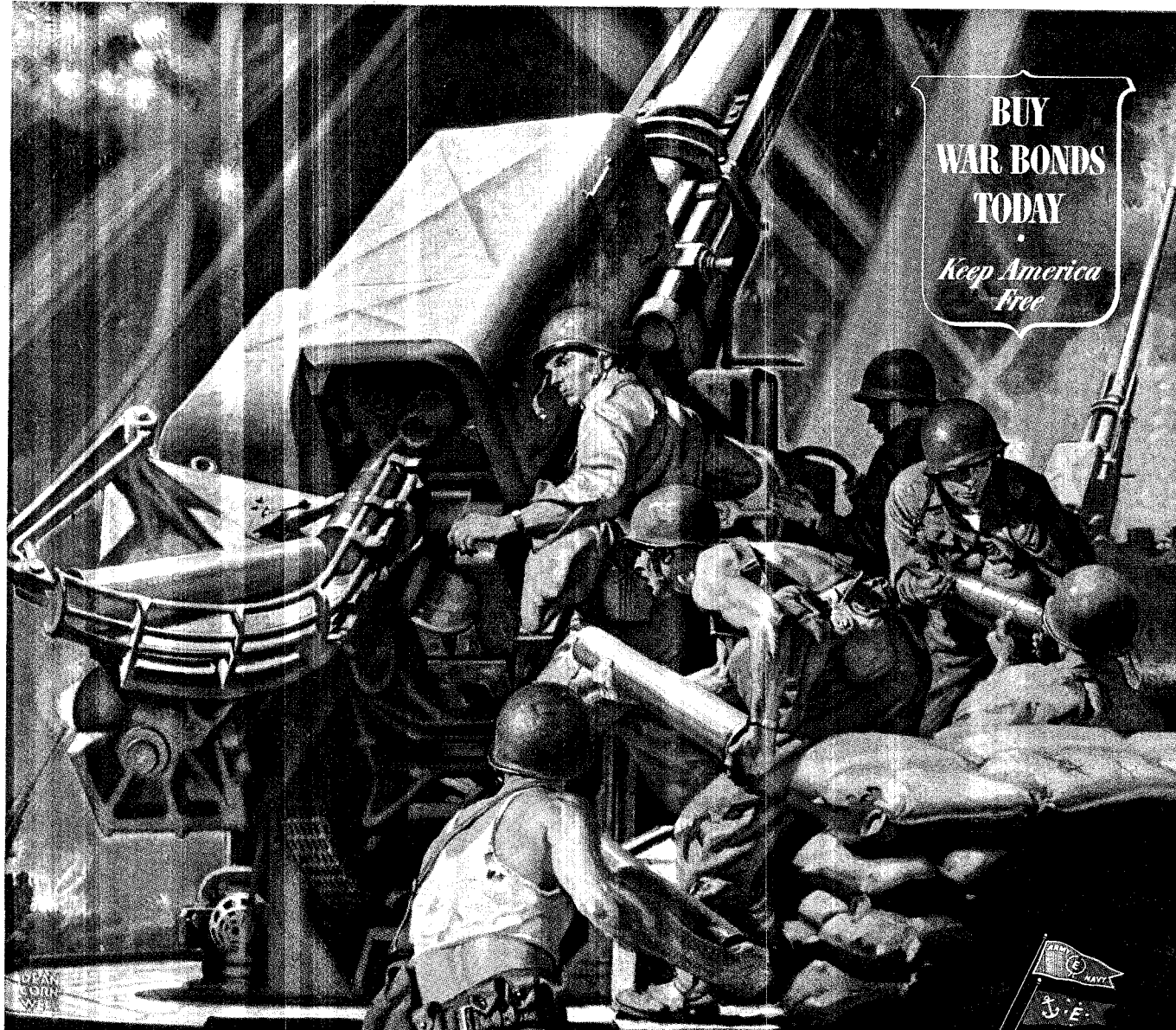
*Since 1840*  
**QUALITY THAT NEVER VARIES**

For more than a century—ever since the day in 1840 when the first Carling's brew delighted the good citizens of London, Ontario—the generations of brewmasters responsible for the world renown of Red Cap Ale have been guided by one simple principle—"Quality That Never Varies".



**BREWING CORPORATION OF AMERICA**  
*Cleveland, Ohio*





# Strato-Flak *by Fisher*

**N**O one had ever seen a gun like this three years ago.

But when bombers took to the stratosphere, Army Ordnance engineers realized the need for a 120-millimeter gun, deadly to both air and ground targets at long ranges, and capable of a high rate of fire. So they worked it out with Fisher Body.

Practically every tool, jig and machine used in production was especially designed for it. But our special pride was the automatic loader and rammer

—a Fisher contribution which can set the timer before the shell is shoved home. A lot of midnight oil was burned before these black mushrooms began to burst at 60,000 feet.

Once more, we were grateful for the Fisher skills and techniques that saw us through. The same Fisher Body craftsmanship that has turned out tanks, guns, bomber assemblies and other armament concentrated on this new puzzler—and came up with the right answers.

*The Army-Navy "E" flies above four Fisher Body plants for excellence in aircraft production and from two others for tank production, while the Navy "E," with five stars, is flown by still another Fisher Body plant for its naval ordnance work.*

Our fighting men rate the best fighting tools in the world. We intend, now as always, to help give them whatever they need, and the best we know how to build.

Every Sunday Afternoon  
GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR  
NBC Network



ARMAMENT  
BODY BY

*Fisher*

D I V I S I O N   O F   G E N E R A L   M O T O R S



the better of the horde of fumblers and actually sets a milestone on the long, hard road to better films. To the list of first-class achievements, among which the discriminating will remember *The Informer* (Dudley Nichols); *The Long Voyage Home* (Dudley Nichols); *Citizen Kane* (Orson Welles); *Holy Matrimony* (Nunnally Johnson); and *The Birth of a Nation* (D. W. Griffith), one may now add *The Miracle of Morgan's Creek*. Preston Sturges wrote it, directed it, and cast it.

Probably the Hays Office let the picture pass because no one understood exactly what happened. As a matter of fact, I do not understand too well myself, but it is the things I do not understand that I like best. In the words of the hymnist, "I do not ask to see The distant scene, — one step enough for me."

As best I remember it, Trudy went out with some servicemen and, after bumping her head, got married to a soldier who was drunk. Just the mere suggestion that a soldier would drink is usually enough to put the Hays Office in a dither.

Anyway, Trudy, not knowing if or whom she had married, finds herself pregnant, and to save her "honor," the accommodating Norval is willing to marry her by proxy. This act of charity turns out first to be a crime and then, after the birth of sextuplets, is mysteriously and conveniently legalized by a corrupt state government.

In the final scene, when Norval's nerves give way and he sees the dreaded spots, we are never sure whether he intends to embrace Trudy or strangle her. After such a hilarious evening it doesn't matter.

Betty Hutton gave to the heroine, Trudy Kockenlocker, her abundant life and vitality, an almost unearthly tenderness and generosity, a blossoming, delectable, and straightforward womanhood that is not Chinese, or French, or Central European, or Scandinavian, or Russian. Betty — what she does and says, how she acts and what she looks like — is the difference between the best American acting and the foreign brands. It points straight into the future of Democracy, of freedom, of equality, and of robust art. Watching Betty in action is like stepping forward into another and kinder century, where women of the future will be lustier, stronger, overflowing with careless love.

There must have been some hot Betty Huttons in the days of Rabelais and Fielding and Chaucer. When the Vikings of yore sat around the board, with roast meat on the table and a hole in the roof for a



chimney, and caroused with their women between them, and the women lifted their bowls of mead and drank whenever their men did, and sang just as loudly, and often dragged the heroes out and put them to bed, there were the ancestors of Betty Hutton. If she does not set a new and wonderful style in screen actresses, — girls who *can* sit on a quarter without leaving "In God We Trust" exposed, who will not break hearts listlessly but solace any number of them magnificently, — then I am much mistaken.

Stars who are jealous of other stars are lamentably mistaken. The fact that Eddie Bracken gave a superb performance, in every way the equal of Betty's, did not detract from her. They built each other up. In *For Whom* there was only one Paxinou, in *The More the Merrier* one Coburn. In Sturges's *Miracle*

were two performers in the leading roles and two others in secondary roles who constituted what one is tempted to say is the first Hollywood cast that could compare with the old Moscow Art players. Each one was truly great. The two I refer to, besides Hutton and Bracken, are William Demarest as Officer Kockenlocker and Diana Lynn as the younger sister.

Bracken as Norval portrayed the wistful young man who is neither brilliant nor handsome and who, because of sensitive nerves, cannot get into a uniform when girls are stirred by nothing else.

MRS. JOHNSON: Couldn't the doctor give you something to keep you calm just long enough for the examination . . . like some whiskey or something?

NORVAL: I'm perfectly calm . . . I'm as cool as ice, then I start to think maybe they won't take me, then some cold sweat runs down the middle of my back, then my head starts to buzz, then everything begins to swim in the middle of the room and I get black spots in front of my eyes, then they say I've got high blood pressure again and all the time I'm as cool as ice.

A phone rings and he jumps four feet straight up in the air.

Years ago there was a small group of writers, of whom I had the luck to be one, who tried using the American language and not copybook English for purposes we hoped would be literature. If anyone thinks that Sturges's lines have not a compelling rhythm as native to us as ham and eggs, that his short speeches do not crackle and his long ones mount through periods to a climax, let him go back to Aristophanes and Shakespeare and Shaw, and read Preston Sturges again. If he is of the school that sighs and says, "My boy, there were actors then," let him hear Eddie Bracken read those lines

From around that corner where television has been holed up for so long, a new and firm probability of fine-quality picture recently came into clear sight. No mirage this time.

To send the new fine-screen picture CBS has been so earnestly advocating, you have to have not only studio and cameras and actors, and field cameras to cover outside games and shows and fights and parades, but a transmitter of a wholly new type—high-frequency, wide-band, first of its kind. CBS has ordered one from Federal Telephone & Radio Corporation. The order is accepted. It calls for delivery within a year. It will go up in the needle of the Chrysler Building in New York, about a thousand feet above the CBS television station (WCBW) in Grand Central depot. From the needle the new transmitter will spray out the first of the new fine-screen pictures, in black and white as well as in full natural color—clear to the horizon...the Orange Mountains, the Ramapos back of Nyack way, the raveling Westchester-Connecticut shore line toward Greenwich, and well down Long Island. Within this first-night dress circle live some 11 million souls, about a twelfth of the nation's total.

Of course, to receive these astonishing new fine-screen pictures you'll have to have a receiver near your favorite chair. CBS doesn't make receivers—but says "...we have complete confidence in the energy, ingenuity and know-how of the receiver-makers to have suitable receivers ready in time to show the pictures WCBW sends out. We're already actively cooperating with Zenith Radio to this end, and welcoming all newcomers."

The service is being planned to unfold to other cities as rapidly as public approval of the new war-born picture-quality warrants. CBS forecasts that the new fine-texture picture will have more than twice the detail of the current coarse black-and-white image... will be projectible on a larger screen ...will show things much more sharply, especially things in motion... and that the use of color will add a

startling degree of stereoscopic depth to the figures. To those who get eye-strain watching television's current prewar-quality pictures, the prospect of the improvement is good news.

Also on order is another high-frequency transmitter from General Electric. This television plant from the "House of Magic" is ticketed for Mount Wilson, overlooking Los Angeles and its environs. It is the point with the remotest horizon thereabouts and thus will provide the largest area for reception.

★

Fifteen minutes after a cluster of liquid gas tanks exploded over an area of 50 Cleveland blocks, four staff members and a mobile broadcasting unit of WGAR (CBS affiliate) were on the scene serving as an emergency communications center. For the first 30 minutes WGAR delayed its public news broadcast, in order to transmit appeals and messages to the Police, Coast Guard and Red Cross. It was the only communications system between the blasted area and the outside world.



After the first relief workers arrived, the unit began transmitting news reports, totalling 7 on-the-scene broadcasts. Mayor Frank Lausche issued the emergency proclamation over the unit's p.a. system. At 9 o'clock that night (Friday, October 20) John Saunders, WGAR announcer, broadcast from a plane a description of the blasted, burning sector.

The unit stayed on the scene for 12 hours until 3 a.m. ★

Mrs. Dwight D. Eisenhower and Mrs. Jimmy Doolittle were among the 15 judges who each had to taste 25 cakes at WTOP's 12th birthday cake-baking contest.

It rained cats, dogs, and pastry that Friday in Washington and the busses were crowded with servicemen's wives and their families bringing their entries to CBS in Washington. They carried cookies and cup cakes and 3-tier jobs weighing up to 30 pounds.

A \$50 prize went to best in the show and \$10 prizes went to the five runners-up. Two sailors showed up with their own handiwork. One was an elaborate layer, edged with lady-fingers. It won \$10. At the judge's table Mrs. Eisenhower said she was worried about gaining weight. Mrs. Doolittle said she didn't care. A total of 375 cakes came in, then went out to military hospitals and service organizations in the area.

★

Kate Smith had finished her own hour on CBS Sunday night, October 15, and at 10:30, on *We The People*, told the moving story of a Jewish family who had been hidden from the Gestapo by their Belgian friends for four years. Then as only she could say it, she added:

"It seems to me that faith in the decency of human beings is what we must have more of, if there is to be a future for all of us in the world... I'm not an expert on foreign affairs and I don't pretend to know all the complex things that will have to be done for a lasting peace. But I am a human being, and I do know something about people... Race hatred, social prejudices, religious bigotry—they are the diseases that eat away at the fibres of peace. Unless they are exterminated it's inevitable that we will have another war. And where are they going to be exterminated? At a conference table in Geneva? Not by a long shot. In your own city, your church, your children's school, perhaps in your own home. You and I must do it—every father and mother in the world, every teacher, every one who can *rightfully* call himself a human being."

In the next few days, 16,000 letters poured into her mailbox.

★

This is

# CBS

the COLUMBIA  
BROADCASTING SYSTEM

I have just quoted. And when he jumps he will laugh involuntarily and feel at the same time the empty ache of old frustrations. Sturges keeps up such a pace from beginning to end that one is not aware of all the nuances and the wealth of pathos and amusement one is experiencing. One leaves the theater happily exhausted, and for a long time afterward recalls separate instances and feels them all over again.



One of the riddles of the universe is that adult parents, while alive, act like amiable nitwits. They are has-beens and don't know it. They try to be dignified and sage, and always are comical. The younger generation is always right, while it is young. It is perpetually shuffling off a lot of hooey and reaching toward more solid ground. Only years and years later is it apparent that both ways of life had their points, and that human progress is a flight of stairs, of which each generation forms one step.

Norval Jones (Eddie Bracken) is the kind of boy who is born to make some woman a good husband. He does not think highly of himself, he is humble, willing, adoring, unquestioning. He has been the goat several times when Trudy (Betty Hutton) and Emmy (Diana Lynn) are discussing the possibility of inveigling him into the ultimate sacrifice.

TRUDY: He was so sweet, honey . . . he said he loved me ever since I wasn't any bigger than a fire hydrant or something, then how he didn't blame me for not loving him because he was so homely in the face and stuff like that . . . and then (*she starts to gulp*) . . . then how he went to cooking class and s-s-sewing class just to be near me . . . (*she starts to yammer*).

EMMY: But he's perfect. . . . He could do all the housework.

TRUDY (*howling*): I couldn't do it to him.

EMMY: Why don't you give yourself up? . . . You ought to have your brains counted.

TRUDY: I just couldn't do it. . . . We'll have to find something else.

EMMY: Where are you going to find another clunk like that one?

That last line, delivered without the exact touch, might seem shallow or contemptuous. Instead it was poignant. It was the man-woman relationship distilled. I frankly wept. Where, indeed, would a girl in distress find a man with lots of heart and oceans of love and not too many brains? Such men are the salt of the earth and salvation of women, as noble, generous women are made for attractive, unscrupulous men who can crush from them the ultimate sainthood. That is life, the kind of life felt and understood and portrayed by a Nunnally Johnson or Preston Sturges, the essence of comedy that tugs at the heart and stimulates courage and a zest for it all.

In another beautiful passage between the sisters Emmy says, "What's the matter with you, he was *made* for it . . . like the ox was made to eat . . . and the grape was made to drink."

One of the remarkable Sturges devices for comedy effects is his use of proper names. The tough cop and harassed father, for instance, is called Kockenlocker, while the obviously Jewish music-store proprietor is named Rafferty. Ben Hecht in his splendid book on anti-Semitism pleaded for the return to stage and screen of the Jewish comedian. Rafferty, so well acted by Harry Rosenthal, is in answer to Hecht's prayer.

Will the sane and sober readers of the *Atlantic* believe me if I state for the record that the brains of Paramount, while yelling and screaming praises of a sickening hodgepodge like *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, shelved *The Miracle of Morgan's Creek* for more than a year, believing it to be unworthy of the Paramount trademark? It was only by accident that it was released at all.

I confess that I love pictures. I am thrilled by their possibilities, driven almost to suicide at times by their asininity, and when I see, right up there on the screen, a sequence that justifies the rich and wonderful medium, I want to shout and throw telephone books in the air, and squirt siphons, and slap forbidden areas, help the armed forces, and, in general, erupt. I know that hundreds of others feel the same way, and that somewhere, sometime, between wars and secure from greed and mutton-headed nonsense, there will be motion pictures, and radio shows, and television, and better, more far-reaching mediums of expression and communication and instruction and refreshment.

## Photography

By DAVID BROCK

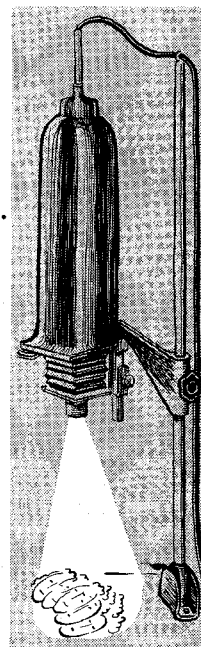
A photographic memory?

Why, yes, you have one, dear.  
It prints enlargements, mostly,  
That stretch from here to here.

Some of the prints are fading  
And some are turning brown,  
And some of them are pasted in  
Your album upside down.

And some are wrongly labeled  
And some are out of focus.  
Some suffer from halation  
And some from hocus-pocus.

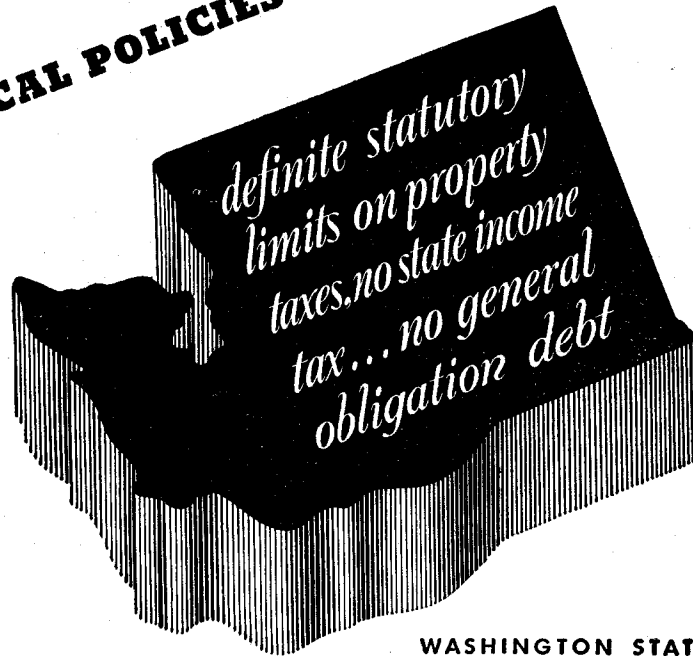
Still, it's a pretty hobby,  
Recording year by year  
Highly developed images,  
And so artistic, dear.





# NEW INDUSTRY

**TAXES AND FISCAL POLICIES THAT ENCOURAGE**



**WASHINGTON STATE**  
*the New Cornerstone*

Washington State's economy is a sound economy, founded on principles conceived by a wise and a progressive people — principles which encourage establishment of post-war industry.

*Definite statutory limits on property taxes . . . No state income tax . . . No general obligation debt . . . a large cash surplus in the State Treasury . . . These are a few of the reasons why far-sighted business men throughout the nation are looking westward — why they are looking in their post-war planning toward the State of Washington, where taxes and State financial policies encourage Industry!*

**WASHINGTON**  
*The New Cornerstone*



PACIFIC POWER & LIGHT COMPANY  
THE WASHINGTON WATER POWER COMPANY  
NORTHWESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY  
PUGET SOUND POWER & LIGHT COMPANY

*Business-Managed Electric Companies, Serving Low Cost Electricity to More Than 370,000 Homes, Farms, Businesses and Industries in the State of Washington.*

## WASHINGTON—THE STATE—HAS

*Everything!*



**LOW TAXES AND CONSERVATIVE FISCAL POLICIES**—definite, statutory limit on property taxes . . . no state income tax . . . no general obligation debt.



**INDUSTRIAL SITES AND HARBOR FACILITIES**—abundant industrial building sites on harbors, trackage and highways; available dock, terminal and warehouse facilities, anchorages, etc.



**UNEXCELLED TRANSPORTATION FACILITIES**—by land, sea and air . . . in all directions . . . deep water harbors.



**GATEWAY TO THE GREAT POSTWAR PACIFIC MARKETS**—the Orient, Alaska, Russia, Canada, South America.



**ABUNDANT, CHEAP, HYDROELECTRIC POWER FOR INDUSTRY**—vast, interconnected hydroelectric systems.



**SKILLED LABOR**—intelligent, responsible, fair in its dealings with management.



**DIVERSIFIED AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTION**—fruits, grains, livestock, vegetables, dairy products.



**IMMENSE SOURCES OF RAW MATERIALS**—minerals, timber, fuels, water power, etc.



**PLEASANT LIVING**—a temperate, healthful climate, ideal for both working and living.



**NUMEROUS BASIC INDUSTRIES**—provide materials for processing.

## Title Tale

By EMILY V. WEDGE

TITLES are teasers. And the task of a title is enormous. Thereby indeed hangs the tale. Upon it may rest the fame and fortune of a writer, the enlightenment of a reader, the bread and butter of a bookseller, the lift in the life of a librarian.

Beginning with the intention of making life easier for my fellow librarians and continuing with the zest of the amateur detective, I have collected almost two thousand titles of books which were drawn from literary sources. People are notoriously choosy when they are getting something for nothing, and authors in the act of title-lifting are doubly so. Some of them, such as the late Stephen Vincent Benét, have gone so far as to invent authors with five-foot bookshelves just for the purpose of pillaging their pages for titles. Mr. Benét's artifice merits detailed description.

In the course of culling titles for my collection, I came upon Mr. Benét's *Tales Before Midnight*. On one of the preliminary pages of the book appears the source line for the title, generously given by the author:—

"Tell your tale before midnight; it is later than you think."

*The Noctivigations of John Cleveland Cotton*  
(Plummert's edition)

Fortunately for the revelation of what later turned out to be an almost perfect piece of dissembling, the above quotation was not sufficient to meet the minimum requirements of the book. I therefore began a search for the works of Mr. John Cleveland Cotton—patiently, at first, then anxiously, then with that unique combination of intense fervor and skepticism which comes over librarians loath to meet their Waterloo. I searched every imaginable bibliography, literary history, and book of quotations from cover to cover. By this time, the mystery had doubled. In another spot I had caught Mr. Benét alluding to a volume entitled *Diversions of Historical Thought*, which proved to be as much a will-o'-the-wisp as Mr. Cotton.

At last, as a desperate measure, I called Mr. Benét himself to account for Mr. C. With obliging promptness he wrote:—



"My sins have again found me out. I regret to say that I am the only author of John Cleveland Cotton and that neither he nor his works exist outside my pages. Mr. Cotton is also the author of 'Diversions of Historical Thought.' Apologetically, STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT."

But by this time the leader of such a chase had taken on definite characteristics in the mind of the chaser. It was impossible to believe that all there was to Mr. Cotton was a line of prose or poetry (it could have been either) and two formidable titles of imaginary books created solely

for the convenience of Mr. Benét. Another petition brought more enlightenment:—

"You will find a quotation from Cotton at the head of a story of mine called 'The Curfew Tolls' in a volume called 'Thirteen O'Clock.' At one time, upon request, I wrote a short biographical sketch of Cotton which I sent to some librarian at the New York Society Library—not the New York Public Library. I did not, unfortunately, keep a carbon copy—I now wish to goodness I had. It was quite a nice sketch, if I do say so myself, and contained a poetical extract. Had I known that Mr. Cotton was to assume the proportions in my life that he has, I certainly would have had the sketch mimeographed for distribution. . . . I do assure you, in all humility, that Mr. Cotton was *not* created to annoy and disturb hard-working librarians—it was just for my own amusement. But I seem to have started something—and I have a horrid fear that he will next appear in Bartlett. Perhaps, eventually, it will be discovered that *he* wrote *my* books—I fear, a fitting revenge."

Inquiry revealed that Mrs. Frederick King of the New York Society Library had also encountered Cotton and had pursued him for another reason. When Mrs. King found in the front of Mr. Benét's book the Cottonism: "Tell your tale before midnight; it is later than you think," she believed she had at last found the origin of the famous sundial motto which has long eluded librarians. But she, too, was not satisfied with merely one line. Furthermore, she wanted to see the gem with her own eyes, in its original setting. So Mrs. King set off in pursuit of Mr. Cotton. In due time, she too was forced by exhaustion to appeal to Mr. Benét.

To show to what lengths a writer of Mr. Benét's stature and inventiveness will go in quest of a title, I quote his reply to Mrs. King in full:—

EMILY V. WEDGE is a librarian in the Literature Department of the Enoch Pratt Free Library, Baltimore. This is her first appearance in the *Atlantic*.



"I hear the war's practically over...back home!"

PROBABLY it's only natural for us here at home to feel that the war's almost won, the way the good news has been pouring in.

But the war's not over for *him*—*not by a long sight!* And he's just one of a few million or more that will stay over there until they finish the bloody mess. Or kill time for a few months—or years—in some hospital.

What about *you*?

This is no time to relax. No time to forget the unfinished business. It's *still* your war, and it *still* costs a lot.

So dig down deep this time. Dig down till it hurts, and get yourself a hundred-dollar

War Bond over and above any you now own—or are now purchasing. This 6th War Loan is every bit as important to our complete and final Victory as was the first.

Don't "let George do it"—get *yourself* that *added* bond and help finish a magnificent job *right*. The quicker you reach down deep, the better you do *your* job for war, the more you'll contribute to ending the fight. And the quicker they'll come back—the guys that can *still* be killed.

After all, you're safe and sound and *home*. That's worth another hundred-dollar bond to you, isn't it?



Buy at least one extra \$100 War Bond today!

*This is an official U. S. Treasury advertisement—prepared under auspices of Treasury Department and War Advertising Council.*





"I am sorry to say that I cannot trace the quotation 'It is later than you think' earlier than Cotton. I had always heard of it as a sun-dial motto, popular in the 18th century. John Cleveland Cotton was born in the village of Little Thatching (Kent) in 1718 and died in great poverty in Dieppe in 1782. The eighth son of a country parson, he early showed literary precocity, and the then Duke of Dover obtained a sizarship for him at the famous old Cordwainers' School. He was educated there and at St. Dismas' College, Cambridge, but his University career, while brilliant scholastically, was marred by irregularities and dissipation. His first book of poems, 'The Rural Muse,' won him a brief contemporary celebrity and the well-known reference from Pope,

Nor thou, Stultitia, thy bays refuse  
To TICKELL'S Odes or COTTON'S Rural Muse

(omitted from later editions of *The Dunciad*). But his mock heroic epic, 'The Spartiad,' fell flat, and Cotton was imprisoned for debt. Of the next fifteen years of his life we have little record though a search of the Shrewsbury papers would seem to show that he was occasionally employed as a clerk and sometimes as a spy by the British Foreign Office. In 1758, at the age of 40, he suddenly took Orders and his next ten years were spent in retirement, as rector of the village of Siddenfold (Berks). This was, on the whole, the happiest and most fruitful period of his life. He published, in 1761, his long and extremely dull 'A Reasoned Defence of the Thirty-Nine Articles' but it was not until the publication of his 'Diversions of Historical Thought' in 1764, that he began to win back something of his youthful reputation.

"The 'Diversions' were widely read and won him the epistolary friendship of Walpole — 'I have despatched a parcel of books this very morning to my quaint friend, Cotton, the parson — an original of the first water.' Johnson characterized the 'Diversions' as a 'farrago,' but, on being more closely pressed by Boswell, said 'Yet there are in them flashes of an abrupt genius. No reasoning man could deny it, though a Scotchman might.' Unfortunately Cotton's was not a temperament to endure prosperity. His irregular habits returned and the drift of his mind toward Gnosticism made it impossible for him to remain in the Church of England. He was unfrocked in 1769 — 'poor Cotton! had he been but a Bishop, he might have worshipped Flora and Bacchus to his heart's content, and no notice taken!' says Walpole cynically — and for some time eked out a bare existence by hack work for the London booksellers. It was under such trying circumstances that he composed his masterpiece, the 'Noctivigations,' a favorite bed-



side book of both Keats and Byron, and, oddly enough, in later years, of Lord Roseberry. The copyright, however, brought him only seven pounds and he was forced to flee to Dieppe to avoid a second imprisonment for debt. Here, the last four years of his life were spent in comparative peace and the receipt of a small pension from Lord Anthony Wimsey, grand-nephew of that Duke of Dover who had befriended Cotton's youth. Both the 'Noctivigations' and the 'Diversions' are now out of print, but Saintsbury considers Cotton an important if minor influence on the early development of the Romantic Movement. Other critics rank Cotton even higher. Gerard Manley Hopkins alludes enthusiastically to 'Grand old Cotton, knotty and full-flavorous, a birchy, beechy writer!' and T. S. Eliot compares him favorably with Lancelot Andrewes.

Like 'The Nunga-Punga Book,' the 'Noctivigations' is not for all tastes. But I should certainly put it on the shelf beside R. L. Stevenson's 'The Rising Sun,' the collected works of John Charteris and the writings of Arthur Pendennis.

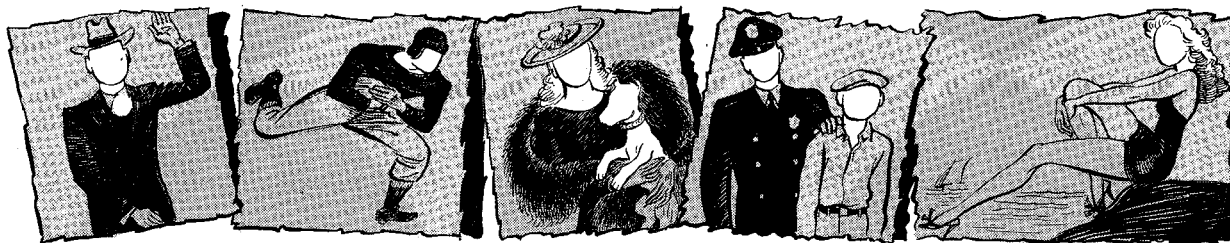
Respectfully submitted,

STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT"

The letter is not dated but is postmarked December 12, 1939.

In Mrs. King's own words, "The first glance brought a shock of dismay, but the clues came thick and fast. I tumbled at St. Dismas' College but a learned friend knew there never was a Duke of Dover. The letter makes an excellent information test. Mr. Benét must have had a lovely time writing it."

One more contact with Mr. Benét, before his titles in my collection were accounted for, revealed — yes! — that *Dycer's Herbal*, which christened Mr. Benét's *Young People's Pride*, and *The Tragedie of Tamar* and D'hermonville's *Fabliaux* were all on the same shelf with the works of John Cleveland Cotton — in Mr. Benét's mind.



## Dear Joe

By ARTHUR B. MUSGRAVE

*In view of the paper shortage and to save a lot of creative repetition, we present here a single, all-purpose, standard letter for all hometown newspapers to address each week to the GI Joes overseas.*

194—

DEAR JOE:

Well, here's all the news of this week to cheer you and your buddies on in the fight for freedom and to get back home again. The weather has been unusually \_\_\_\_ this past week, setting an all-time record. Another freak \_\_\_\_ storm struck the near-by town of \_\_\_\_\_. Deliberating only \_\_\_\_ minutes, a criminal court jury returned a verdict of \_\_\_\_ in the case of \_\_\_\_\_.

Chief \_\_\_\_ of the police department and Commissioner \_\_\_\_ of the city \_\_\_\_ department were indicted again for conspiracy. They charged the indictment was a political move, and said they hoped for an early trial. The political campaign picked up new speed as Candidate \_\_\_\_ demanded a probe of the \_\_\_\_ program and called \_\_\_\_ a \_\_\_\_\_. As you know, Joe, we are an independent paper, but it is obvious to all impartial observers that the \_\_\_\_ party is all washed up.

The \_\_\_\_ club held its weekly luncheon meeting, and heard the \_\_\_\_ of the \_\_\_\_ board describe his recent trip to Washington. A stiff court fight looms in the case of the pet \_\_\_\_ that was bequeathed \$\_\_\_\_ by his faithful master, as more relatives announced they are contesting the will.

Police lost a race with the stork when Mrs. \_\_\_\_ had a bouncing baby \_\_\_\_ born in the patrol car on the way to the hospital before dawn. Officer \_\_\_\_ is doing well, too. — Ha-ha, get it, Joe? At a special meeting the school board voted to postpone a decision on revamping the \_\_\_\_ system, after hearing a report from a committee that had been making a survey of the situation.

The chamber of commerce reported that plans being laid for expansion of \_\_\_\_ airport call for a field that will be more than twice as large as

ARTHUR B. MUSGRAVE gave up newspapering to take part in the wartime activities of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. A native of Massachusetts, he was formerly on the staff of the *Houston Post* and the *Baltimore Sun*.

La Guardia Field, to aid the city's bid for post-war travel. The report predicted that because of its \_\_\_\_ location the city would be the fastest-growing in the state.

Senator \_\_\_\_ reported to his constituents on his peace program, in which he advocates the U. S. seize all Pacific and Atlantic islands, along with adjacent territories, and build secret \_\_\_\_s along the Canadian border. He said both parties are in fundamental agreement on foreign policy, it being the consensus of opinion that a world organization is needed, provided its affairs are subject to O. K. by the Senate.

Passage of the \_\_\_\_ bill, providing an income of \$\_\_\_\_ a month for all \_\_\_\_s, was predicted by the national headquarters of the association. The Legion is launching a drive for new members. Creation of a non-political Veterans' Bureau to aid returning soldiers was voted by the City Council.

An immediate appeal was being prepared by the \_\_\_\_ company from a War Labor Board decision.

A new movie opened at the \_\_\_\_ theater, starring \_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_. It is a story about a soldier and a nurse who get into some pretty tight spots and there is some swell tap dancing. The president of \_\_\_\_ college told the \_\_\_\_ organization that the greatest need of returning veterans would be facilities for more education. Chaplain \_\_\_\_, who returned from the Pacific \_\_\_\_ days ago, predicted in a talk Sunday that there would be a great upsurge in religion as a result of war experiences.

## Sports

Remember \_\_\_\_? He's reported to have had an offer from one of the big league clubs to play as a \_\_\_\_ next season if you guys haven't crossed the East goal line by then. Coach \_\_\_\_ said in a statement that our victories could be directly traced to the stubborn fighting qualities instilled on the gridiron, and predicted a great upsurge in sports in the post-war world.

The \_\_\_\_s beat the \_\_\_\_s. The \_\_\_\_s routed the \_\_\_\_s. The \_\_\_\_s downed the \_\_\_\_s. The \_\_\_\_s overpowered the \_\_\_\_s. The \_\_\_\_s torpedoed the \_\_\_\_s, etc. Keep punching, and Tojo will soon be on the ropes, too.

Sincerely,



Dr. Cronin's **THE CITADEL** was the story of Dr. Manson, who was concerned with saving lives.

Dr. Cronin's **THE KEYS OF THE KINGDOM** was the story of Father Francis, who tried to make lives worth living.

Dr. Cronin's **THE GREEN YEARS** is the story of young Robert Shannon, striving, against staggering odds, to salvage his own soul.

**THE GREEN YEARS** is a deeply moving novel of life in its most dramatic aspects. It is packed with incident, rich in background, full of humor. Many of Robert Shannon's experiences parallel those of the reader. Inspiring in its spiritual overtones, warm and comforting in its development, **THE GREEN YEARS** will richly reward its many readers.

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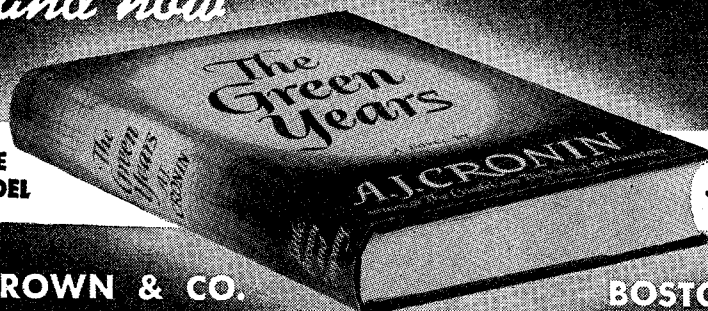
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# *The Green Years*

*and now*

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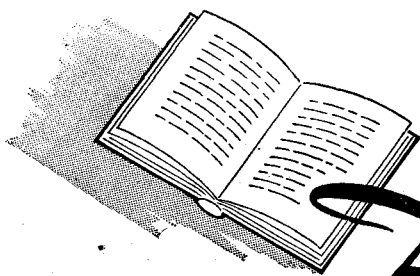
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## THE ATLANTIC

# Bookshelf



### THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

BY EDWARD WEEKS

LAST summer I had something to say about my collection of trees — the prime oaks, the wineglass elms, the swamp maples which make the autumn landscape in New England a sight unequaled, the great beeches and chestnuts and lindens which I have seen in my travels and still revisit in my mind.

Since I wrote those words last August, three things have occurred to make me realize how vulnerable are even the most deep-rooted of our landmarks. I have learned this from letters which have come to me from fellow arborists in California, I have seen it in the hurricane which hit New England on September 14 and in the tail of the hurricane which finished off our cripples on October 20, and I have dreaded it as I have heard of the invasion of the Dutch Elm Disease along the Connecticut River valley.

Can you imagine what New England farms and villages would be without the American elm? Can you imagine Chestnut Street, Salem, or Williamstown or Old Deerfield without those ancient spreading beauties half as old as time? It would be a bad dream, but one which we may have to live with. Listen: spreading out from its beachhead in New York City, the Dutch Elm Disease has already killed some

sixty thousand elms and caused the sacrifice of nearly six million more. From the Hudson River valley, beetles like paratroopers have carried the fungus from tree to tree, establishing infections in eight states and towns west of the Connecticut River. The battle to save our American elms is no longer something for other states to worry about. "The enemy," as the Massachusetts Forest and Park Association says, "is in our own backyard." Twenty-five years ago we rallied too late to save our chestnuts from the chestnut blight. This time we have to take the offensive. And that costs money. If you are in sympathy, send your check to the Massachusetts Forest and Park Association, care of Charles Francis Adams, State Street Trust Company, Boston, Massachusetts.

I have never seen a redwood, and that admission brought me some exciting letters from California. Ernest G. Bishop sent me colored photographs of the Krauss Redwood Grove, an avenue of magnificent giants which have been spared from lumbering operations, but I understand that other giants are directly in the path of the lumbermen. And who is to save them? The fight for these ancients is again

too big for one state to handle by itself.

"They say that in California," wrote John Masefield, "there are still many giant sequoias . . . which were growing in the time of David, and were fine trees at the time of Christ, and were really worth looking at in the time of Shakespeare, and are world famous today, and are still

not at their best. I lay awake last night thinking of it with a kind of awe, of that enormous blind calm power and will to live. . . . I went afterwards to

#### IN THIS ISSUE

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EVERYBODY'S POLITICAL WHAT'S WHAT? · By BERNARD SHAW  
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STORY OF A SECRET STATE · By JAN KARSKI  
Reviewed by Charles W. Morton

*A spirited and delightful  
girl whom all America  
will take to heart*



# YOUNG'UN

*By Herbert Best*

There is the charm of idyllic love and the strength of courageous living in this fresh, humorous, and very human novel. Set in upstate New York, in the frontier days of rough living, robust love-making, and hardships overcome, it presents one of the most refreshing characters ever introduced in fiction. "Has much of the essential quality and distinction of *THE YEARLING*. I had the same sense of discovery as I read it. I like it!"

*Kirkus*

—*Virginia*

\$2.50

*A Book-of-the-Month Club  
selection for November*

## Country Neighborhood

*By Elizabeth Coatsworth*

This is the purest distillation of New England: anecdotes, impressions, legends, stories redolent of local eccentricity—all told crisply and charmingly, with characteristic irony and dry humor, by a lover of Maine.

\$2.50

## Account Rendered

*By Vera Brittain*

An eloquent and moving novel, by the author of *Testament of Youth*, which combines dramatic action and the excitement of provocative ideas. It is a story of personal courage and is distinguished by intelligent determination to build a better world for future generations.

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*By Carol Brink*

This novel, which concerns the lives of three doctors, their wives, and a girl named Jenny, in an Idaho town of the 1890's, is a masterly study of human emotions and human values.

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*By Alex Mélançon*

A book of extraordinary short stories based on the correspondence of an imaginative seven-year-old Louisiana boy and Alex Mélançon, of the Army Air Force.

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## Behold Trouble

*By Granville Hicks*

A forceful novel, by the author of *Only One Storm*, about a man's revolt against society and the excitement and tragedy his rebellion brings to a small town.

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## The Wind on the Moon

*By Eric Linklater*

An engaging, topsy-turvy satire which, like *Alice in Wonderland* and the stories of Walter de la Mare, bears the earmark of true fantasy.

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**THE MACMILLAN COMPANY**



34

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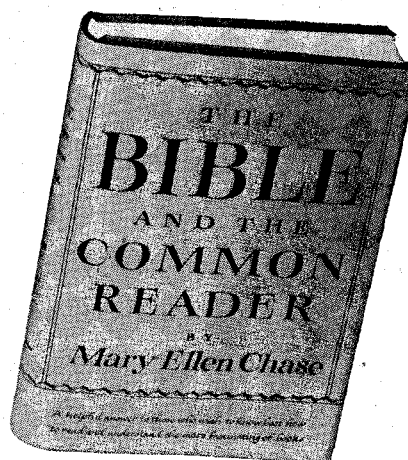
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## We Ride A White Donkey

**GEORGE PANETTA** is keeping the country in stitches with this book, says *Howard Lindsay*, and *Russell Maloney* calls it the funniest book of the year. \$2.00

## The Middle Kingdom

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## THE GREAT QUILLOW

**JAMES THURBER**, whose *MANY MOONS* delighted thousands of grown-ups and children, has written a new book about a toymaker and a giant. *Four-color illustrations by Doris Lee.* \$2.00



see those trees. . . . They are not like trees, they are like spirits." If you are as keen as I am to keep that heritage uncut, I urge you to read a remarkable booklet published by the University of California Press, *The Redwoods of Coast and Sierra*, by James Clifford Shirley, Ranger-Naturalist of the Yosemite National Park, and there you will find incredibly beautiful photographs and all the incentive you need to join the Save-the-Redwoods League.

Lovers of the cedar and oak have noticed that I have no Cedar of Lebanon in my collection. David Brock of West Vancouver, B. C., writes:—

When you deny any acquaintance with Lebanon cedars you almost deny ever having been in England, and it seems to me you've been there all right. My own visits to England have been anything but comprehensive tours; yet when I finally found what a Lebanon cedar was, I realized I had been seeing them everywhere. The ones at St. Albans stick in my mind particularly, and there were good ones at Kew. I read somewhere or other that if you want to see these trees at their best, there is no use trying Asia Minor; you have to go to England. I'm willing to bet that you've seen all sorts of them. Deodars are also true cedars, I think, but in this part of the world at least they are spindly things at best and I don't know why people bother with them. If Lebanon cedars grow well in England, they should do well here (and in Washington and Oregon), and I wish a few people would try them. What we call cedar out here is usually a thuya, and occasionally a cypress.

And Howard Russell of Wayland, Massachusetts, says:—

If you enjoy a truly noble oak, you don't have to go to the Middle West. Journey to Dighton some day and get them to show you the great Council Oak, beloved of the Indians and still standing with an enormous spread (when last I saw it) on the edge and in the midst of a great cultivated field that I have no doubt was well tilled by those so-called "savages" long before our forefathers touched a plow to it.

I wonder if the Council Oak came through the hurricane unscathed. That big blow cost us so much. We lost our prize English elm in the Public Garden, and many of the big ones along Commonwealth Avenue. And from Llewellyn Howland I hear that New Bedford and South Dartmouth are a shambles. "To see the trees one planted in youth, when time stretched ahead, — a limitless promise, — swept away in one hour by blind fury is pain of no mean caliber when one is seventy." To which all of New England answers amen.

### Boy against the world

Somerset Maugham, the ablest English novelist of our time, and A. J. Cronin, the best of the Scots, have this in common: both were trained as doctors and each, I believe, would acknowledge that his power of characterization derives in no small part

from his medical experience. In *The Citadel*, which is Cronin's story of a doctor and which may have in it elements of autobiography, it seemed to me that the novelist was at his best in depicting the humbler Scottish folk. And this is natural enough if one remembers that Dr. Cronin's early practice was with Welsh and Scotch miners, rather than on Harley Street. Similarly, it is in a small and provincial community that Cronin the novelist finds the human nature and the warmth with which to kindle the best of his novels.

*The Green Years* is the story of a boy against a forbidding world. It is the story of a growing up in which the eagerness and self-consciousness, the folly, the innocence, and the disappointment of Robert Shannon evoke, as it were, the echoes of our own past. Robert is eight when we first see him, an orphan and a Roman Catholic newly arrived from Ireland to be taken in hand, rather grudgingly, by his penny-pinching, Protestant grandparents. Robert has the endurance born of poverty and the refuge of Catholicism, which is all his dim parents have bequeathed him. But once his sniveling is passed, he begins to find his feet in this little Scotch village where the odds are so much against him. He is taunted for his religion, he is humiliated by his hand-me-downs — the awful green suit cut from his grandmother's petticoat and the high button shoes of Kate. Because of the small-minded tyranny, his love of books and birds must be enjoyed in secret; and even in a moment of liberation, as when he and his friend Gavin land the big salmon, his joy is soon quenched by the dour grandfather. Robert lives in a state between high hope and bleak defeat, and the poignancy of his boyhood has been caught with sure, sensitive skill.

The story is lived as Robert lived it, and always in keeping with his maturity. The courtship of Aunt Kate and her boilermaker, which Robert watches with such innocence, is very different from Grandpa's affair with Mrs. Bosomley, and this in turn is different from the chastity of his own devotion to Alison. As the boy grows, so his understanding deepens of the men who really help him — of Reid his teacher, of Murcodd, of Father Roche and, best of all, Old Cadger Gow. These men have shaped him well, and I think it a shortcoming that the book closes before we can watch him run his course.

The strength of the story lies in its Scotch honesty and aspiration; the weakness, it seems to me, is its lack of force and subtlety, especially in times of crisis. It is curious that this novelist with medical training should dispose of death so quickly — Robert's parents simply dissolve in the Irish mist leaving no trace of themselves behind; and in an-





# Good Books for Christmas Gifts



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A dramatic and veracious novel of life in war-time Germany, and how one brave man waged war against the powers of darkness. \$2.50



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other mist we see the last of Gavin, with a whiff of melodrama which shakes our faith.

### As Audubon saw it

I have often wished that I might have seen this country as Audubon saw it, with the trees in the deep forest and the birds in the trees. I suspect that that same hankering stirs the imagination of most American settlers in the twentieth century. What did the country look like before it was cut and plowed? What did the country feel like to the first pioneers? These questions seem to have occurred to **Herbert Best** and his wife, who have taken over an abandoned farm on a forested hillside in upper New York State. And by way of answering them, they have woven together their present living and their imagining of the past in a pleasantly homespun novel, *Young 'Un*.

*Young 'Un* is the story of a tiny settlement shortly after the Revolution, when the Indians had been subdued and when the fur traders, some of them, were beginning to settle down. But Old Man Post was one of those trappers who could not be tethered for long. He was never much of a hand at farming, and when he ran into bad luck he simply shouldered his rifle and made for the deep timber, leaving behind him his three half-grown children, his oxen, Peter and Paul, and a farmhouse now smoldering in embers. *Young 'Un* is the youngest of the three, half girl, half tomboy, and wholly delightful. Hers is the story of what the three Post kids have to do to keep alive.

The first thing a novelist must do as he reaches back a century and a half is to decide whether his characters will talk in the ancient idiom or whether he will simply trust his descriptive passages to give the feel and flavor of the antique. Mr. Best is in favor of homespun English and I must warn you at the outset that it has to be read slowly for its full enjoyment. Mr. Best works hard to impart the true flavor to his antiquarian dialect. But I question whether the quaintness doesn't challenge the reader's credulity, especially when, as in Mr. Best's case, the author is always tempted to take the rosy, pastoral view of what is happening.

*Young 'Un* and her brother and sister have a backbreaking, uphill struggle to plant their corn and to get a roof over their heads before snow falls. But so cheerful are the neighbors (all except the villain, Ornerly Sin Higgins) and so resourceful are the children (Dan could outsmart Paul Bunyan) that you never have even a momentary doubt about their happy ending. I should call this a deloused version of the American frontier, very wholesome for the young in mind. As we look back at these people through rosy spectacles, it is easy to picture them

with more grace and comedy and less inconvenience and coarseness than they truly possessed.

### Men who write the war

In his *Present Indicative* **Noel Coward** wrote as fresh and ingratiating a self-portrait as I have ever known from the theater. Playwright, actor, and musician, his talents have entertained us delightfully for two decades. His autobiography was both candid and modest; he made fun of himself, and he made us see without venom the rivalry and the affection which are so much a part of the stage. During the war his talents have often been employed for the armed services. As an entertainer for hundreds of thousands of the British soldiers and sailors and for the wounded in countless hospitals, he has unquestionably endeared himself to the British imagination. I wish I might say as much for his *Middle East Diary*.

*Middle East Diary* is the personal chronicle of the trip Mr. Coward made in the summer of 1943 as a one-man musical comedy. He acted in wardrooms and on the decks of battleships, in the old theaters of Malta and Cairo, in the open — and without a mike — before two thousand men under a boiling sun, and in the hospitals of Iraq, Basra, and Baghdad.

This diary is not a one-man but a two-man performance. There is the Mr. Coward who writes as if he were a British naval officer; there is the Mr. Coward who seems to have been bitten by Kipling every time he thinks of the Empire; there is the Mr. Coward who uses nicknames with this arch touch: "At ten o'clock I went to call on General Eisenhower armed with a letter of introduction from Dickie. [Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten, G.C.V.O., C.B., D.S.O., A.D.C.]" There is the Mr. Coward who is, as he says, "photographed inordinately," and who, as he describes the fripperies of Cairo or contrasts the traveling American Senators with the King of Egypt, or remarks that "our natural resilience as a race is remarkable," is rather a trial to American eyes.

And there is the other Mr. Coward who, as he describes his performance in Malta Harbor or indulges in one of those "awful little personal post mortems" after a performance or acknowledges his nervousness and his fatigue and his unspeakable admiration for the wounded, is very human, very likable.

Noel Coward's art lies outside his diary just as Ernie Pyle's art is to be found in every word he prints. **Ernie Pyle** is one of the literary phenomena of this war. A little, balding wisp of a fellow, he was well past the age of a roving reporter and, so you would have thought, well beyond the age of

# THE *Atlantic Bookshelf*

combat. Yet for two years and more he has gone in with the American men again and again in every major invasion: North Africa, Sicily, Italy, and Nor-

mandy. He has seen them through the toughest spots and written about them with an observation and a sympathy unrivaled by any other reporter, American or British.

How does he do it and what does he do? He asks questions and he writes down names. He has the rare

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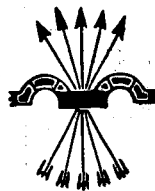
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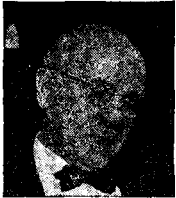
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# Lee's Lieutenants: A Study in Command

## Volume III

By DOUGLAS SOUTHALL FREEMAN

+ + +



D. S. FREEMAN

WITH this eagerly awaited volume, Dr. Freeman completes his great trilogy. In Volume I, "Manassas to Malvern Hill," published in 1942, the author set so high a standard that one felt it could hardly be sustained. Indeed, to this reviewer, the Second Volume, "Cedar Mountain to Chancellorsville," published the following year, seemed slightly less powerful and incisive than its predecessor. That impression may have been due to the fact that the surprise, the novelty of his presentation and approach, was missing. However, the Third Volume, "Gettysburg to Appomattox," the present one, resolves all doubts. *Lee's Lieutenants: A Study in Command* is a truly magnificent work. There are no more close and captious critics than the members of that freemasonry which call themselves "students of the Civil War." Yet I believe very few of them can read these volumes and lay them down at the last without saying, "Well done, oh, well done!"

Where the usual historian of the War Between the States has treated his stupendous material primarily as a series of events, Dr. Freeman, while maintaining a logical historical structure, has been concerned primarily with men in war: what war did to them, how they rose to the supreme test of battle, how they met the responsibility of command. The terrific drama rolls on to the inevitable end, but its tragedy and glory are not only in the event, but in the development, in the lives and deaths of its actors, the *dramatis personae*.

What men they were! "Stonewall" Jackson and Longstreet; "Jeb" Stuart and Wade Hampton; Gordon, "the prettiest thing you ever did see on a field of fight"; little "Billy" Mahone, Fitzhugh Lee, Pelham and the two Pegrams, boys in years but proved commanders in battle; "Jube" Early, Ewell, the two Hills, Ramseur, Dorsey Pender, and Rodes — even in Northern ears their names ring like bells. The author asks, "Were ever men more consistently themselves?" So varied and contrasted, such marked originals, they stand like islands of soldierly integrity. "Devotion and that same quality of individualism are all they had in common."

John Buchan, reading as an undergraduate at Oxford, "discovered" the American Civil War. "Then," he wrote shortly before his death, — and I can quote only approximately, from memory, — "I felt for the first time that I was dealing with men whom I could wholeheartedly admire." They were not all great, but there were elements of greatness in most of them. Longstreet, as Dr. Freeman says, may have sulked at Gettysburg.

He had a fine strategic plan and Lee would do no more than listen to him politely. Ewell, after a brilliant march to that battle and a sure, swift attack, suddenly lost his power of decision and let opportunity pass by. Even "Stonewall" Jackson, in the Peninsula Campaign, failed inexplicably when needed. The career of Jubal Early, "that strange, bitter, and devoted man," ended in frustration and defeat. The failures were astonishingly few, and proved only the humanity of their successes.

Of those general officers of the Army of Northern Virginia, Lee's Lieutenants, who met the test of war, Dr. Freeman finds only two or three who had not previously had professional military training. Wade Hampton, John B. Gordon, and perhaps Kershaw, were civilians who rose to high command through sheer inherent soldierly merit. All the others had been trained at West Point, the Virginia Military Institute, the South Carolina Military Academy, or other military colleges. Civilians often developed into competent colonels and sometimes brigadiers, but almost never held higher rank in fighting command.

Professional training alone, however, was not enough. "The Battle," as we say nowadays, "was the Pay-off." Not one battle, but a campaign. "Some of the men most applauded for their conduct in the First Battle of Manassas disappointed the South later. Scarcely any officers who earned a good name during the Peninsula Campaign failed to sustain it." General officers in that war were in the field, exposed to danger and sudden death, surrounded by the confusion, the noise and "fog" of battle. Their testing was one of character as well as training. It could not have been more searching or more rigorous.

Their mortality, their attrition, were tremendous. Between May 4 and June 3, 1864, 37 per cent of the general officers of Lee's Army were put out of combat, for the most part killed or seriously wounded. The Army of Northern Virginia consumed its leaders. There was no reservoir of military talent left to supply trained and competent brigadiers and major generals. Toward the end, the troops, worn down by hardship, developed an alarming tendency to desert. Their amazing morale, their spirit, while never broken, were insidiously weakened. More and more it became necessary for general officers to expose themselves by leading their weary men against ever greater odds; wherefore they died in ever increasing ratio. On the retreat to Appomattox only the skeleton of command remained.

In tracing the careers and appraising the qualities of these men, Dr. Freeman writes with careful fidelity, with great sympathy and understanding, and with impartial judgment. He has his favorites — as who has not? — but he is eminently fair. There is a manly and robust quality in his standards of behavior and performance, but if he abhors incompetence, weakness, or cowardice, he never dwells on their display. There is too much to praise, too many whom one can "wholeheartedly admire."

Obviously the author of *R. E. Lee* and *Lee's Lieutenants* is more concerned with the great central figure of the Commander in Chief than with any — or all — of his sub-



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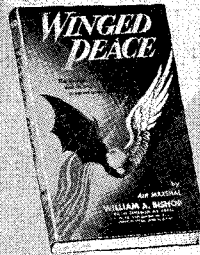
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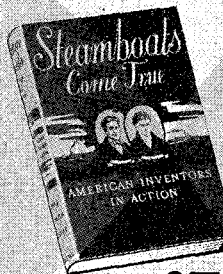
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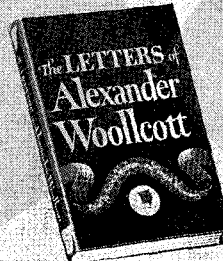
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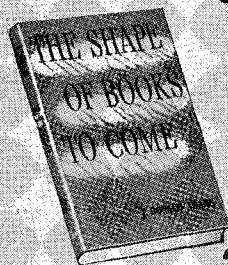


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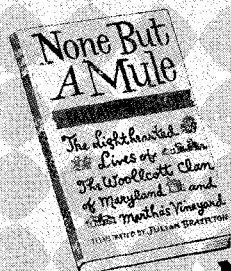


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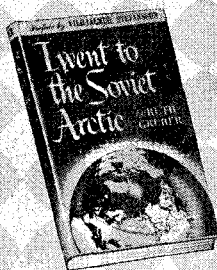


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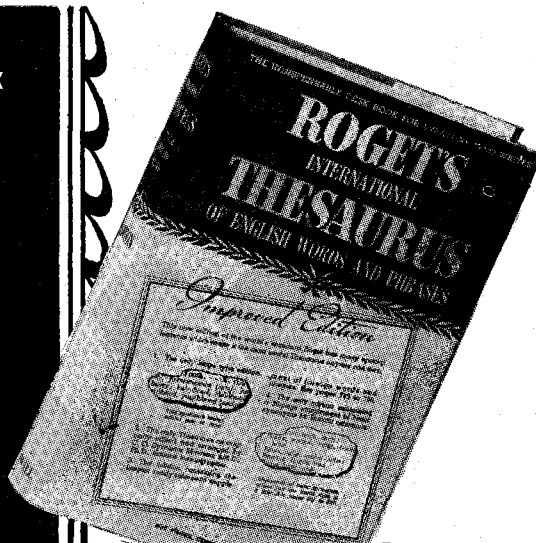
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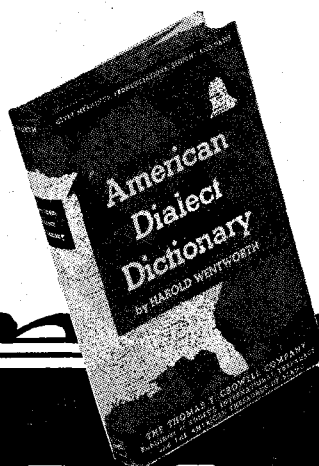


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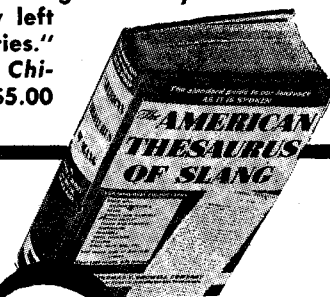


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ordinates. It would have seemed impossible to add anything to Lee's already superb stature; yet this "Study in Command," by its revelation of difficulties overcome, of personal relations with all sorts of men, will throw, for most of us, new light on that great American.

To heap the measure, Dr. Freeman brings from unpublished manuscripts some new material which is of considerable value. There is, it seems to me, one omission in Dr. Freeman's estimate of Lee — which I mention with some hesitation. Perhaps the greatest captain of them all said armies travel on their stomachs. Too often the Army of Northern Virginia traveled on an empty stomach and with unshod feet. At times it faced downright starvation. I have never read an adequate excuse for this condition. Dr. Freeman mentions "the notorious incapacity of the Commissary" as though such ineptitude were a normal fact of military life.

With all respect for General Lee's meticulous adherence to channeled authority, I cannot believe that he was not ultimately responsible for the supply of his army with food and fodder and horses and clothing. Surely — at least during the first three years of the war — the South could supply these prime necessities. If they did not reach troops, it must have been due to incompetence or worse. Competent men were certainly available: Why were they not used? Few students of Lee's career have answered that question. Dr. Freeman does not even ask it.

After closing this book one recalls the noble words of Cardinal Mercier at the funeral of the heroic Belgian girl, Gabrielle Petit, executed in 1916: "De telles vies apprennent à bien mourir, et de telles morts à bien vivre." *Scribner, \$5.00.*

RICHARD ELY DANIELSON

## *Forever Amber*

By KATHLEEN WINSOR

+ + +



K. WINSOR

THE advertising and publicity campaign which the publishers have lavished on *Forever Amber* would be a real asset to a Presidential candidate. The reviewers have responded nobly, largely in period language. Phrases about the "honey-haired trollop," the "dauntless wench," the "lusty, bawdy Restoration," have ornamented book pages from coast to coast. Boston has banned the book — which is not likely to depress Macmillan's sales department — and there has even appeared an unlikely paragraph to the effect that the movies do not see their way to producing the tale. I think we needn't worry too much about that. Leaving out a few beds and writing in a few marriage ceremonies might alter things a trifle — but the Great Fire of London, the plague, the debtors' prison, Charles the Second's court, and all those lovely, lovely costumes would still be there.

Seriously, though, advertising alone cannot make people read and enjoy a 972-page novel about a beautiful and

completely amoral girl who used her bountiful physical assets to get out of a small village and eventually — with several detours — into a king's bed. Kathleen Winsor writes without any literary distinction. Not one of her characters has more than a surface personality. Not one of them endears himself to the reader. The coincidences which stud the book would strain the credulity of a ten-year-old child. But just the same, a lot of people are going to have fun reading about Amber St. Clare. I did. I think I know, as one reader, why I did. The Watch and Ward Society might be surprised to hear that *Forever Amber* reminded me forcibly of a series of books I devoured when I was young — the "Little Girl in Old New York" (or Old Baltimore, or Old Wherever) series, it was.

*Forever Amber* is my "Little Girl in Olde London." And so, I believe, is Miss Winsor. Her historical background seems less research than excited wonder. The length of the book, the flash and roar and color and excitement and general naughtiness, spring from the author's passionate fascination with this world she has dreamed up. Anything, she finds, can and does happen. When she gets through telling you one story, she pulls at your sleeve to listen to the next one. I wonder if she isn't a little lonely, now that she has written the last word.

The book is basically naïve. There isn't a quotable line in it. It doesn't put you to the trouble of thinking about anything at all. Quite simply, it entertains you in the most preposterous, flamboyant, unaesthetic way. *Macmillan, \$3.00.*

FRANCES WOODWARD

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By BERNARD SHAW

+ + +



BERNARD SHAW

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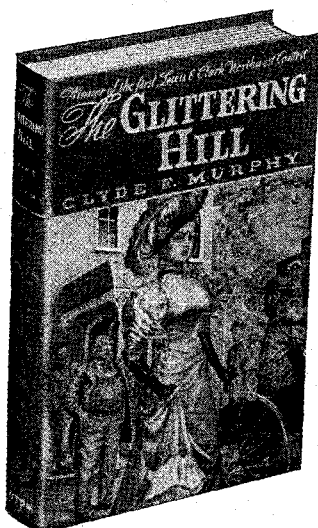
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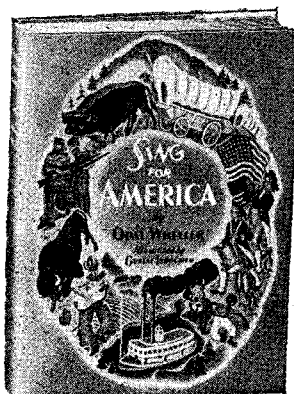
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by SIMEON STRUNSKY

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insurance, and the law of juries, for instance, — he is never foolish. But intelligence is not wisdom, just as knowledge of facts is not learning. And though there is much that is instructive as well as entertaining in these pages, this is not a wise book and few will read it all the way through with satisfaction.

The dramatist's career is poor training for the political thinker. The striking presentation needed to project a point across the footlights becomes a handicap in tracking a concept down to its logical conclusion.

One who believes that "it is always necessary to overstate a case startlingly to make people sit up and listen to it" tends to become ashamed of nude ideas, and to clothe them with wit and paradox by way of making them respectable. Here the author of *Mrs. Warren's Profession* justifies the ecclesiastical suppression of Galileo, proclaims himself at once freethinker and mystic, and advocates a dogmatic system of education because "the State must tell its citizens lies of some sort to keep them in order."

At the same time he vociferously protests against indoctrination by the medical schools, which continue to teach the doctrines of Jenner and Lister. Such writing is dangerous, first, because the attractiveness of the paradox sometimes obscures the necessity for resolving the contradiction; and more important, because there is no way of knowing which end of the paradox will be more pleasing to the reader. It would be unfortunate indeed if the proposal for reviving the Inquisition should overshadow the sensible things here said about the present war.

Nor is the reformer's life conducive to an understanding of the people who are the subjects of political action. Mr. Shaw naturally is unwilling to trust those who, for a half century, have stubbornly refused to accept what he thought good for them, turning down alike Fabianism and vegetarianism. Instead his hopes rest on the Coming Race of *Back to Methuselah*, the supermen who will sit upon his governing panels of intellectuals. If humility were not so conspicuously lacking in the qualities of those who do good for their fellow men, it might drive them into the streets to make acquaintance with the human beings for whose benefit they legislate. Men whose contacts with the ignorant mob have been closer seem to have more faith in the virtues of "promiscuous democracy." *Dodd, Mead, \$3.00.*

OSCAR HANDLIN

## *Anna and the King of Siam*

By MARGARET LANDON

+ + +

THIS is an enchanting book. The author wears her scholarship with grace, and the amazing story she has to tell is recounted with humor and understanding. And

what a story it is! Not fiction, but skillful documented biography.

Anna, the Englishwoman who became governess to innumerable children of the King of Siam and many of his concubines, was heaven-sent for the role. She was attractive and uncompromisingly virtuous. Neither the King nor anyone else could bribe her to the smallest degree, and it was through her complete integrity that she became a real power in the harem city of Bangkok for five years in the 1860's.

Herself living outside the enervating atmosphere of the court, where all were slaves to the whim of their master, she was able to do astonishing things. She penetrated jails where favorites out of fashion languished, she interceded with the hard-faced but comparatively just prime minister for the lives of innocent victims of all classes, and she frequently challenged the King himself when outrageous and vindictive passions overwhelmed him.

The conversations between the two make exquisite episodes, beginning from the first moment of their meeting when he imperiously demands her age. That is her own affair. "One hundred and fifty years old, Sire," she tells him. And the strange temperamental king, though accustomed to crawling sycophants, evidently recognizes the free character of Anna, a young woman still in her twenties, and jocularly inquires the number of her grandchildren, thereby turning the tables on her.

She was to endure many exhausting and some terrible interviews with him. But she had made her mark upon his mind. After the most terrible tragedy in the book has taken place at the King's command, and she faces him, so strong are her detestation and scorn that he presently admits his mistake with an almost childlike penitence. The tragedy is horrifying and superb, the victims a noble young monk and a girl of sixteen. The story of Tuptim and her former betrothed, innocent of any expression of their love through the double ban of religious vows and the law of the harem, might rank with any great love story of the world.

Apart from imprisonment and torture, the saddest accounts are of the women in the monstrous harem world who possessed intellectual gifts and a spirit to reach out beyond the enclosing walls. To some of these the Englishwoman was able to bring light and comparative happiness. Such women as she are a leaven in any lump. Highly educated and firm in her beliefs, she was also blessed with a compassionate understanding. "You are difficult woman," said the King, "and more difficult than generality." But he added, "I have more confidence on you every day."

The effect on Oriental affairs of these "difficult" women from the West has been out of all proportion to their numbers. Anna herself in her education of the young prince and future king undoubtedly assisted in the transformation of old Siam into the Thailand of today.

Not all in this book is sad. Much is humorous and exotic, and the illustrations are deft, romantic, and of the period. *John Day, \$3.75.*

KATHARINE SANSOM

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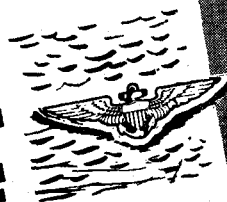
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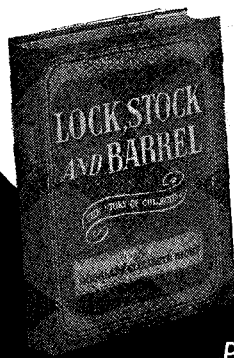
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# Earth and High Heaven

By GWETHALYN GRAHAM

+ + +



G. GRAHAM

THE chief subject of this novel is religious and racial prejudice in a world torn apart by it. The second is a mature and exciting romance between Erica Drake, daughter of a socially prominent English-Canadian family in Montreal, and Marc Reiser, native-born Jewish lawyer, who is about to go overseas with the Army. The third pattern is the highly complicated social structure of Montreal with its three major factions of English-Canadians, French Catholics, and Jews all isolated behind the high board fences of their resentments against each other.

Except for eloquent physical descriptions of Eastern Canada, woven through passages that often achieve the grandeur of prose poetry, the city of triple social conflict might as well be Boston or Philadelphia or New York or San Francisco instead of Montreal. One needs only to change English-Canadians to American "blue bloods," French-Canadians to Irish Catholics, and retain Jewish groups as classical outsiders, to see the universality in North America of the perpetual paradox between democratic views and intolerant behavior.

Erica Drake's father, supposedly "liberal," makes a more violent issue of her romance with Marc Reiser than he had made of his only son's marriage to a French-Canadian Catholic. Marc Reiser's family, with the exception of his brother, Dr. David Reiser, is none too happy at his having fallen in love with a Gentile. The two lovers never doubt their personal feelings for a moment, but are forced into meeting each other on street corners, in parks, and in restaurants. They gradually develop a morbid hysteria that mounts in tension as every generalization of stupid prejudice ever mouthed insinuates itself into their relationship.

Told with a dogged realism that yet allows scope for humor as well as compassion, the love story of Erica Drake and Marc Reiser becomes an indictment of social hypocrisy that communicates a sympathetic agony to the reader.

The two central characters are beautifully drawn. So is Dr. David Reiser. The villain of the piece, Erica Drake's father, is gradually built into a reflected figure of Freudianism, reminiscent of Mr. Barrett of Wimpole Street. Miriam Drake, Erica's sister and champion, is overdone as a confused glamour girl of many love affairs.

Occasionally the prose style of *Earth and High Heaven* falls far short of rhetorical excellence; at its worst it is repetitious and preachy. But the power of the story is in the thorough realism and maturity of probing into delicate human relationships which it achieves. The preaching is generally done in the natural course of action by a character involved in it. The repetitiousness creates such an effect of "world-weariness" that it might be a deliberate and successful technique. And the uneven prose includes many passages of ripe human wisdom and singular

beauty. Readers will find *Earth and High Heaven* so civilized it would be a pity to miss it. Lippincott, \$2.50.

ISABEL CURRIER

# The Young Soldier

By C. E. M. JOAD

+ + +

PROFESSOR JOAD is a philosopher-humorist. *The Adventures of the Young Soldier in Search of the Better World* is a sort of *Alice in Wonderland* and also an illuminating analysis of the ways proposed to make the post-war tomorrow worth man's living in.

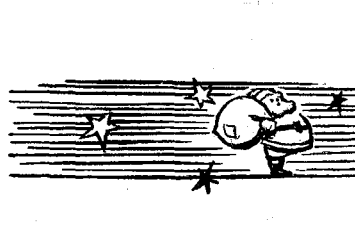
A young officer has heard that he is fighting to create a better world and asks, "Yes, but how?" He wanders forth into a Lewis Carroll forest and meets strange mentors. Captain Nick says that man is incurably vicious and that hope for a better world is sentimental nonsense. He vanishes in a brimstone smell, and Mr. Speakeasy comes to advocate a return to the *status quo ante*, but has no idea how to bring that about. Mr. Transportouse, the Labor Party, advocates socialized mass production as a cure-all. That will give leisure to everyone; but will leisure be a blessing or a curse? Transportouse is not sure.

Along comes the Ultra-red Robot, a Marxist full of proletarian clichés. He speaks and acts by clockwork and occasionally runs down and must be rewound by a robot-master. And here is that once harmless bureaucrat, the Red-tape Worm, who has lately been crossbred with the Planner Worm and become diabolical. He describes the world of super-gadgets in a passage which will never again allow the reader to hear radio "plugs" about plastics and the like with a straight face. Hurrah not only for the cinema and television but also for the "smellies" and the "feelies"! And dreadful is the system of thought-conditioning by which man is to become subhuman and able to enjoy the Red-tape-Worm-Planner world, instead of spewing it out in nausea.

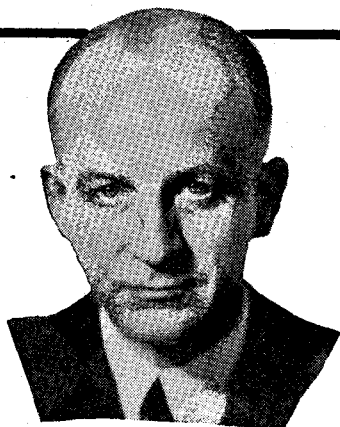
Then Joad presents religion, as Joad misunderstands it. Mr. Heardhux, a combination of Gerald Heard and Aldous Huxley, lectures the Young Soldier on the primacy of the spiritual, but is possessed with fond desire to escape into an astral place. This is skillful burlesque. Choruses of long-robed Theosophists, Oxford Groupers, Crystal Gazers, and Christian Scientists sing droll songs. Here Joad's satire is too Swiftian to be effective. As for the Church, Joad dismisses it with an airy gesture, revealing his old prejudices still uncorrected. The only Churchman in the book is the Rev. Mr. Hateman, who shouts, "Kill all Germans and Japs, and the better world will be here." When one remembers the real utterances of Church leaders about after-the-war and knows the character of Christian devotions in these days of tragedy, Joad's gibes about the Church stick in one's craw. Aside from that, this book is truly amusing, and more important than one might at first suppose. Arco, \$2.00.

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## *The Road to Serfdom*

By FRIEDRICH A. HAYEK

+ + +

A good many intellectual crimes have been committed in the name of liberty ever since Mme. Roland was guillotined for the greater glory of the Jacobin interpretation of "liberty, equality, fraternity." In our own age especially it has become fashionable in some "advanced" circles to sneer at "Bill of Rights democracy," to place individual liberty in a category with crinolines and other outmoded Victorian relics.

The paradoxical fallacy that collective liberty and well-being are somehow served by restrictions and curtailments of individual freedom has made considerable progress. Perception of the evils of uncontrolled wealth is sometimes associated with a blind spot as to the far greater evils of uncontrolled power.

Professor Hayek, an internationally famous economist who is Austrian by birth and a British subject by naturalization, is a man who loves liberty and knows its essential social and economic conditions. Profoundly, almost intuitively aware of the evils of the totalitarian system that, in one form or another, had engulfed most of Europe before the war, he is pained to find totalitarian thinking in the economic field winning many converts in his adopted country.

Out of that love of liberty, out of that grief, has come a great book, worthy to rank with John Stuart Mill's "Essay on Liberty." Hayek possesses the rare combination of great historical, political, and economic erudition with a brilliant, flashing style. He has the knack of getting to the heart of a problem in a few words, as when he writes: "Who will deny that a world in which the wealthy are powerful is still a better world than one in which only the already powerful can acquire wealth?"

And there are many sharp epigrams of which this is typical: "While the last resort of a competitive society is the bailiff, the ultimate sanction of a planned economy is the hangman."

Russia, Germany, and Italy all supply plenty of illustrations.

The supreme value of intellectual freedom is not that everyone exercises it with equal facility, but "that any cause or idea may be argued by somebody."

Professor Hayek does not argue for a rigid doctrinaire *laissez faire*; he recognizes that a system of social security is both feasible and desirable in a modern industrial society. But he directs a withering fire against what he regards as the illusions of the planned economy. As he sums up his case: "Our freedom of choice in a competitive society rests on the fact that, if one person refuses to satisfy our wishes, we can turn to another. But if we face a monopolist we are at his mercy. And an authority directing the whole economic system would be the most powerful monopolist conceivable."

And an aggregation of nationally planned economies, as the author argues convincingly, would make for stagnation and all-around impoverishment in the field of international trade. Democratic socialism, in Hayek's

opinion, is "the great utopia of the last few generations." He lays stress on the strongly authoritarian character of much early socialist thought and on the links between some German Social Democrats of strongly nationalist inclination and the theory and practice of the Nazi state.

Hayek's work should be a banner for those who believe that the state needs constant watching if it is not to be a tyrant. And even advocates of a planned economy can scarcely deny either his intellectual integrity or the searching, fundamental quality of some of his questions and criticisms. *University of Chicago Press, \$2.75.*

WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

## *Story of a Secret State*

By JAN KARSKI

+ + +

ONE can accept Jan Karski's credentials and all that he has to say about the valor of the Polish underground, and still find *Story of a Secret State* a thoroughly disappointing book. Like too many other chroniclers of the various resistance movements, he seems long on adventures and short on results. The Germans still hold Warsaw as this exuberant book appears, and those who made the Nazi occupation difficult deserve a better accounting than he has given us.

Some of Mr. Karski's methods seem debatable, to say the least. On his first arrival in Paris, shortly before the fall of France, he was warned, for example, against German spies. "All Paris is infested with them," he was told. But we find him almost immediately engaged in a long, intimate discussion with General Sikorski at — of all places — the Café de la Paix.

Again, Mr. Karski tells us of a "real expert in revenge," one Jan who carried on all manner of strange resistance activities in Warsaw. "He carried on his person an astounding collection of every type of lethal agent. He had an attractive, specially constructed little box in which were housed lice that bore microbes, typhoid-bearing germs (*sic*) and others. . . . He would frequent bars, enter into conversation with German soldiers, and drink with them. . . . At the proper moment he would drop a louse bearing typhoid germs behind the collar of his German friend. He would drop germs into the drinks."

The author is equally mystifying in describing his own capture and mistreatment by the Gestapo. He still bears the scars of his torture, he tells us; yet the same sadists who used him so cruelly sent him promptly back to a hospital when the prison doctor found him to be "a very sick young man."

There is enough obvious truth in Mr. Karski's book to constitute further documentation, if any were needed, of how the Germans have brutalized every part of the world which they have held. But nothing is gained by diluting the tragic facts with boasting and with mystifying details that defy any reasonable interpretation. *Houghton Mifflin, \$3.00.*

CHARLES W. MORTON

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## Barnaby and Mr. O'Malley

By CROCKETT JOHNSON



## GABRIEL GALLOWAY

by MARY LAVIN

**SUMMARY.** — *Gabriel Galloway*, a first novel remarkable for its power of characterization, tells the story of three generations of an Irish family. The opening chapters, which appeared in the *Atlantic* for November, familiarize us with the small, crumbling village of Castlerampart with its gray, ivy-grown ruins, its thatched cottages and turbulent little river. The most prominent man in Castlerampart is Theodore Coniffe, the village landlord, who is indubitably a man of wealth, as the somber quality of his clothes and his house in Clewe Street give proof. Theodore, lean and sharp-nosed, is as penny-pinching as his wife Katherine is vain. Their two daughters, Theresa and Sara, now in their teens, will soon be young ladies of property, if not of good looks. But to her dismay Katherine, in her thirty-ninth year, discovers that she is again with child. Theodore is secretly jubilant, for this time he is sure that it will be a boy. But the village thinks otherwise.

### 8

IN THE months that followed his wife Katherine's outburst, it was made clear to Theodore Coniffe in different ways that, although he might be pleased at her condition, it was better not to appear to be so. In the arrival of a child, late in life, to a couple who have settled down to bring up their family in the assumption that it is complete, there is something faintly ridiculous. Although Theodore did not realize this fact at once, as the days passed he was made aware of it; first by his wife's continued lamentations, but secondly, and more surely, by the attitude of his neighbors, who strove to hide their curiosity, thereby indicating that the source from which it sprang was not altogether suitable for his inspection.

But despite all this he retained his original joy in the thought that he might at last have a son, and so he kept up a continual barricade of words between his wife and her own bad humor.

"You are the envy of the town," he told her. "The Costigans are hardly able to bring themselves to speak civilly to me when I go for the rent. I suppose they think it's a bit unfair that they have been married for twelve years and haven't yet given a sign of justifying their foolishness in having rented a house with nine rooms."

"They're welcome to their envy," said Katherine, but she was somewhat mollified.

Later, she said halfheartedly to Mary Ellen, "I suppose it does keep a woman young to have a child later in life

A daughter of Irish parents, MARY LAVIN spent ten years of her childhood in Walpole, Massachusetts, before returning to Eire. The author of short stories, whose talent has been signalized by the James Tait Black Memorial Prize, she has been working steadily for the past three years on this, her first long novel, of which the *Atlantic* is proud to publish related episodes. Now in her early thirties, Mary makes her home in Dublin, where she divides her time between her husband, — an Irish solicitor, — their year-old daughter, and her manuscripts.

than she expected one." She sighed. "I don't seem to care so much, now, about looking young."

She was silent for a few minutes. "Do you really think it will be a boy, Mary Ellen? Sometimes I'm not so sure myself."

"Do I think it will be a boy!" said Mary Ellen. "As I said a hundred times before, what would be the sense of the Almighty having taken His time about sending the child along, if it wasn't to make yourself and the master more appreciative of the boy than you would have been if he came along in the early days? If this child isn't a boy I'll say there is no sense in the world."

"I'll split my sides laughing at old Theodore's face when he sees it's a girl," said Packy Hand one afternoon as he sat on a window sill at the top of Clewe Street, looking down the street so as to be at hand if Mary Ellen summoned him.

Packy Hand's father and mother had been killed by the train one night when Packy was only a small child, and the orphan was thrown upon the mercy of the town. He was pitied and petted by everyone while he was growing up, but it passed without notice that he had ceased to grow, and now at twenty-seven he was petted and pampered, pitied and protected, in exactly the same way that he had been at seven. He sat most of the day upon the steps of the market cross and was regarded by the village as a child of luck.

It was a sunny afternoon with a sharp touch in the wind, and although the child was not expected for a day or two, Packy felt it well to be at hand.

He was talking to Murty Rod the thatcher and Oliver Sims the postman.

"I wonder will it be a boy," said Murty for the thousandth time that day.



"Here's your answer," said Packy, looking down the street and giving a sudden shout. "I bet this call is for me to give my luck to the child!" For at the far end of Clewe Street Mary Ellen could be seen standing out in the street waving her arms in their direction and beckoning with her hand. She had apparently been trying to attract Packy's attention, but having attracted it she put her hands to use in beckoning him onward, the urgency of her beckoning increasing the faster Packy moved his legs.

"I didn't think it was expected before next week," said Murty to the postman.

"Neither did I," said the postman. "My wife was certain that it was not due until next week at the earliest. I suppose I had better step over and acquaint her with the news. She's always complaining that although I carry around the news of the town in my canvas bag I never have a grain of it on my tongue."

"That's a credit to you," said Murty, idly.

The postman walked across the street and went into a small house on the left, with a slow, lurching walk which would not have drawn any comment from anyone were it not put into immediate contrast by the agitated gait of his wife, who came out the same door with such precipitancy, and with such a short interval between her exit and her husband's entrance, that it might have seemed impossible that he had had time to deliver his news were it not that the good lady instantly directed her feet in the direction of Coniffe's.

From every house she passed, the occupants began to emerge upon a variety of occupations, the while staring upward at the window of the room which was occupied by Mrs. Coniffe.

When, therefore, a short time after he had gone into the house, Packy Hand was seen to come out again, there was a great variety of people in the street and all were eager to hear the result of the birth. Brooms were laid against the wall, dusters were thrown to the ground, and before Packy had reached the first house after Coniffe's the occupants of the street were beginning to gravitate towards him as if he were an itinerant peddler with wares to sell.

"Was it a boy? Was it a girl?"

"Is it all over, Packy?"

The voices clamored in Packy's ears. "It's all over," he said. "I held the child for luck."

"The child! Do you hear that!" said Murty Rod. "Don't torment us. Is it a son or a daughter?"

"It's not a son," said Packy, but he said it without a smile.

They all looked at him. They looked at each other. This was the news that was to bring out the barrels. This was the news that was going to cause all the fun. This was the news that was going to give everyone an advantage over Theodore and make the rent day a cause of silent laughing behind his back. But as the tenants of Clewe Street looked at Packy they couldn't raise a smile. There was something flat about the news.

Packy began to push through the small crowd.

"Are you not going to tell us any more?" said Murty Rod in astonishment.

"I have to go down to the yard," said Packy. "I want to get straw."

"Straw? For what?"

Packy avoided all eyes. "Theodore told me to get straw and put it down on the street to deaden the noise of carts and the footsteps."

The small crowd broke asunder at once with exclamations of dismay and the people began to go back to their doors. They glanced up once in a while at the window of the room where Katherine Coniffe was lying.

A short time afterwards they saw Packy Hand and Murty Rod coming down the road leading a horse and cart. The cart was laden with straw from which Packy pulled out tufts with a pitchfork. The feet of the horse were muffled with straw boots. Soon the street was spread with yellow straw and Packy was standing at the top of the street again, keeping the children from making noise at their play.

Stillness came down over the street. The light thinned in the sky and became a cold green shade of evening.

Before the green light faded, Mary Ellen came to the door of the house and busied herself for a moment, her hands raised above her head. Several people watched her from behind windows. When she went into the house and shut the door with a bang the street echoed with the first loud human sound. But upon the door was pinned a true-lovers knot of black crepe, the stiff ends lifting in the breeze as the loose yellow straw in the street lifted; lifted and fell.

## 9

KATHERINE CONIFFE left her child behind her — a girl child. The intrusion of tragedy upon the bawdy boards of comedy shut the mouths of the mockers. Theodore himself forgot his disappointment in the new grief of his wife's death. When he came back from his wife's graveside, however, he found that there was a great whispering of women in the hall. They were urging Mary Ellen to have the child baptized at once. It was pale and delicate-looking, and they were afraid to delay the baptism beyond that day in case it might die during the night. But Mary Ellen was afraid to take the responsibility of choosing a name for the child, and still more afraid to ask her master for one.

At last Mary Ellen carried the child into the room to Theodore. "It might be a good thing to have this poor creature baptized," she said.

Theodore waved his hand. "Attend to it," he said, and waved her towards the door.

Mary Ellen paused. Theodore looked up.

"Well? What are you waiting for?"

"It's usual to give a name to the child, sir, at baptism." Mary Ellen was trembling. She had dealt severely with her mistress, but she had never come into close contact with her master.

Theodore looked up. "You can choose the name," he said and then, as the small creature in Mary Ellen's arms gave a feeble cry, as if in protest against the hazard of Mary Ellen's choice, he relented. "Wait a minute. I'll

give you a name for her." He went over and looked into the shawl at the pale face puckered with discomfort. He tried to remember some family names but he could not. The only name that came into his mind was the name of his dead wife, and that he rejected without a second thought. Mary Ellen was watching him intently. He began to regret having undertaken to find a name.

The mind when forced to concentrate at a time when the body is fatigued will often evade its task and then, suddenly, take upon it some arbitrary task of concentration chosen by itself. As Theodore stood, apparently trying to think of a name for his child, his mind became busy with its own industrious efforts to identify the circling scent that swayed around the room. There was an odor of dust, but that wasn't all. There was an odor of damp from one particular corner of the room, but that was always there. The scent that puzzled him was not all over the room; it only threaded the air in places. At one turn of the head it was imperceptible. At another it pierced the nostrils. Suddenly he knew what it was. It was the scent of the lilies which had been piled up outside the window while the coffin was placed in the hearse.

"Would Lily be a suitable name?" said Theodore.

Mary Ellen bowed with relief, submission, and a desire to move her stiffened limbs.

"It's a lovely name, sir," she said and she began to back out of the room.

Theodore sat down again in the darkened room. He could hear a suppressed whispering in the passageway and then the hall door opened and shut and Mary Ellen, with the infant in her arms and a few of the neighbors accompanying her, passed by the window of the room on their way to the church.

Although, at the font, Mary Ellen had been careful to pronounce the name in full, — Elizabeth, — to Theodore his third daughter was always known as Lily.

The day after the funeral the two older girls were brought back. There was no longer any question of their going away to a boarding school, as their assistance was needed with the baby girl. The evening they returned, Theodore called them into the parlor to instruct them in the new life they were to live.

"You must take your mother's place," he said to Theresa. "You must help Mary Ellen to bring up your young sister. Mary Ellen is a good girl and she will look out for the child, but you will have to let her see that there are others interested in the child."

He turned to Sara. "You must love your little sister," he said. "You must love her so that she will never miss the love of her poor mother." He spoke to them as if they were themselves already beyond need of discipline and correction; and disregarding the evidence of their tears, he spoke as if they were also beyond need of love and care.

They stood before him, in their black mourning clothes, docile and mute.

A few months before, he had been anticipating the day when they would put off school clothes for the gay and pretty clothes of dancing and courtship. Now it seemed that he thrust them at once into the stiff costumes of adult responsibility.

## 10

ONE afternoon, when his youngest daughter was sixteen, Theodore took her in to Galway to see a dentist. Such jobs were usually undertaken by his other daughters, but on this occasion he had taken the task upon himself. As they came back in the train Lily sat in the corner of the carriage with her hand up to her face, from which a tooth had been extracted.

Lily was an indefinite-looking girl with pale hair and a small pale face which took character directly from the clothes she wore. On this occasion she wore a plain dark-blue coat, double-breasted, with plain pearl buttons in two rows from the neck to the waist. Her shoes and stockings were black, and on her tightly plaited hair she wore a straw hat with a dark-blue band of ribbon. She was sixteen, but she looked even younger — and then too there is nothing like a toothache for reducing a person's dignity. With her palms pressed against her white cheek, and her blue eyes without luster, Lily looked even more of a child than she was, and Mr. Finnerty, who traveled in the same carriage with Theodore and herself on the return journey, ventured to make a remark which he trusted would not be understood by her, but which might amuse Theodore.

He leaned over and patted Lily on the knee. "How are the teeth? Are they better or worse?"

"Better," said Lily, faintly.

"That's right," said Mr. Finnerty. "I think, my young lady, that you'll have worse pains than this before you die." He winked at Theodore.

To his surprise Theodore took the joke coldly — so coldly that Mr. Finnerty was not exactly aware whether Theodore had missed his meaning or whether he had been offended by it; but remembering that he had papers in the pocket of his overcoat, which was on the rack over their heads, he stood up to cover his confusion and began to search for them.

"Would you care to see the paper?" he said, having found them; and tossing one of the papers to Theodore, he himself opened out his own paper and, erecting it as high as possible between himself and Lily, began to read. The sight of her irritated him.

Theodore too opened out his paper, but he made no effort to read it. In fact, as Mr. Finnerty had used his paper to prevent him from seeing Lily, Theodore used his to take an opportunity of looking at her without her noticing that he was doing so. While he stared he remembered things that he had long forgotten, or had put deliberately out of mind. He thought of the time before Lily was born, when he used to take Theresa and Sara everywhere with him. They, too, wore blue coats with pearl buttons and white straw hats, such as Lily was wearing, and he remembered that he had been looking forward to settling them in life and making good marriages for them. Why had he not done so?

Lily was almost marriageable now. Why had he done nothing for those other daughters who were once as gentle, helpless, and dependent as Lily, and who had no doubt looked forward to the years ahead with hopes that

had never been fulfilled. A sense of responsibility woke in Theodore, and with it a sense of panic. He came back to where he was and as he stared at Lily his eyes were anxious and strained, because it seemed to him, for an instant, that the rushing trees outside the carriage window, the sparks flown back from the engine, the rushing sound of the wind through which they traveled, and the pulsing throb of the engine were all tokens of the speeding years of which he had lately taken such little heed.

As the train drew in this particular evening and as Theodore was alighting, and helping Lily to alight, Mr. Finnerty, who was still in the train, suddenly stared at the platform.

"There must have been a stranger on the train," he observed to Theodore. And sure enough, when Theodore turned around, he saw that Joss, the porter, was in a most unusual state of agitation. A stranger had indeed stepped down to the platform and was standing helpless in the center of a pile of luggage, which, besides the conventional pieces of a gentleman's luggage, included several strange-looking green metal boxes and a bulging brief case.

"He's not a tourist. It's the wrong time for tourists," said Theodore, musing aloud, and he looked for suggestions to Mr. Finnerty.

"I know who it is!" he said. "I heard there was a young solicitor coming to stay at the Central Hotel. He had a job in a Dublin office but he thought he'd set up on his own account in a country town."

"But why is he going to stay in the Hotel?" said Theodore.

"He's not going to run the expense of an office until he sees if the town is suitable," said Mr. Finnerty.

"Is that so?" said Theodore. "That's a wise precaution. He must have a sound head."

"That's right," said Mr. Finnerty. "Caution is a great thing."

"Yes," said Theodore, absent-mindedly agreeing with a statement which he was about to disprove, at a blow, by his own words the next minute. "It's time we had a new man in the town," he said. "Old Kane is behind the times."

## 11

NEXT morning bright and early, when the birds were singing gayly in the ivy of those houses which were not owned by Theodore, Theodore himself came out his own door, whistling, and turned in the doorway of the Central Hotel. As he did so, the kitchen door opened and the kitchenmaid came out into the hall, wiping her hands in her apron. She was a local girl, and when she saw Theodore she smiled at him with good humor.

"Good morning, Mr. Coniffe," she said.

"Good morning," said Theodore stiffly. "I came to see the new solicitor."

The girl raised her eyebrows, but she went towards the stairs. "Will you go up to his bedroom, Mr. Coniffe?"

Theodore hesitated again and then he said that he would go up. The girl went ahead of him towards the

stairs. Her face was animated and pleasant, and her mood was conversational.

"This way, sir," she said, and she ran up before him. On the landing she waited for him. "Did you know Mr. Galloway before he came here, Mr. Coniffe, or is this the first time you ever met him?"

"I am calling on business, if that's what you mean," said Theodore, stiffly.

"Oh, I thought you knew him," said the girl, disappointed. "I wanted to know more about him. He's very good-looking. Did you see him yet?"

Theodore frowned.

"I'll knock myself," he said quickly, when the girl stopped outside a door on the front landing and began to smooth her dirty apron and adjust her cap as a preparation for rapping on the door. He gently moved the girl aside and rapped on the door himself.

Cornelius Galloway had brought with him an adequate amount of office equipment, but it had not yet been unpacked and was piled downstairs in the hall waiting for the back parlor to be made ready; so, apart from the bulging brief case, which rested against the wainscot, there was nothing about the room to inspire the confidence of a new client.

Yet, when Cornelius opened the door and ushered Theodore into the room, he disregarded the details of his surroundings with such complacency that, although Theodore was forced to state his business while sitting on the side of a tousled bed and staring at a wardrobe with a mirrored front which reflected his own incongruous position, after listening to Cornelius for a few minutes he began to feel an infinitely more professional atmosphere than he had ever felt in Jasper Kane's office, where three sides of the room were lined with legal textbooks, where every available table, desk, and chair was piled with documents, and where, over the fireplace, there was a certificate with heavy red wax seals announcing Jasper's claims to the confidence of his clients. Cornelius had a bearing.

Theodore looked well at him, and what had not struck him the night before at the station struck him forcibly in the early morning light: that Cornelius Galloway was perhaps too young a man for his daughter Theresa, or even for Sara, who was two years younger than Theresa. Cornelius was young but he was tall and thin, with a pointed face and sleek black hair. His nose, too, was thin and pointed, and his clothes were sober and dark. After a few minutes' conversation with him, however, Theodore began to be reassured and to think that perhaps the difference in age between the new solicitor and his daughters was not going to be so great a barrier as he had thought at first. Cornelius looked young, but his manner completely neutralized his youthful looks. He had an elderly manner.

Having engaged in a few preliminaries with him, Theodore broached the subject of having a house to sell.

The new solicitor was somewhat astonished at having secured a client so soon after arriving, and so early in the morning, but he began at once in a businesslike way to inquire for particulars of the house to be sold, whereupon Theodore was brought to the realization that, in his hurry, he had not yet decided with which of his houses he could



bring himself to part, and he came to an embarrassed halt. Cornelius then, observing Theodore's hesitation in replying, jumped to the conclusion that the sale was necessary to extricate the owner from some pecuniary embarrassment and he tentatively suggested that, if this were the case, there might be some ways of raising a sum of money, if not too large, other than by the drastic method of an outright sale of property.

To his astonishment Theodore gave such a vehement denial of the existence of any such difficulties that Cornelius took another look at his client's person; and perceiving one or two details, such as the double length and thickness of the watch chain on Theodore's chest, the silk-sewn clocks on his socks, and the scent of pomade from his hair, he began to view him with more respect. He disregarded for the moment the projected sale of property and set himself with a few questions to find out the exact position of Theodore's bank account, feeling that it would be well before he proceeded any further to estimate the worth of this client.

The result of his investigation was highly satisfactory to Cornelius. And Theodore, who was well aware of the purpose in the solicitor's mind, was not averse to having the information extracted from him, but a naturally combative spirit prompted him to make the extraction of the information as difficult as possible. A double service was performed by the questioning, for Cornelius obtained the information he sought, and, from the dexterity with which he extracted a large amount of information by a small amount of questioning, Theodore obtained an increasingly favorable estimate of the young man's capacity.

Before Theodore left the Hotel the ostensible purpose of his visit had been advanced to a point at which no further progress could be made until Cornelius had looked into the deeds of the house, and the real purpose of the visit had been advanced even further by the suggestion on the part of Theodore that, since those deeds were in his own house and since Mr. Galloway had not yet set up in a regular office, and would be in any case without any of the conveniences of books, files, and folios, the next discussion might with equal suitability take place in Theodore's own house in Clewe Street.

"We'll have the benefit of a bit of fire in the grate at least," said Theodore, with that tone of self-depreciation with which a good host always promises lavishness.

## 12

WHEN next evening Cornelius arrived, it was with great difficulty that Theodore prevented the proportion of time spent on business discussion from becoming subordinate to that set aside for the meal, which was intended to be but a casual snack, but to the preparation of which Mary Ellen and the Misses Coniffe had devoted the whole afternoon.

The time came at last when the business might be considered to have been prolonged sufficiently to justify a respite for that night. Theodore led the way to the dining room.

While Theodore was introducing Theresa and Sara, he was eying the table with great anxiety, but when he took his place at the head of it, he glanced at his daughters with an even greater anxiety.

Theresa looked older than her years, he thought. He looked at her critically. Why did she scrape her hair back from her forehead in such a way that every gray rib was revealed? Well, it was frank anyway. Theresa was nothing if not frank. But her clothes? Theodore had never taken much notice of what women wore, but he certainly did not like those tight pleats on Theresa's bodice, and the high collar that made her hold her head up stiffer than ever. And why did she wear black? Black was no color for an unmarried woman to wear. It added years to Theresa. Still, — Theodore looked at Cornelius, — if a man had any wits he would be able to see that she was not so old as she looked; and what was more, it was not every man that wanted a young wife. A professional man, in particular, needed a wife who would be old enough to look after his interests. He didn't want a soft young woman that would fill his house with children before he knew where he was. Theresa was cut out to be a solicitor's wife — but would Cornelius think so?

When Theodore looked at Sara, his spirits rose. Sara looked very pretty. He liked the silky stuff in her dress and the lace collar at her neck. She had a neat head, clouded with masses of soft brown hair that framed a small, pale face. She had an old-fashioned look. Indeed her face, delicately pointed, was the kind that would be called old-fashioned by her contemporaries, no matter in what epoch of the world's history it chanced to make its appearance. He saw with relief that there was no gray in her hair, and no sign of wrinkles in her smooth skin. The color had not gone from her cheeks. And yet he was dissatisfied: he felt that although she had every appearance of youth, from Sara, as from Theresa, the spirit of youth had undeniably fled.

Meanwhile the sisters, who had been nervous all day at the thought of having to endure the scrutiny of the new visitor, were made indescribably more nervous when they became aware that they were objects of scrutiny to their father as well. The effect of this nervousness was an intensification of personality until it seemed to Theodore that they caricatured themselves with every word and gesture. He saw that their differences in nature were contrasted with unfortunate effect. Theresa's strong and disciplined mind was revealed with every contribution she made to the conversation. As she spoke in her decisive voice she made poor Sara seem foolishly ignorant and timid. Yet this very timidity of Sara's, when in its turn it was revealed, made it seem all at once that Theresa had been unnecessarily strident.

Theodore began to realize that in bringing the young man to the house, and introducing him to his daughters, he had accomplished only half his task. While the meal progressed with stilted conversation, he himself — the only one who would have been capable of introducing a little vitality into it — was fussing with his own thoughts. He regarded the evening as unproductive and was resolved that upon the next occasion when the solicitor

came to call there would have to be some important changes. For one thing the meal, instead of being elaborate and cold, would be simple and *hot*, and furthermore the conversation, instead of being directed by Theresa, would be guided exclusively by himself into channels that would reveal the fecundity of the exchequer rather than the economy of the executive. He was determined to put all his strength into the next effort.

Theresa and Sara were at this time, respectively, thirty-three and thirty-one, and although they might have been said to look more than this a week before the arrival of Cornelius, they looked considerably less than this a week afterwards, when it had dawned upon them that their father was intent on making a match for them. And although they did not think for an instant that Cornelius would acquiesce in their father's plans, they permitted themselves to joke about the matter. When Theresa spoke of Cornelius to Sara she called him "your suitor," and when Sara spoke of him she used the same pronoun with reference to Theresa. But it was all a joke.

As the weeks passed, however, the sisters realized that Cornelius could scarcely be unaware of the idea in Theodore's mind; and if he was aware of it he could scarcely be inimical to it, for where at first it had been two parts business in the small front parlor, as opposed to one part refreshment in the back parlor, the evenings were soon divided into two parts refreshment to one part business.

And then, one evening about a month after his first visit, Cornelius received a present of a brace of pheasants from a country client, and when he did not know what to do with them, and when Theresa offered to have Mary Ellen cook them for him, and when Cornelius would only accept on condition that they partake of the cooked birds together, there was an end to all pretense of business.

"Did you hear what he said to Lily last night when she was doing her home lessons?" said Theresa as the two sisters were getting ready for bed the night after the supper party.

"I saw him helping her with her sums," said Sara, "but I didn't catch what he said."

"He told her that she was counting too much on his help, and that he was not going to help her any more."

"He was right," said Sara.

"That's not all," said Theresa. "Wait till you hear! Lily answered him as saucily as you please. 'I didn't ask you to help me,' she said; 'you began it yourself, and if you've spoiled me it's your own fault, but you'll have to go on with it now.'"

"Isn't she a little bit too forward?" said Sara, timidly.

"Oh, never mind that!" said Theresa. "You'll be glad she was forward when you hear the reply he made. He turned his head aside and his voice was very queer. 'In that case, Lily,' he said, 'I think I shall have to take up residence here.'"

"He didn't say that!"

"He did. And what was more, you'd never guess what he was looking at while he said it."

"I can't imagine," said Sara, and she clasped her hands in excitement.

"He was looking at the photograph on the mantel-piece," said Theresa.

"What photograph?"

"Why! The photograph of you and me," said Theresa.

"The one taken with our hands joined, leaning against the tree?"

"Yes," said Theresa, triumphantly.

"Oh, wait a minute. Don't quench the candle," said Sara. "I'm going downstairs to get the photograph. I want to look at it again. I wonder what he thought of it. It's ages since it was taken."

As Sara came upstairs again with the candle in her right hand and the photograph in her left hand, the door of Lily's room opened.

"What were you doing downstairs?" said Lily, coming out on the landing in her nightdress and bare feet, with her hair all loosened around her face. Her eyes fastened at once on the photograph frame. "What have you there?" she asked.

"You should be asleep, Lily," said Sara.

"I can't sleep," said Lily. "May I come into your room and talk for a while? I could hear you and Theresa talking since you came up to bed."

"Let her stay and talk for a few minutes, Theresa," said Sara. "She can't sleep."

"I don't wonder," said Theresa. "No one could sleep with that cloud of hair about her face. Do as I say, Lily. Plait your hair nice and tight and you'll feel fresher and cleaner and you'll drop off to sleep at once."

Lily glanced desperately at the dressing table.

"Can I plait it in here with your comb?" she said.

"What is the matter with your own comb?"

Lily hesitated for a second. "The teeth are broken."

"She could use mine," said Sara, but Theresa cut her short. She said no more to Lily, but looked at her, and under her gaze Lily began to back towards the door.

"I wanted to tell you what I heard in school today," she said, with a slightly pouting expression.

"Never mind till tomorrow," said Theresa, but even Theresa's clear, strong voice was drowned by the sudden excited exclamation of Sara, who hunched up her knees in bed and spoke simultaneously with Theresa.

"What did you hear?"

Lily looked at Sara. "About Mr. Cornelius . . ." said Lily, and she began to come back into the room. Theresa opened her mouth, but Sara looked at her.

"Please, Theresa!" said Sara.

"Oh! Can't you guess?" said Lily patronizingly. She sat down on the edge of Sara's bed. "I knew at once. They were talking about you and Sara and saying that he was always calling here."

Sara blushed. "Oh, Lily," she said, and she put her hands up to her hot face.

Theresa hid her embarrassment more subtly, by pretending to be angry. "I hope you put down such talk," she said. "I hope you explained that he came here purely on business." But over Lily's head, Sara and Theresa glanced at each other, and the glance was mutually approving. They congratulated each other.

Suddenly Lily snatched the photo frame from Theresa,

gazed at it intently, and then suddenly lowered it; and glancing at her sisters, her eyes widened with a new and exciting idea.

"I wonder which of you he will marry," she said; and pursing her lips and linking her arms around her knees, she began to sway backwards and forwards, while she contemplated them with a view to deciding which of them was the most likely to get Cornelius. Lost in her own speculations, she did not notice the effect of her words upon her sisters, until Theresa, suddenly catching her by the arm, jerked her off the edge of the bed.

"You are not going to spend the night here," she said. "Get back to your own room."

### 13

FROM the evening of Lily's very natural query as to which of them would eventually prove the choice of Cornelius, the Coniffe sisters began to feel a rivalry in their own hearts. Where, up to then, they had been inclined to drift into each other's habits, they now began to be conscious of their differences and to accentuate them as much as possible.

And so Cornelius, who had just come to the conclusion that their similarities were so great that his choice between them would be a matter of fortuity in the end, began to realize all at once that there were some differences to be contended with. In Sara he missed the efficiency that he found in Theresa, but the gentleness that substituted for it made him doubt if it was a loss at all.

He could not make up his mind, and at last he decided to go away for a few days. He had an idea in the back of his mind that he might confide in a friend in Dublin. Whether or not he would do this, however, he would at least get a change of air, and when he came back he would have a fresh eye for the problem.

The night before Cornelius left, as he said good-bye to the Coniffes, Theodore at the last minute went into the hall after him and asked if he would endeavor, while in the city, to bring back a sample of a certain new tobacco.

Theodore proffered the money. Cornelius waved it away.

"The least I might do," he said gallantly, "is to bring back a present after my journey." And as he spoke, the thought flashed into his mind that he would bring the sisters a present each.

Cornelius spent only three days in Dublin. Once or twice the thought crossed his mind that it was foolish to have come. He had not much money to spare, and time hung on his hands. On the third day he had persuaded himself that his boredom with his own company was a desire for the company of the Misses Coniffe, and that day he took the train for home. Moreover, he was somewhat impatient to see the effect he would create upon them with the presents he had bought. For Theresa he had bought a small gold watch to pin on her bodice. For Sara he had bought a gold pendant, in the shape of a cross.

The presents were made up in separate packages and put into green leather boxes, with press studs of mother-

o'-pearl. It is surprising that he remembered to bring back Theodore's tobacco, and not at all surprising that he forgot a box of sweets for Lily.

Yet, when Cornelius called with his gifts that evening, there was no one at home but Lily.

"Miss Theresa and Miss Sara are gone out for a walk," said Mary Ellen. "But Lily is out in the garden. Will you go out to her and wait there till the others come back?"

Cornelius smiled, and was about to slip into the hall when suddenly he remembered that he had brought nothing for Lily. He paused in the doorway with such an air of fright that Mary Ellen stared at him.

"Is there anything wrong, sir?"

Cornelius stared at her.

Meanwhile Mary Ellen held the door open. Cornelius swallowed, and adjusted his collar by stretching his neck.

"As a matter of fact you gave me a fright, Mary Ellen. You see, I brought two little tokens to Miss Theresa and Miss Sara. But Lily went completely out of my head and I forgot her sweets."

"Oh, don't bother your head about Lily," said Mary Ellen. "Tell her you lost them. Tell her you left them after you on the seat of the train. Tell her anything and she'll believe you. She's only a child. Don't fret yourself over Lily."

He stepped into the hall. Mary Ellen was reassured. She looked at him slyly. "If the young ladies heard the whistle of the train, they won't be long about returning."

Cornelius laughed. "They didn't know that I was returning tonight."

"They may not know," said Mary Ellen, "but they'll want to find out, won't they?"

Cornelius laughed again and went down the passage towards the door that led to the garden. The door was open, and at the end of the darkening passage the garden showed bright and radiant like the far end of a tunnel, although outside too the traces of evening were coming.

Lily was sitting on a green garden-bench, and she did not hear Cornelius coming. She wore a lavender dress that was simple and unpatterned, and Cornelius noticed absent-mindedly that the skirt was sewn with fine tucks from the waistband down to the hem, which came just to Lily's knees. Her hair, which was not plaited, hung down over her face to either side, and this, together with the fact that she was straining her eyes by sewing in a bad light, made him forget the ceremonies of a visitor.

"You'll hurt your eyes, Lily, if you keep working in this bad light. What are you doing?"

Lily looked up briefly. She took no notice of the fact that Cornelius had returned before he was expected.

"I don't care if I do hurt my eyes!" she said. She was so distracted with some grief of her own that he didn't need to worry about her gift. She had apparently forgotten that he had ever gone away.

"Won't you sit down?" she said, when she had put away the sewing. She moved to make room for him on the bench. "My sisters will be disappointed at missing you," she said, with halfhearted politeness.



"They may return before I leave," said Cornelius, sitting down. "That is to say, if you will permit me to wait with you?"

"I don't care," said Lily, ungraciously; and then, as Cornelius looked uncertain as to what he should do, she burst out confidentially: "I'm so unhappy, Mr. Galloway. Theresa and Sara are vexed with me. That's why they've gone out for a walk — because I vexed them. Theresa is furious with me. Even Sara is cross. Can you imagine it — even Sara!" The tears came into Lily's eyes.

"Perhaps you'll tell me what it was all about," said Cornelius. Lily looked at him, doubtfully.

"Theresa and Sara are in the wrong, of course," she said warningly.

"How do you know that?" said Cornelius, settling in to hear the whole story.

Lily was surprised at his question. "I know they're in the wrong," she said, "because I'm in the right."

Cornelius, who was looking with inattention at the toe of his own shoe, looked up at Lily and took a good look at her expression before he threw back his head and laughed.

"What are you laughing at?" said Lily. "I think you're very mean."

"I'm not laughing, Lily," said Cornelius, in between his fits of laughing. And then, unable to stop laughing, he put out his hand appealingly. "Don't be vexed with me, Lily. I haven't laughed like this for years."

"But what are you laughing at?" said Lily, somewhat appeased. Then, when he still kept laughing, wiping his lips with his handkerchief, she looked down at her hands and spoke softly, almost to herself. "I won't tell you anyway. You'd be sure to take my sisters' part."

Cornelius stopped laughing at once. His face looked more stern than ever. "Why should I take their part?" he demanded, almost angrily.

Lily hesitated only another minute. "It's like this," she began. "I know I'm only sixteen, but I will be seventeen in two months' time. And besides that, I'm much older than my years."

She paused, as if expecting to be contradicted.

"Continue," said Cornelius, gravely.

Lily sat up straighter. "Well, I was sent an invitation for the Annual Outing of the Women's Sodality."

Cornelius made no comment. Lily lost patience.

"Can't you see!" she exclaimed. "I must be considered grown-up when I'm invited to the Annual Outing. I wasn't invited last year."

Cornelius thought that he began to understand.

"Do they want you to stay at home? Does Theresa think you are too young?"

"Not at all," she said irritably. "That's not it. They'll let me go all right." Then her voice became very thin again, and to his astonishment Cornelius saw a bright tear in each eye. "They'll let me go, all right, but they won't let me get a new dress for it."

Cornelius experienced a feeling of relief. "Come now, Lily," he said, "you have several pretty dresses. I think you could find one to wear at the Outing."

"You don't understand," said Lily. "All my dresses are short dresses. I want to get a long dress. And they

won't let me. They say it's bad taste to wear long dresses before you're seventeen."

The bright tears welled over and fell. Cornelius did not this time make the mistake of laughing, but he made another equally great.

"It seems a small matter to me," he said. "I should think you would enjoy yourself just as well in a short dress as you would in a long one."

"That's just like a man!" said Lily. "How could I expect you to understand!" She pursed her lips and tilted her head angrily. "I know the kind of a time I'll have in a short dress! I'll have a lovely time! I'll be sent on messages. I'll be told to stand up and let other people sit down. If there's a chair wanted, I'll be sent to fetch it. I'll be asked to pass round the cake. The Committee will make use of me. Oh, I know the kind of a good time I'll have!" She stopped, and then she broke out again: "And on the way, if there's no room in the wagonette, I'll be asked to sit on Theresa's knee!"

Lily had barely time to wail out the last words before her tears began to fall in good earnest. Cornelius took out his pocket handkerchief and proffered it. Viewed from this angle the matter was not so comical. He forced himself to be serious.

"There must be something we can do," he said briskly. "What about your father? Did you appeal to him?"

"There's no use saying anything to him," said Lily. "Theresa's word is law in this house."

For a moment Cornelius was startled at this definite statement of Theresa's most outstanding quality, which he himself had been inclined to speak of more euphemistically as her efficiency.

"Theresa said, 'It's the principle of the thing that matters,'" Lily continued. "We had a row over it tonight, and the last word she said was that I could make up my mind to wear one of my old dresses or I could make up my mind to stay at home."

"The dress you are wearing tonight is very pretty," said Cornelius. "It's a pity it's not a long dress."

He looked down at it and then, although he had glanced at it casually at first, he looked at it intently, and to Lily's surprise he lifted the hem slightly and examined the underside of the material. Then he let it fall again and looked up at Lily, and as he did so his face was boyish and full of mischief.

"I don't know much about sewing, but I have a plan, Lily, and if it is successful we might be able to play a trick on Theresa and Sara." Lily was incredulous. "You could wear an old dress and still wear a long dress!"

"You don't want me to sew on a piece at the end?" said Lily skeptically, looking at him sideways and remembering that he had examined the hem of her dress. "I wouldn't do that. It would look silly."

"No. I was thinking of something more clever than that," said Cornelius. "Have you a scissors?"

Lily picked up the sewing box and took out a diminutive scissors. Cornelius lifted the hem of her dress again, and bending close he pricked the stitching of the lowest tuck, the tuck nearest the hemline. Lily watched him for a minute. When he pricked a few more stitches she

seemed to see what he intended. She gave a cry of delight.

"Just a minute!" said Cornelius, and laying down the scissors on the bench, he caught the cloth between his two hands and began to jerk it spasmodically. The stitches loosened and parted from the material. The tuck began to open out. The dress was lengthened almost half an inch.

"Oh, goodness!" said Lily, and she clapped her hands with delight. "I see what you mean. If all the tucks were let out, my dress would be down to my ankles. Oh, how marvelous! Give me the scissors." And picking up the scissors she began to work with great excitement, pricking a stitch here and there, but in general the tucks needed only to be given a sharp tug and they ripped open.

"I can hardly see," said Lily, as the light failed minute by minute, but she kept on ripping the stitches.

"You'll hurt your eyes," said Cornelius, but he didn't urge her to stop, but only to hurry. "Hurry, hurry," he said once or twice; and while she worked, snipping and jerking the seams of the tucks, his excitement grew and he too, in the fading light, bent closer and closer to the work.

"Only two more to do," said Lily. "I hope the others won't come back for another few minutes."

"They won't," said Cornelius, with the confidence of irresponsibility.

## 14

THE seconds went by, and as they went, the air darkened and the strange night insects began to issue from the shrubs; but faster than the minutes flew the stitches, ripping and breaking, and leaving little snarls of broken thread upon the grass, and causing Lily and Cornelius to bend closer and closer to the work, to breathe faster and faster, and even to talk and laugh faster and faster with the growing excitement in their hearts.

But once when Lily raised her head to rest her eyes and to take a deep breath Cornelius remembered something.

"Lily, I have a confession to make," he said. "I brought back presents to your older sisters but I forgot to get anything for you." He said it simply and he felt no need to placate her with lies about having brought her something and left it behind in the train.

Lily smiled. "I don't mind," she said.

"I wish I had remembered," said Cornelius.

"It doesn't matter," said Lily again. "I don't mind." She picked up the hem of her dress once more. She began to unpick the last few stitches.

Cornelius watched her. She had behaved so sedately and gravely over the present. She had not acted like a child at all. Of course, she was hardly to be called a child. As she said herself, she was nearly seventeen. He wondered how she would look if her hair were lifted up from her face and piled on the top of her head.

"I am nearly finished," she said suddenly, breaking in on his reverie. And in a few minutes, with her fingers nimbly skipping along, the last tuck was opened out flat and the work was done. "Oh-ho!" said Lily and she pushed her hair up from her face to cool her forehead. The gesture coincided with the thoughts that had been running in Cornelius's mind.

"Take away your hands," he said impulsively, abruptly, almost rudely, and reaching forward he caught up the light strands of her hair in his own hands, and gathering them together in a soft mass he piled them loosely on the top of her head. Then, holding her hair in place with one hand, he strained back from her as far as possible and gazed at the effect.

"Lovely! Lovely!" he said. "You'll make a lovely young woman, Lily."

Lily put up her own hands, and feeling in the soft hair for the clasp that had held it when it hung down, she took it out and used it to fasten the new coiffure more securely. Then, moving gently so as not to cause it all to fall around her shoulders again, she took up the large bodkin needle with which she had been working and ran it as well as the clasp into the knot of hair. Then she shook her head slightly, experimentally. It did not fall or loosen. She looked at Cornelius. She smiled at him.

"Stand up," he said. "Shake out your dress." And all the time he watched her face.

It was still the same small pointed face, pale and fragile, that he had seen with indifference so often. He was indifferent to it no longer. The long pale plaits that had hung down each side of it had made it seem too small, too pointed, too immature. Now, with the hair lifted away from it, the true and perfect balance of the face was seen in relation to the slender girlish figure. Lily's face needed but the lifting of her hair to show what the town would be most astonished to see: that she had both grace and beauty.

"Stand up!" said Cornelius, standing up himself, and filled with elation.

Slowly, and as if conscious that, in shaking out the folds of the heavily creased tucks in her simple dress, she was shaking out the lottery of the years ahead, Lily stood up and, catching the ends of her skirt, shook it slowly. The tucks had been for a long time sewn tightly down. Many times they had been pressed closer and tighter by the flatiron; held and thumped and stumped upon the damp ironing board by Mary Ellen's strong hands, so that even now, with the stitches released, they remained for a time in position in spite of the way the girl shook the skirt. Then, as she continued to shake it, the tucks began to give way, heavily and slowly opening, like the tucks in a concertina, and little by little the hemline went lower and lower and lower until at last it reached her ankles and some of the longer, taller grasses reached up as far as it and striped and etched it like a dark embroidery.

The light had vanished from the garden, but stealing away so gradually from them they had not felt it going, and the white moths and bright-bodied insects that had come out from the bushes dotted the dusk so generously that they did not notice the flowers fading from vision. Having been so near to each other, and so intent upon their task, they seemed still to see each other clearly, but it was probably only the vision of memory; the sight of desire.

"You are no longer a child, Lily," said Cornelius. "You are a woman."

He looked about him, for not only the girl but the garden around, and the night without, seemed to have taken on new qualities. Into the simple garden there had come some new influence.

"Isn't this a beautiful night!" he said, in wonder. "I have never known such a night." He looked from side to side. "See the moths," he said once, and was silent again. And when from across the river in the Castle park a night bird cried fantastically, he spoke again, unaffectedly. "How sad that sounds," he said. "How strange, and sad, and beautiful!"

"We must go in," said Lily, and her voice sounded frightened. Cornelius wasn't satisfied. He wanted to mark this evening out in some way from other evenings.

"I wish I had brought you something, Lily."

The path between the shrubs was too narrow for her to pass him by. She gave him a slight push forward.

"It doesn't matter," she said. "I don't care."

"I care!" said Cornelius, and he stood impassive as a tree. Then he put his hands into his pockets in search of something there. "Lily!" he said again, his voice lifting with excitement.

"Yes?" she said, her own voice rising in faint response.

"Supposing I gave you the presents I brought for your sisters and tomorrow I can get something else for them in Galway?"

"Oh, no! Don't do that!" Her voice was rich and authoritative now. "Don't do that," she repeated more gently, but there was genuine distress in her voice. He took his hands out of his pockets, but he made no attempt to move. There was a sound of voices in the house; several voices. He felt rushed and confused.

"I want to give you something," he said impatiently, crossly.

"There's no need," said Lily. "I'd like to go inside." She put out her hands, and wishing to push him aside from the path that he blocked, she laid her hands against him. The tokens on the chain of his watch rattled.

"Oh, dear!" she exclaimed, and he felt her breath in quick gasps on his face. "My finger's caught. Do something!"

He felt for her hand and caught her wrist. At first he did not know what had happened. Then a devastating elation filled him. Her little finger had caught on the gold ring on his chain. The scent, the dark, the beautiful fluttering moths, the stars that were coming out singly above them, all spoke, it seemed, in that moment. Holding her reluctant hand against him with one of his own, with the other he fumbled at the chain until he unfastened the catch that had held the ring upon it.

"I want to give you something. Let me give you this.

Keep it," and pressing the ring deep down on her finger, he released her hand.

But instantly she dragged it off. "A ring!" Her voice rang with dismay. "You're mad. I couldn't take that! Surely you're losing your senses."

"Lily," he cried. "What have I been thinking of? How nearly I missed you! To think that it was only by chance that I found you!"

"Let me go!" said Lily, although no one held her.

"Let you go!" He caught her by both of her slender wrists. "Let you go? Never! Never!"

Just then the door opened and a long shaft of light streamed out into the garden.

"Lily, are you there? Is there anyone with you?" Theresa stood silhouetted in the doorway. Behind her, Sara was standing on tiptoe, trying to see out into the darkness. "Mary Ellen said that Mr. Galloway called," said Theresa.

"You shouldn't have kept him out in the cold air, Lily," said Sara, gently upbraiding. "It's getting chilly. The dew is out."

"It was my fault entirely," said Cornelius, coming forward at once, with some resumption of his cool manner.

Lily hesitated and then, catching her skirts together behind her like a bustle in the vain hope of making them less conspicuous, she came slowly after him into the light.

All at once Theresa seemed to see her lengthened dress and her decorated hair, and more than that, her flushed and excited cheeks. But Sara, with a worse position for seeing, seemed yet to see into the very heart of the change that had come over Lily; and when Lily suddenly ran forward and burst into tears, it seemed that Sara's arms had been outstretched to receive her all the time.

Cornelius looked at Theresa. "Can I have a word with Mr. Coniffe?" he said, and he was stiff and forbidding, like a total stranger.

"Certainly," said Theresa, and she motioned him towards the front parlor.

He went forward in the dark hall to where the light spilled out from under the parlor door. And as he went he heard Theresa bending down to shoot home the bolts in the garden door, and he heard Lily sobbing, and he heard her saying over and over again, "I didn't mean it. I never dreamt of such a thing!"

He went along the passage and put his hand on the handle of the door, calm, resolute, well aware of the hurt and injustice of his actions, and of the pain and disappointment that he had caused, but fortified, upheld, exalted by the feeling that a force greater than himself had swept down upon him and imposed its own will upon his sightless designs.

*(To be continued)*

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